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CLASSICAL ESSAYS;

WITH

PREFACES,

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY

ALEXANDER CHALMERS, A. M.

VOL. XXX.

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1803.

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CONNOISSEUR.

No 1——46.

——Non de villis domibusve alienis,
Nec male necne lepos saltet: sed quod magis ad nos
Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitamus.——

HOR.

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HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL

PREFACE

TO

THE CONNOISSEUR.

THIS paper was undertaken by Messrs. COLMAN and THORNTON, two very young men then at the University of Oxford. They appear to have entered into a partnership, of which the following account is given in the last paper, and has been corroborated by the recollection of some gentlemen now living. "We have not only joined in the work taken altogether," says the writer of No. 140, "but almost every single paper is the joint product of both: and, as we have laboured equally in erecting the fabric, we cannot pretend that any one particular part is the sole workmanship of either. An hint has perhaps been started by one of us, improved by the other, and still further heightened by an happy coalition of sentiment in both, as fire is struck out by a mutual collision of flint and steel. Sometimes, like Strada's lovers conversing with the sympathetic needles, we have written papers together at fifty miles distance from each other: the first

rough draft or loose minutes of an essay have often travelled in the stage coach from town to country, and from country to town: and we have frequently waited for the postman (whom we expected to bring us the precious remainder of a CONNOISSEUR) with the same anxiety, as we should wait for the half of a bank note, without which the other half would be of no value."

Such, indeed, was the similarity of manner, that, after some years, the survivor, Mr. COLMAN, was unable to distinguish his share from that of his colleague, in the case of those papers which were written conjointly. Neither had an appropriate style by which conjecture might be now assisted. The prose compositions of both were of the light and easy kind, sometimes with a dramatic turn, and sometimes with an air of parody or imitation, and their objects were generally the same, the existing follies and absurdities of the day, which they chastised with ironical severity, but rarely attempted a serious discussion of any question of morals or taste. When young men, who have seen little of the world, commence ESSAYISTS, their highest merit must be novelty of manner. They take their subjects at second-hand, and their remarks are generally of the common-place kind. In their best state they are but promising.

That the reigning follies are a necessary branch of the ESSAYIST's business, is established by the great standards of periodical writing; but they who entirely devote their talents to temporary subjects, must be content if they reap only temporary fame. Mere wit pleases for a while, but

it does not please many. The majority of readers have been accustomed to look for moral instruction as well as entertainment in the labours of the ESSAYISTS, and to expect that sometimes a principle should be confirmed, as well as a laugh provoked; and although they are not unwilling to unbend with the gay and the frivolous, where gaiety and frivolity are seasonable and moderate, they contract no great veneration, and certainly no lasting respect, for men who are pedants in wit. It is probably owing to this looseness of composition, and continued effort at ridicule and caricature, that the paper now before us has been in less request since its first publication than any of those which form the present collection. There are in it essays of unquestionable merit in the humourous style, but there is wanting that mixture of the grave and the elegant, upon which the popularity of works of this kind must ultimately depend, whatever their first reception may have been.

GEORGE COLMAN, by whom it is probable the CONNOISSEUR was projected, was the son of THOMAS COLMAN, Esq. British Resident at the Court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, at Pisa, by a sister of the countess of Bath. He was born at Florence about the year 1733, and placed at a very early age at Westminster school, where his talents soon became conspicuous, and where he contracted an acquaintance with LLOYD, CHURCHILL, THORNTON, and others, who were afterwards the reigning wits of their day, and unfortunately employed their genius only on the perishable beings and events of that day. Mr.

COLMAN's Biographers do not remove him to Oxford until 1758; but he was elected to Christ's Church in 1751, and received the degree of M. A. in the month of March 1758. It was at college that he projected the CONNOISSEUR, which was printed at Oxford by the late Mr. JACKSON, and sent to London for publication: and it afforded him and THORNTON a very laudable relaxation from their classical studies, to which, however, COLMAN was particularly attached, and which he continued to cultivate at a more advanced period of life, his last publication being a Translation of Horace's Art of Poetry.

When he left the University, he was entered of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn, and after the usual studies, called to the bar. But his disposition was averse from a profession which required so much depth of thought, patience of research, and assiduity of application; and although not wholly inattentive to the business of the bar, he gradually withdrew himself to the easier and more agreeable pursuits of the humourist, and the dramatic writer.

In 1760, he produced the popular farce of "Polly Honeycombe," and in 1761 the comedy of the "Jealous Wife," which at once enabled him to take rank with the most successful dramatic writers of the century. About the same time the news paper, entitled, "The St. James's Chronicle" was established; of which he became a proprietor, and exerted the full force of his prosaic talents to promote its interest, in a series of essays and humourous sketches on occasional subjects. Among these he opened a paper called "The

GENIUS," which he published at irregular intervals as far as the fifteenth number. These papers appear, upon the whole, to be superior to the general merit of the CONNOISSEURS; they have rather more solidity, and the humour is more chaste and classical. His occasional contributions to the St. James's Chronicle were very numerous, and upon every topic of the day, politics, manners, the drama, &c. A selection from them appears in his prose works published by himself in 1787.

In the establishment of the St. James's Chronicle, he had likewise Mr. THORNTON for a colleague, who was one of the original proprietors: and by their joint industry they drew the productions of many of the wits of the times to this paper, which, as a depository of literary intelligence, literary contests and anecdotes, and articles of wit and humour, soon eclipsed all its rivals. By a minute now before me, in the hand writing of Mr. THOMAS*, who was for nearly thirty years its editor, it appears that the principal departments were for some time filled by the following persons. The papers entitled "The Genius," by Mr. COLMAN: "Smith's Letters," by PEREGRINE PHILLIPS, Esq. short essays of wit, by BONNEL THORNTON, Esq. longer essays of wit, by —— WALLER, Esq. rebusses and letters, signed, "Nic Testy" and "Alexander Grumble," —— FORREST; letters, signed "Oakly," Mr. GARRICK. Among the numerous successors to these wits, may be mentioned, GEORGE STEE-

* Communicated in a note to the late learned printer Mr. BOWYER, and by his successor to the present writer.

VENS, Esq. the Commentator on SHAKSPEARE, and the late great and good Dr. HORNE, Bishop of Norwich. Men of literature in general found it necessary to contribute their occasional effusions to a paper in which they were sure to be read by those who could realise and understand the various species of ironical remarks, and harmless deception practised on the devotees of fashion, or the credulous in politics, history, or antiquities.

To other weekly or diurnal vehicles, Mr. COLMAN contributed some papers, entitled "The GENTLEMAN," and the "TERRÆ FILIUS:" but in all his prose compositions of the periodical form, we find an excellent design soon abandoned. His theatrical productions had conferred upon him the character of which he appears to have been most ambitious, and the business of the theatre of which he became a manager in 1768, employing all his time and attention, from this period he reserved his talents almost entirely for the stage: his dramatic pieces were sometimes produced too hastily, but they had at least the charm of novelty, and were in general well received by the publick and by the critics. Of the twenty-seven dramas which he either composed or altered for the stage, the "Jealous Wife," the "Clandestine Marriage," written in conjunction with GARRICK, the "Man and Wife," the "Spleen," the "Suicide," and the "Separate Maintenance," have preserved their station the longest. As a manager, his name is still mentioned with high respect. He encouraged rising genius, and by displaying the talents of his per-

formers in parts which could not provoke comparison, he gradually ripened their genius, procured them popularity with the town, and thus encouraged them to make higher efforts in the more regular and serious drama.

His last original publication was a new translation of Horace's Art of Poetry, accompanied with a commentary, and valuable critical notes, which appeared in 1783. In opposition to Dr. HURD, he supposes, "that one of the sons of Piso, undoubtedly the elder, had either meditated or written a poetical work, most probably a tragedy; and that he had, with the knowledge of the family, communicated his piece or intention to Horace; but Horace, either disapproving of the work, or doubting of the poetical faculties of the elder Piso, or both, wished to dissuade him from all thoughts of publication. With this view he formed the design of writing this epistle, addressing it with a courtliness and delicacy perfectly agreeable to his acknowledged character, indifferently to the whole family, the father and his two sons, *Epistola ad Pisones de arte poetica.*" The opinion of the venerable Bishop of Worcester, "that it was the proper and sole purpose of the author, simply to criticise the Roman Drama," is thus opposed with great ingenuity, and considerable success: for, on the publication of Mr. COLMAN's Work, Dr. HURD said to the present bishop of Salisbury, "Give my compliments to COLMAN, and thank him for the handsome manner in which he has treated me, and tell him, that *I think he is right.*"

In 1757, Mr. COLMAN republished a selection

of his fugitive pieces, probably all that he wished to acknowledge, entitled, "Prose on several occasions, accompanied with some Pieces in Verse."

About the year 1790, he had a stroke of the palsy, which nearly deprived him of the use of one side of his body; and, in a short time afterwards, he gave evident signs of mental derangement, ending in idiocy, in consequence of which he was placed under proper care at Paddington, and the conduct of the theatre was vested in his son.—He died August 14, 1794.

The year after his death appeared a pamphlet, entitled, "Some Particulars of the Life of the late GEORGE COLMAN, Esq. written by himself, and delivered by him to RICHARD JACKSON, Esq. one of his executors, for publication after his decease." The object of this pamphlet was to contradict two reports which had long been current. The one, that by his literary pursuits and dramatic compositions, he lost the favour and affection of the EARL of BATH; the other, that by his purchase of a fourth of the patent of Covent-garden theatre, he knowingly and voluntarily forfeited the intended bequest of a certain estate under the will of General PULTENEY. In opposition to these reports, he proves very clearly that he did not lose the favour of the EARL of BATH, and that General PULTENEY, while he did not openly resist his becoming a manager of the theatre, but rather consented to it, changed his intentions towards him, and left him, in lieu of the estate, only an annuity of four hundred pounds. The General appears, however, to have considered the family as disgraced by Mr. COL-

MAN's becoming a manager, for the latter is obliged to remind him of *gentlemen* who had been managers, of Sir WILLIAM DAVENANT, Sir RICHARD STEELE, Sir JOHN VANBURGH, and Mr. CONGREVE.

BONNEL THORNTON, the colleague of Mr. COLMAN in many of his literary labours, was the son of an apothecary, and born in Maiden Lane, London, in the year 1724. After the usual course of education at Westminster school, he was elected to Christ's Church, Oxford, in 1743.—The first publication in which he was concerned, was "The Student, or the Oxford Monthly Miscellany;" afterwards altered to "The Student, or Oxford and Cambridge Monthly Miscellany." This entertaining medley appeared in monthly numbers, printed at Oxford for Mr. NEWBERY, in St. Paul's Church Yard. SMART was the principal conductor, but THORNTON and other wits of both Universities occasionally assisted. THORNTON's first attempt appeared in the first number, "The Comforts of a Retired Life," an elegy in imitation of Tibullus. Mr. THOMAS WARTON was also a writer in the poetical department, and Dr. JOHNSON, probably at Mr. NEWBERY's request, wrote his "Life of Cheynel," in one of the latter numbers. The whole were afterwards collected and published in two volumes, octavo, 1748, which are now become scarce, and sold at a considerable price.

Our author took his degree of Master of Arts in April 7, 1750, and as his father wished him to make physic his profession, he took the degree of Bachelor of that faculty, May 18, 1754; but

his bent, like that of COLMAN, was not to the severer studies, and they about this time "clubbed their wits" in the CONNOISSEUR. The last number facetiously alludes to their persons and pursuits, by a sort of enigmatical description of Mr. TOWN, the CONNOISSEUR, a *fair*, black, middle-sized, *very short man*; he *wears his own hair*, and a periwig. He is about thirty years of age, and not more than *four and twenty*. He is a *student of the law*, and a bachelor of physic, &c." Those characteristics printed in *italics* belong to COLMAN.

What share he wrote in the CONNOISSEUR cannot be ascertained for the reason already assigned, but it is believed to be less than that of his partner. His habits were early relaxed and desultory, and although without a natural disposition to indolence, he was easily led from regular pursuits, and was consequently not remarkable for punctuality in his periodical supplies. Of this one instance can be given upon undoubted authority. When the CONNOISSEUR, No 101, came to town for publication, COLMAN, who happened to be in London, saw it at the publisher's, and found it contained the production of a correspondent, of very inferior merit, which THORNTON had sent to press to save himself the trouble of writing one. But as the day for the appearance of this paper was the first of January, COLMAN was enraged at this carelessness and inattention to so remarkable an opportunity for a good essay, and came to Mr. SAY's printing-office late at night, to inquire if it was possible to have a paper printed in time for next day's pub-

lication. Being told that it was barely possible, he immediately sat down in his publisher (Mr. R. BALDWIN's) parlour, and wrote the paper which now stands as the 101st, cancelling the other.

As an occasional writer, however, unfettered by times and seasons, Mr. THORNTON was profuse in his contributions to magazines and newspapers. Scarce any popular topic offered of whatever kind, which did not afford him a subject for a pamphlet, an essay, a piece of poetry, or some whimsical paragraphs for the newspapers. His contributions to the Public Advertiser were very considerable, and when the St. James's Chronicle was projected, (and the first thought of it was imparted to him) he became a proprietor, and, as already mentioned, a valuable contributor. A collection of the best pieces of the first year of that paper was published at the close of it, under the title of "The Yearly Chronicle for 1761; or a Collection of the most Interesting and striking Essays, Letters, &c. which appeared in the St. James's Chronicle for 1761. To which is added a Diary of the most remarkable events: the whole serving as A Complete Register of the Politics, News, Literature, &c. of that Period." This was handsomely printed in an octavo volume, but notwithstanding the convenience of the plan, and the popularity of the contents, it did not succeed so well as to en courage a continuation.

About this time our author had it in contemplation to treat with Mr. RICH for the patent of Covent-garden theatre, but the negotiation proved

abortive. He had, however, now given up all thoughts of the employment to which he was bred, and became an author by profession, and a general satyrist, nor was it with his pen only that he exercised his humour. He projected an Exhibition of Sign Paintings, a scheme which at first appeared preposterous beyond all hopes of encouragement, but which actually took place at his house in Bow-street, Covent-garden. To this collection of daubings, HOGARTH contributed a few touches of chalk, and finding, among the heads of distinguished personages, those of the king of Prussia and the empress of Hungary, he changed the cast of their eyes so as to make them leer significantly at each other *.

Of this strange exhibition a contemporary writer gives the following character. "The Original Paintings, &c. a Catalogue of which now lies before us, are the project of a well known gentleman, who has in several instances displayed a most uncommon vein of humour. His Burlesque Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, his labours in the Drury-lane Journal, and other papers, all possess that singular turn of imagination, so peculiar to himself. This gentleman is perhaps the only person in England (Mr. Hogarth excepted) who could have projected, or have carried tolerably into execution this scheme of a Grand Exhibition. There is a whimsical drollery in all his plans, and a comical originality in his manner, that never fail to distinguish and recommend all his undertakings. To exercise his wit and humour in an

* Nichols' Biographical Anecdotes of Hogarth, p. iii. 3d Edit.

innocent laugh, and to raise that innocent laugh in others, seems to have been his chief aim in the present spectacle. The ridicule on Exhibitions, if it must be accounted so, is pleasant without malevolence, and the general strokes on the common topics of satire are given with the most apparent good humour."

The wit of this singular exhibition will perhaps be better understood by a few specimens from the Catalogue, than by any general character. The Catalogue was intended to convey the projector's meaning, where he had any, and among its numerous articles we have——"No. 9, The Irish Arms, by Patrick O'Blaney. N. B. Captain Terence O'Cutter stood for them." These arms were a pair of extremely thick legs in white stockings, and black garters. "No. 16, A Man," nine taylors at work. "No. 35, A Man in his Element, a Sign for an Eating House;" a cook roasted on a spit at a kitchen fire, and basted by the devil. "No. 36, A Man out of his Element," a sailor fallen off his horse, with his scull lighting against the ten mile stone from Portsmouth. "No 64, View of the Road to Paddington: with a presentation of the Deadly Never Green, that bears Fruit all the year round. The Fruit at full length, By Hogarty." Tyburn with three felons on the gallows. The criticks deemed this piece remarkable for the execution. "No. 71, Shave for a Penny, Let Blood for Nothing:" a man under the hands of a barber-surgeon, who shaves and lets blood at the same time, by cutting at every stroke of his razor. Some humour was also intended in the juxta-po-

sition of some of the signs, as "The Three Apothecaries' Gallipots," and "The Three Coffins, its Companion," &c. &c. The names of the artists, as *Masmore*, *Lester*, *Ward*, *Fishbourne*, &c. were in fact the names of the journeymen printers in Mr. BALDWIN's office.—But perhaps enough has been said of this attempt to amuse the "lovers of fun," and which for a short time had considerable success. It was one of those odd schemes which could not be expected to last, or to be repeated, and which the publick, at a less good-humoured period, might in all probability be disposed to consider as an insult.

The Ode for St. Cecilia's day above mentioned was another effort of the burlesque kind, from Mr. THORNTON's sportive muse, and afforded much entertainment. The sternest muscles must relax where it is read. It was professedly adapted to "the ancient British Musick," viz. the salt-box, the Jew's harp, the marrow-bones and cleavers, the hum-strum, or hurdy-gurdy, &c. Dr. JOHNSON praised its humour, and seemed much diverted with it, nor could it be less diverting to hear him repeat the following passage, which he frequently did:

"In strains more exalted the salt-box shall join,
And clattering and battering and clapping combine;
With a rap and a tap, while the hollow side sounds,
Up and down leaps the flap, and with rattling rebounds*."

In such compositions Mr. THORNTON's imagination was particularly original and fertile, and so various that no writer has ever excelled in so many species of wit, both of the superior and in-

* BOSWELL's Life of JOHNSON.

ferior kinds, although his inclination and sometimes his subjects led him more frequently to the latter. What reputation this might have conferred, however, has been in a great measure lost from his writing anonymously, and upon subjects that had no permanent interest with the publick, and from no collection having been made of his pieces when they could be ascertained, and attributed to the proper author. Mr. COLMAN once announced to his friends a design to collect all his partner's works, but neglected it until it became impracticable amidst his more urgent engagements, as manager of the Haymarket Theatre.

In 1766, encouraged, as he says, by the success of his friend COLMAN's translation of Terence, he published two volumes of a translation of Plautus in blank verse, proposing to complete the whole if that specimen should be approved. These volumes contain seven plays, of which "The Captive" was translated by Mr. WARNER*, who afterwards completed all that THORNTON had left unfinished; and "The Mercator," by COLMAN. The remaining five are the "Amphytrion, The Braggant Captain, The Treasure, The Miser, and The Shipwreck." This work was not very successful, yet WARBURTON said of it, that "he never read so just a translation, in so pure and elegant a style." In 1767, our author published "The Battle of the Wigs," as an additional Canto to GARTH's Dispensary, the subject of which was the disputes then subsisting between the Fellows and Licentiates of the College of Physi-

* The reader will find some curious memoirs of this gentleman in Nichols' Life of Bowyer, p. 409 and 596.

cians. His "City Latin" in ridicule of the inscription on Blackfriar's Bridge is still remembered. This edifice indeed afforded scope for the talents of many authors at that time, among whom Dr. JOHNSON distinguished himself by contending for a particular species of arch.

Besides these publications, he is said to have written the papers in the ADVENTURER marked A. This has been already adverted to in the preface to that work, as resting entirely upon the authority of the writer of his life in the Biographical Dictionary, while Sir JOHN HAWKINS asserts they were written by BATHURST. It may be necessary now to add, that upon a strict revisal of those papers, since that preface was written, and indeed printed, and upon a comparison with some of which he is the acknowledged author, there appears sufficient internal evidence to induce the belief that he was the writer of the ADVENTURERS, signed A. If this be the case, of which I have now little doubt, and which has been confirmed by some information received subsequent to the consideration of the subject in the Preface to the ADVENTURER, what is there said of BATHURST falls to the ground, although it may yet be true that Dr. JOHNSON wrote some papers *for* him.

In 1764, Mr. THORNTON married Miss SYLVIA BRATHWAITE, youngest daughter of Colonel BRATHWAITE, who was governor of Cape Coast Castle in Africa, and who, when the ship in which he was returning to England, was taken by a Spanish privateer, fell under a treacherous blow of one of the sailors, who had observed a

valuable brilliant on his finger.—With this lady, Mr. THORNTON appears to have enjoyed the highest domestic felicity, for which he was eminently qualified by a most affectionate heart, until his prospects were closed by bad health, which hurried him to his grave in the 44th year of his age, May 9, 1768. He left a widow, a daughter and two sons, of whom Dr. THORNTON, physician, is the only survivor.

His character may be taken from the epitaph written in Latin by his friend Dr. JOSEPH WARTON, and placed on his monument in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. "His genius, cultivated most happily by every kind of polite literature, was accompanied and recommended by manners open, sincere, and candid. In his writings and conversation he had a wonderful liveliness, with a vein of pleasantry peculiarly his own. In ridiculing the failings of men, without bitterness, and with much humour, he was singularly happy: as a companion he was delightful."

Although we have been unsuccessful in ascertaining the respective shares of Messrs. COLMAN and THORNTON in the CONNOISSEUR, there were a few occasional contributors, concerning whose papers we are not left in the same uncertainty.

Among these was the EARL of CORK, who has already been noticed as a writer in the WORLD. His communications to the CONNOISSEUR were, the greater part of Nos. 14 and 17; the letters signed *Goliath English* in No. 19, great part of Nos. 33 and 40, and the letters signed *Reginald Fitzworm, Michael Krawbridge, Moses Orthodox*, and *Thomas Vainall*, in No. 102,

107, 113 and 129. Mr. DUNCOMBE says of this nobleman, that "for humour, innocent humour, no one had a truer taste, or better talent." The authors in their last paper, acknowledge his Lordship's services in these words, "Our earliest and most frequent correspondent distinguished his favours by the signatures G. K.* and we are sorry that he will not allow us to mention his name, since it would reflect as much credit on our work, as we are sure will redound to it from his contributions."

These compliments are not overstrained. No. 14. has much of the delicate humour for which our most celebrated ESSAYISTS have been admired; and No. 33 is valuable as an exact portrait of a species of folly very prevalent at that time, and not unknown in our own days. It is not the least advantage of periodical papers that they are a record of manners, which by comparison with those of different periods, may reconcile many to the fluctuations of fashion, and induce them to believe that occasional nonconformity to the reigning mode is not absolutely a crime, that fashions are not deemed *becoming*, but because they are in vogue, and neither *horrible*, *frightful*, or *shocking*, but because they happen to be discontinued.

The REV. JOHN DUNCOMBE, who has also been noticed as one of the writers in the WORLD, was a contributor to the CONNOISSEUR. Of him the author of the last paper says, "The next in priority of time, is a gentleman of Cambridge,

* This was not always his lordship's signature.

who signed himself A. B. and we cannot but regret that he withdrew his assistance, after having obliged us with the best part of the letters in Nos. 46, 49, and 52, and of the essays in Nos. 62 and 64." Mr. DUNCOMBE was not at this time known to the authors, nor much to the world, unless by some occasional poems. His fame rose considerably, however, with his subsequent publications both in verse and prose. As Editor, he has favoured the publick with various works contributing to literary history, particulatly "Letters from several eminent persons deceased, including the correspondence of JOHN HUGHES, Esq. and several of his friends, published from the originals, with notes, 1772, 3 vols." a work to which these Prefaces have been much indebted. He was also, for the last twenty years of his life, a valuable correspondent in the Gentleman's Magazine, the present proprietor of which has given ample memoirs of him in the second edition of the Biographia Britannica.

The only remaining contributor to the CONNOISSEUR, whose name has been recovered, is Mr. WILLIAM COWPER, the celebrated author of the Task, and other poems of distinguished merit. The life of this amiable but unfortunate man, presents so many opportunities for reflection, and is connected with so many considerations of the highest importance in religion and philosophy, that any attempt to detail it with advantage must be totally disproportioned to the prescribed limits of these Prefaces. It is as a Poet only that he is, and will be long known to the world, and no omission of respect for his poetical talents can

be regretted in this place, when the reader is informed that they are about to be illustrated by Mr. HAYLEY, one of the very few modern writers capable of doing justice to the subject.

It may therefore suffice to say, that he was born at Berkhamstead in Hertfordshire, in 1732. His father, the Rector of the parish, was JOHN COWPER, D. D. nephew to the Lord CHANCELLOR COWPER. Mr. COWPER was admitted at Westminster school, and as the honourable and lucrative place of Clerk to the House of Lords had been provided for him, he was entered at the Temple for the study of the law, in order to qualify him for it. But a constitutional timidity or diffidence, or a love of retirement, predominated so strongly, that he resigned the employment, and with it all his prospects in life. From this period he appears to have been greatly oppressed by habitual melancholy, which, although it was occasionally dissipated by the labours of his pen, never entirely forsook him until it ended in the blackness of despair.

It was not until 1782 that he became known to the world as a Poet, when the first volume of his poems was published by his affectionate friend the Rev. J. NEWTON, Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth's, London, who informs us, in a preface that "they were the first fruits of his recovery." It is not detracting much from this collection, that its merit was perceived rather by the best judges than by the publick at large: but when the second volume appeared in 1785, it was generally acknowledged that he had reached the highest rank of modern poetical excellence: and his

powers were exhibited in so many various branches, the didactic, the descriptive, the humourous, that his works became popular beyond any example in recent times. Some years after, he undertook to translate the works of HOMER into blank verse, which did not give entire satisfaction, but of its merit a more favourable judgment will probably be formed from the second edition lately published, which the author was prevailed upon to correct, and in many parts to re-write. A very interesting account of his progress in these corrections, is given in the preface to this edition by his friend the Rev. Mr. JOHNSON.

The relief his mind received, however, from this employment, was not of long duration. His constitutional melancholy returned with a more deepened gloom, and in spite of the affectionate attentions of his friends, ended in absolute despair, from which he was happily released by death, April 25, 1800, exhibiting an instance more humbling to the pride of natural genius, and of literary attainments and fame, than has perhaps ever been known.

In early life, I have been told, he formed an acquaintance with Mr. COLMAN, and probably with his colleague, and to this we owe the few papers in the CONNOISSEUR, which, by the kindness of a friend*, I am enabled to ascribe to him. On this authority, it appears that he wrote No. 119, On Keeping a Secret, (which may be read with No. 13 of the RAMBLER) No. 134, Letter from Mr. *Village*, giving an account of the pre-

* SAMUEL ROSE Esq. of Chancery Lane.

sent state of the country churches, their clergy and their congregations, in which many very common improprieties are censured with considerable humour: and No. 138, On Conversation. As these can be assigned from authority, there are others which we may venture to trace to Mr. COWPER's pen, by inference. If he wrote No. 119, he must also have written No. 111, containing the Character of the delicate *Billy Suckling*, and No. 115, the Complaints of an Old Bachelor: for these papers are given to the author of No. 119, in the general acknowledgment of correspondence in the concluding paper, where the author of them is styled, "a friend, a gentleman of the Temple." And this seems farther corroborated by No. 111, which is subscribed W. C. the initials of Mr. COWPER's name. It may also be remarked, that No. 134 is said to be written by *Mr. Village, the cousin of Mr. Town,* whose first communication appears in No. 13, and his others in Nos. 23, 41, 76, 81, 105, and 139. It would be too much, however, to argue from this circumstance that Mr. COWPER wrote all these: the character of *Mr. Village* might be common to other writers, and occasionally assumed by any correspondent whose subject it might suit. Of the papers which can with certainty be ascribed to Mr. COWPER, it may be truly said that they are not inferior to any in the collection; that he always had a quick sense of the ludicrous in character and behaviour, is sufficiently evident from many passages in the TASK; and his *John Gilpin,* had it appeared in the days of COLMAN, THORNTON, LLOYD, CHURCHILL,

&c. would have been considered as an acquisition of the first importance to the lovers of humour.

Since much of the above was prepared for the press, it has been suggested to me, that Mr. ROBERT LLOYD, the unfortunate poet, was a contributor to the CONNOISSEUR, which upon examination, appears to have been the case, although we cannot rank him among the ESSAYISTS. He was "the friend, a member of Trinity College, Cambridge," who wrote the Song in No. 72, and the verses in No. 67, 90, 125, and 135. These were afterwards reprinted with his other works, in the second edition of Johnson's Poets, 1790, to which is prefixed KENRICK'S Life of the author, with additions. "There are still remaining," says the author of the concluding paper, "two correspondents, who must stand by themselves; as they *have wrote* to us, not in an assumed character, but *in propria persona*. The first is no less a personage than ORATOR HENLEY*, who obliged us with that truly original letter, printed in No. 37. The other, who favoured us with a letter, no less original,—No. 70, we have reason to believe, is a Methodist teacher, and a mechanic: but we do not know either his name or his trade."

The CONNOISSEURS were collected after their original publication into four volumes 12mo. Some of the papers were corrected, and some passages transposed, but no material alterations were made, nor was much attention paid to the graces of style. The neuter verb *to lie*, and the

* See Preface to the Spectator, p. 64, 65.

active *to lay* are confounded wherever they occur, a vulgarism which remained in every edition until the present. The CONNOISSEUR, however, upon the whole, has always been esteemed an entertaining performance, and, although in an inferior degree, has contributed to the wise and good purposes for which periodical writing was first instituted.

THE CONNOISSEUR.

BY MR. TOWN,

CRITIC AND CENSOR-GENERAL.

N° 1. THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1754.

> ———— *Ordine gentis*
> *Mores, et studia, et populos, et prælia dicam.*
> VIRG.

> Their studies and pursuits in order shown,
> 'Tis mine to mark the Manners of The Town.

AS I have assumed the character of Censor-General, I shall follow the example of the old Roman Censor; the first part of whose duty was to review the people, and distribute them into their several divisions. I shall therefore enter upon my office, by taking a cursory survey of what is usually called The Town. In this I shall not confine myself to the exact method of a geographer, but carry the reader from one quarter to another, as it may suit my convenience, or best contribute to his entertainment.

When a comedian, celebrated for his excellence in the part of Shylock, first undertook that character, he made daily visits to the centre of business, the

'Change and the adjacent coffee-houses; that by a frequent intercourse and conversation with "the un-foreskinn'd race," he might habituate himself to their air and deportment. A like desire of penetrating into the most secret springs of action in these people has often led me there; but I was never more diverted than at Garraway's a few days before the drawing of the lottery. I not only could read hope, fear, and all the various passions excited by a love of gain, strongly pictured in the faces of those who came to buy; but I remarked with no less delight, the many little artifices made use of to allure adventurers, as well as the visible alterations in the looks of the sellers, according as the demand for tickets gave occasion to raise or lower their price. So deeply were the countenances of these bubble-brokers impressed with an attention to the main chance, and their minds seemed so dead to all other sensations, that one might almost doubt, where money is out of the case, whether a Jew "has eyes, "hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, pas-"sions."

From Garraway's it is but a short step to a gloomy class of mortals, not less intent on gain than the stock-jobber: I mean the dispensers of life and death, who flock together, like birds of prey watching for car-cases, at Batson's. I never enter this place, but it serves as a *memento mori* to me. What a formal as-semblage of sable suits, and tremendous perukes! I have often met here a most intimate acquaintance, whom I have scarce known again; a sprightly young fellow, with whom I have spent many a jolly hour; but being just dubbed a graduate in physic, he has gained such an entire conquest over the risible muscles, that he hardly vouchsafes at any time to smile. I have heard him harangue, with all the oracular import-ance of a veteran, on the possibility of Canning's subsisting for a whole month on a few bits of bread;

and he is now preparing a treatise, in which will be set forth a new and infallible method to prevent the spreading of the plague from France into England. Batson's has been reckoned the seat of solemn stupidity: yet is it not totally devoid of taste and common sense. They have among them physicians, who can cope with the most eminent lawyers or divines; and critics, who can relish the *sal volatile* of a witty composition, or determine how much fire is requisite to sublimate a tragedy *secundùm artem*.

Emerging from these dismal regions, I am glad to breathe the pure air in St. Paul's coffee-house: where (as I profess the highest veneration for our clergy) I cannot contemplate the magnificence of the cathedral without reflecting on the abject condition of those "tatter'd crapes," who are said to ply here for an occasional burial or sermon, with the same regularity as the happier drudges, who salute us with the cry of "coach, sir," or "chair, your honour."

And here my publisher would not forgive me, was I to leave the neighbourhood without taking notice of the Chapter Coffee-house, which is frequented by those encouragers of literature, and (as they are styled by an eminent critic) "not the worst judges of merit, "the booksellers." The conversation here naturally turns upon the newest publications; but their criticisms are somewhat singular. When they say a good book, they do not mean to praise the style or sentiment, but the quick and extensive sale of it. That book in the phrase of the Conger is best, which sells most: and if the demand for Quarles should be greater than for Pope, he would have the highest place on the rubric-post. There are also many parts of every work liable to their remarks, which fall not within the notice of less accurate observers. A few nights ago I saw one of these gentlemen take up a sermon, and after seeming to peruse it for some time with great attention, he

declared, "it was very good English." The reader will judge whether I was most surprised or diverted, when I discovered, that he was not commending the purity and elegance of the diction, but the beauty of the type; which, it seems, is known among the printers by that appellation. We must not, however, think the members of the Conger strangers to the deeper parts of literature; for as carpenters, smiths, masons, and all mechanics smell of the trade they labour at, booksellers take a peculiar turn from their connexions with books and authors. The character of the bookseller is commonly formed on the writers in his service. Thus one is a politician or a deist: another affects humour, or aims at turns of wit and repartee; while a third perhaps is grave, moral, and sententious.

The Temple is the barrier, that divides the city and suburbs; and the gentlemen who reside there, seem influenced by the situation of the place they inhabit. Templars are, in general, a kind of citizen-courtiers. They aim at the air and mien of the drawing-room; but the holyday smartness of a prentice, heightened with some additional touches of the rake or coxcomb, betrays itself in every thing they do. The Temple, however, is stocked with its peculiar beaux, wits, poets, critics, and every character in the gay world: and it is a thousand pities, that so pretty a society should be disgraced with a few dull fellows, who can submit to puzzle themselves with cases and reports, and have not taste enough to follow the genteel method of studying the law.

I shall now, like a true student of the Temple, hurry from thence to Covent-Garden, the acknowledged region of gallantry, wit, and criticism; and hope to be excused for not stopping at George's in my way, as the Bedford affords a greater variety of nearly the same characters. This coffee-house is every night

crowded with men of parts. Almost every one you meet is a polite scholar and a wit. Jokes and *bons mots* are echoed from box to box; every branch of literature is critically examined, and the merit of every production of the press, or performance at the theatres, weighed and determined. This school (to which I am myself indebted for a great part of my education, and in which, though unworthy, I am now arrived at the honour of being a public lecturer) has bred up many authors, to the amazing entertainment and instruction of their readers. Button's, the grand archetype of the Bedford, was frequented by Addison, Steele, Pope, and the rest of that celebrated set, who flourished at the beginning of this century; and was regarded with just deference on account of the real geniusses who frequented it. But we can now boast men of superior abilities; men, who without any one acquired excellence, by the mere dint of an happy assurance, can exact the same tribute of veneration, and receive it as due to the illustrious characters, the scribblers, players, fiddlers, gamblers, that make so large a part of the company at the Bedford.

I shall now take leave of Covent-Garden, and desire the readers company to White's. Here (as *Vanbrugh* says of Locket's) " he may have a dish no bigger than " a saucer, that shall cost him fifty shillings." The great people, who frequent this place, do not interrupt their politer amusements, like the wretches at Garraway's, with business, any farther than to go down to Westminster one sessions to vote for a bill, and the next to repeal it. Nor do they trouble themselves with literary debates, as at the Bedford. Learning is beneath the notice of a man of quality. They employ themselves more fashionably at whist for the trifle of a thousand pounds the rubber, or by making bets on the lye of the day.

From this very genteel place the reader must not be

surprised, if I should convey him to a cellar, or a common porter-house. For as it is my province to delineate and remark on mankind in general, whoever becomes my disciple must not refuse to follow me from the Star and Garter to the Goose and Gridiron, and be content to climb after me up to an author's garret, or give me leave to introduce him to a route. In my present cursory view of The Town I have, indeed, confined myself principally to coffee-houses; though I constantly visit all places, that afford any matter for speculation. I am a Scotchman at Forrest's, a Frenchman at Slaughter's, and at the Cocoa-Tree I am—— an Englishman. At the Robin Hood I am a politician, a logician, a geometrician, a physician, a metaphysician, a casuist, a moralist, a theologist, a mythologist, or any thing——but an atheist. Wherever the World is, I am. You will therefore hear of me sometimes at the theatres, sometimes perhaps at the opera: nor shall I think the exhibitions of Sadler's Wells, or the Little Theatre in the Haymarket beneath my notice; but may one day or other give a dissertation upon tumbling, or (if they should again become popular) a critique on dogs and monkeys.

Though the Town is the walk I shall generally appear in, let it not be imagined, that vice and folly will shoot up unnoticed in the country. My cousin Village has undertaken that province, and will send me the freshest advices of every fault or foible that takes root there. But as it is my chief ambition to please and instruct the ladies, I shall embrace every opportunity of devoting my labours to their service: and I may with justice congratulate myself upon the happiness of living in an age, when the female part of the world are so studious to find employment for a Censor.

The character of Mr. Town is, I flatter myself, too well known to need an explanation. How far, and

in what sense, I propose to be a Connoisseur, the reader will gather from my general motto:

——— *Non de villis domibusve alienis,*
Nec malè necne Lepos saltet; sed quod magis ad nos
Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitamus.
HOR.

Who better knows to build, and who to dance,
Or this from Italy, or that from France,
Our Connoisseur will ne'er pretend to scan,
But point the follies of mankind to man.
Th' important knowledge of ourselves explain,
Which not to know all knowledge is but vain.

As Critic and Censor-General, I shall take the liberty to animadvert on every thing that appears to me vicious or ridiculous; always endeavouring "to "hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to Nature, to shew "Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image, and "the very age and body of the Time his form and "pressure. T.

N° 2. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1754.

——— *Commissa quod auctio vendit*
Stantibus, œnophorum, tripodes, armaria, cistas.
JUV.

Maim'd statues, rusty medals, marbles old,
By Sloane collected, or by Langford sold.

I Have already received letters from several *Virtuosi*, expressing their astonishment and concern at my disappointing the warm hopes they had conceived of my

undertaking from the title of my paper. They tell me, that by deserting the paths of *Virtù*, I at once neglect the public interest and my own; that by supporting the character of Connoisseur in its usual sense, I might have obtained very considerable salaries from the principal auction-rooms, toy-shops, and repositories, and might besides very plausibly have recommended myself as the properest person in the world, to be keeper of Sir Hans Sloane's Museum.

I cannot be insensible of the importance of this capital business of taste, and how much reputation as well as profit would accrue to my labours, by confining them to the minutest researches into nature and art, and poring over the rust of antiquity. I very well know that the discovery of a new zoophyte, or species of the polype, would be as valuable as that of the longitude. The cabinets of the curious would furnish out matter for my essays, more instructing than all the learned lumber of a Vatican. Of what consequence would it be, to point out the distinctions of originals from copies so precisely, that the paltry scratchings of a modern may never hereafter be palmed on a Connoisseur for the labours of a Rembrandt! I should command applause from the adorers of antiquity, were I to demonstrate, that merit never existed but in the schools of the old painters, never flourished but in the warm climate of Italy: and how should I rise in the esteem of my countrymen, by chastising the arrogance of an Englishman in presuming to determine the analysis of beauty!

At other times I might take occasion to show my sagacity in conjectures on rusty coins and illegible marbles. What profound erudition is contained in an half-obliterated antique piece of copper! TRAJ. IMP. P. VII. COSS. MAX. *** TREB. V. P. P. S. C.; and how merveillous, most courteous and ryghte worthye reader, would the bar-

barous inscription of some ancient monument appear to thee, and how pleasaunt to thyne eyne mytheall, thus preserved in its obsolete spelling; and original black characte! To this branch of Taste, I am more particularly pressed: A correspondent desires to know, whether I was of the party, that lately took a survey of Palmyra in the Desart; another, if I have traversed the Holy Land, or visited Mount Calvary. I shall not speak too proudly of my travels: but as my predecessor the Spectator has recommended himself by having made a trip to Grand Cairo to take measure of a pyramid, I assure my reader that I have climbed Mount Vesuvio in the midst of it's eruptions, and dug some time under ground in the ruins of Herculaneum.

I shall always be solicitous to procure the esteem of so respectable a body as the Connoisseurs: since I cannot but be sensible, could I any way merit it by my labours, how much more important the name of Mr. Town would appear, dignified with the addition of F. R. S. or Member of the Society of Antiquarians. I therefore take this early opportunity of obliging the curious with a letter from a very eminent personage, who, as well as myself, is lately become a Connoisseur, and is known to have gone abroad for no other purpose than to buy pictures.

TO MR. **** ******

DEAR SIR,

THE hurry in which I left England must have convinced you how much I was in earnest, when I talked of making a valuable collection of pictures. By my frequent attendance on sales, I already know almost as much of painting, as I do of the funds; and can talk as learnedly of light and shade, figure, proportion, drapery, &c. as of the rise and fall of stocks. I have, however, been very much embarrassed in getting together a collection, suitable to the religion I profess.

The famous painters were most of them such bigots to their own way of thinking, that they have scarce left any thing behind them but Holy Families, Dead Christs, and Madonas; subjects, which to me and my tribe are odious and abominable. A picture, since it has the property of being the language of all mankind, should never be particular in its subject; but we should paint, as the English are taught to pray, "for all Jews, Turks, Infidels and Heretics."

When I have made the tour of Italy, I will send you a complete list of all my purchases: in the mean time the following short specimen will enable you to judge of my precautions, in selecting pieces suitable to my character, and not offensive to my principles.

The first that I bought was "the Elevation of the Golden Calf." This I shall set up in the Royal Exchange, as a typical representation of myself to be worshipped by all brokers, insurers, scriveners, and the whole fraternity of stock-jobbers.

The second is "the Triumph of Gideon." This I intended, if a late project in favour of our brethren had not miscarried, should have been hung up in St. Stephen's Chapel, as a memorial of our victory over the Uncircumcised.

The third and fourth are "Peter denying his "Master," and "Judas betraying him for thirty "pieces of silver;" both which I design as presents to our two worthy friends, the B——s of —— and ——

The next which I shall mention to you, deserves particular notice; and this is "the Prophet of Naza-"reth himself, conjuring the Devil into an herd of "swine." From this piece, when I return to England, I intend to have a print engraved; being very proper to be had in all Jewish families, as a necessary preservative against pork and christianity.

I shall not tire you with a particular detail of some

other lesser pieces; such as—the Deluge, in water colours—the New Jerusalem, in perspective—Some Ruins of the Temple—a Publican at the Receipt of Custom—and a Samson in miniature.

Besides these, I have employed an ingenious artist here to execute a design of my own. It is a picture of Fortune, not standing (as in the common style) upon a kind of cart-wheel, but on the two wheels of the lottery, with a representation of a net cast over the lesser engrossers of tickets, while a chief manager is breaking his way through the meshes.

I must not forget to tell you, that I have picked up an infamous portrait, by an English hand, called Shylock; with the following inscription under it, taken I suppose from the London Evening Post, or that impudent fool the Gazetteer: "they have dis-"graced me, and hindered me half a million, laught "at my losses, mockt at my gains, scorned my "nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, "heated mine enemies;—and what's the reason? I am "a Jew."

As soon as the parliament is dissolved, you may expect to see me in England; till when

I am, dear sir, yours, &c.

******* ******.

I shall here subjoin a letter of a very different stamp; which points out to me another walk as a Connoisseur, not less extensive perhaps, and more agreeable to the modern taste, than that of *Virtù*.

TO MR. TOWN.

Sir,

I suppose Connoisseur is only another word for a knowing one. So write me a few papers in defence of cards, dice, races, and gaming in general; and I will admit you upon the square, introduce you at

White's, set you upon the turf, the next meeting at Newmarket, and make your fortune at once. If you are the man I take you for, you will be wise, and do this directly; and then the odds are for you. If not, I'll hold you an hundred pounds to a China orange, that your paper is neglected as low and vulgar, and yourself condemned as an unfashionable blockhead.

Yours, as you behave,

T. WILL. HAZARD.

No 3. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1754.

Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem.

LUCRET.

When raging winds the ruffled deep deform,
We look at distance, and enjoy the storm;
Tost on the waves with pleasure others see,
Nor heed their dangers, while ourselves are free.

WE writers of essays, or (as they are termed) periodical papers, justly claim to ourselves a place among the modern improvers of literature. Neither Bently nor Burman, nor any other equally sagacious commentator, has been able to discover the least traces of any similar productions among the ancients: except we can suppose, that the history of Thucydides was retailed weekly in sixpenny numbers; that Seneca dealt out his morality every Saturday; or that Tully wrote speeches and philosophical disquisitions, whilst Virgil and Horace clubbed together to furnish the poetry for a Roman magazine.

There is a word, indeed, by which we are fond of distinguishing our works, and for which we must

confess ourselves indebted to the Latin. Myself, and every petty journalist, affect to dignify our hasty performances by styling them Lucubrations; by which we mean, if we mean any thing, that as the day is too short for our labours, we are obliged to call in the assistance of the night: not to mention the modest insinuation, that our compositions are so correct, that (like the orations of Demosthenes) they may be said to smell of the lamp. We would be understood to follow the directions of the Roman Satirist "to grow pale by the midnight candle;" though perhaps, as our own Satirist expresses it, we may be thought

Sleepless ourselves to give our readers sleep.

But, as a relief from the fatigue of so many restless hours, we have frequently gone to sleep for the benefit of the public: and surely we, whose labours are confined to a sheet and half, may be indulged in taking a nap now and then, as well as those engaged in longer works; who (according to Horace) are to be excused, if a little drowsiness sometimes creeps in upon them.

After this preface, the reader will not be surprised, if I take the liberty to relate a dream of my own. It is usual on these occasions to be lulled to sleep by some book; and most of my brethren pay that compliment to Virgil or Shakspeare: but as I could never discover any opiate qualities in those authors, I chose rather to doze over some modern performance. I must beg to be excused from mentioning particulars, as I would not provoke the resentment of my contemporaries: nobody will imagine, that I dipt into any of our modern novels, or took up any of our late tragedies.—Let it suffice, that I presently fell fast asleep.

I found myself transported in an instant to the shore of an immense sea, covered with innumerable vessels; and though many of them suddenly disappeared every minute, I saw others continually launching forth, and

pursuing the same course. The seers of visions, and dreamers of dreams, have their organs of sight so considerably improved, that they can take in any object, however distant or minute. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that I could discern every thing distinctly, though the waters before me were of the deepest black.

While I stood contemplating this amazing scene, one of those good-natured Genii, who never fail making their appearance to extricate dreamers from their difficulties, rose from the sable stream, and planted himself at my elbow. His complexion was of the darkest hue, not unlike that of the Dæmons of a printing-house; his jetty beard shone like the bristles of a blacking-brush: on his head he wore a turbant of imperial paper; and

There hung a calf-skin on his reverend limbs,

which was gilt on the back, and faced with robings of Morocco, lettered (like a rubric-post) with the names of the most eminent authors. In his left hand be bore a printed scroll, which from the marginal corrections I imagined to be a proof-sheet; and in his right he waved the quill of a goose.

He immediately accosted me.——"Town, said "he, I am the Genius, who is destined to conduct "you through these turbulent waves. The sea that "you now behold is the Ocean of Ink. Those "towers, at a great distance, whose bases are "founded upon rocks, and whose tops seem lost in "the clouds, are situated in the Isle of Fame. "Contiguous to these, you may discern by the glit-"tering of its golden sands, is the Coast of Gain, "which leads to a fertile and rich country. All the "vessels which are yonder sailing with a fair wind "on the main sea, are making towards one or other "of these: but you will observe, that on their first "setting out they were irresistibly drawn into the

" eddies of Criticism, where they were obliged to
" encounter the most dreadful tempests and hurricanes.
" In these dangerous straits, you see with what vio-
" lence every bark is tost up and down; some go to
" the bottom at once; others, after a faint struggle,
" are beat to pieces; many are much damaged; while
" a few by sound planks and tight rigging are enabled
" to weather the storm."

At this sight I started back with horror: and the remembrance still dwells so strong upon my fancy, that I even now imagine the torrent of criticism bursting in upon me, and ready to overwhelm me in an instant.

" Cast a look, resumed my instructor, on that vast
" lake divided into two parts, which lead to yonder
" magnificent structures, erected by the Tragic and
" Comic Muse. There you may observe many trying
" to force a passage without chart or compass. Some
" have been overset by crowding too much sail, and
" others have foundered by carrying too much ballast.
" An * Arcadian vessel (the master an Irishman) was
" through contrary squalls, scarce able to live nine
" days: but you see that light Italian gondola. † *Gli*
" *Amanti Gelosi*, skims along pleasantly before the
" wind, and out-strips the painted frigates of our
" country, ‡ Didone and Artaserse. Observe that
" triumphant squadron, to whose flag all the others
" pay homage. Most of them are ships of the first
" rate, and were fitted out many years ago. Though
" somewhat irregular in their make, and but little
" conformable to the exact rules of art, they will ever
" continue the pride and glory of these seas: for, as
" it is remarked by the present Laureat in his prologue
" to Papal Tyranny,

* Philoclea, a tragedy: founded on Sir Philip Sydney's Arcadia.
† An admired Burletta. ‡ Operas.

"Shakspeare, whose art no play-wright can excell,
"Has launch'd us fleets of plays, and built them well."

The Genius then bade me turn my eye, where the water seemed to foam with perpetual agitation. "That, "said he, is the strong current of Politics, often "fatal to those who venture on it." I could not but take notice of a poor wretch on the opposite shore, fastened by the ears to a terrible machine. This, the Genius informed me, was the memorable Defoe, set up there as a land-mark, to prevent future mariners from splitting on the same rock.

To this turbulent prospect succeeded objects of a more placid nature. In a little creek, winding through flowery meads and shady groves, I descried several gilded yachts and pleasure-boats, all of them keeping due time with their silver oars, and gliding along the smooth, even, calm, regularly flowing Rivulets of Rhyme. Shepherds and shepherdesses playing on the banks; the sails were gently swelled with the soft breezes of amorous sighs; and little loves sported in the silken cordage.

My attention was now called off from these pacific scenes to an obstinate engagement between several ships, distinguished from all others by bearing the Holy Cross for their colours. These, the Genius told me, were employed in the Holy War of Religious Controversy; and he pointed out to me a few Corsairs, in the service of the Infidels, sometimes aiding one party, sometimes siding with the other, as might best contribute to the general confusion.

I observed in different parts of the Ocean several gallies, which were rowed by slaves. "Those, said "the Genius, are fitted out by very oppressive owners, "and are all of them bound to the Coast of Gain. "The miserable wretches, whom you see chained to "the oars, are obliged to tug without the least res- "pite; and though the voyage should turn out suc-

"cessful, they have little or no share in the profits. "Some few you may observe, who rather choose to "make a venture on their own bottoms. These "work as hard as the galley-slaves, and are frequently "cast away: but though they are ever so often "wrecked, necessity still constrains them to put out "to sea again.

——— '*Reficit rates*
Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati.'
HOR.

Still must the wretch his shatter'd bark refit,
For who to starve can patiently submit?

It were needless to enumerate many other particulars, that engaged my notice. Among the rest was a large fleet of Annotators, Dutch-built, which sailed very heavy, were often a-ground, and continually ran foul on each other. The whole ocean, I also found, was infested by pirates, who ransacked every rich vessel that came in their way. Most of these were endeavouring to make the Coast of Gain, by hanging out false colours, or by forging their pass-ports, and pretending to be freighted out by the most reputable traders.

My eyes were at last fixed, I know not how, on a spacious channel, running through the midst of a great city. I felt such a secret impulse at this sight, that I could not help enquiring particularly about it. "The discovery of that passage, said the Genius, "was first made by one Bickerstaff, in the good ship "called The Tatler, and who afterwards embarked in "The Spectator and Guardian. These have been "followed since by a number of little sloops, skiffs, "hoys, and cock-boats, which have been most of "them wrecked in the attempt. Thither also must "your course be directed."——At this instant the Genius suddenly snatched me up in his arms, and

plunged me headlong into the inky flood. While I lay gasping and struggling beneath the waves, methought I heard a familiar voice calling me by my name; which awaking me, I with pleasure recollected the features of the Genius in those of my publisher, who was standing by my bed-side, and had called upon me for copy. T.

N° 4. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1754.

Conjugium vocat, hoc prætexit nomine culpam.
VIRG.

Where matrimony veils th' incestuous life,
And whore is shelter'd in the name of wife.

IT is with the utmost concern I have heard myself within this week past accused at several tea-tables, of not being a man of my word. The female part of my readers exclaim against me for not having as yet paid my particular addresses to the fair. "Who is this "Mr. Town? says one: Where can the creature live? "He has said nothing yet of the dear Burletta girl." Another wonders that I have not recommended to the ladies Mr. Hoyle's New Calculation of Chances; for understanding which nothing more is required, we are told, than the first principles of arithmetic; that is, to know how to tell the pips, and set up one's game. But I find the whole sex in general have expected from me some shrewd remarks upon the Marriage Bill. To oblige them in some measure, I shall at present recommend to their notice the following advertisement, which has been sent me with a request to make it public.

To all whom it may concern.

THE REVEREND MR. KEITH,

(*Who has had the honour to perform before several of the Nobility, Gentry, and others*)

GIVES THIS PUBLIC NOTICE,

That he shall continue at his Chapel in May-Fair no longer than the present month. He will then set out on his progress through the principal market-towns, where he will exhibit publicly, without loss of time, any hour of the day or night. He will perform to no less than two persons, and will wait on any Gentleman and Lady privately at their own houses.

*** We have no connexion with the Fleet Parsons, or other Pretenders. Beware of Counterfeits. *Ego sum solus.*

I may perhaps take a future opportunity of enlarging on this very important subject, the Marriage Bill; but shall at present oblige the ladies by celebrating an order of females lately sprung up among them, usually distinguished by the denomination of Demi-Reps;—a word not to be found in any of our dictionaries.

This order, which seems daily encreasing upon us, was first instituted by some ladies eminent for their public spirit, with a view of raising their half of the species to a level with the other in the unbounded license of their enjoyments. By this artifice the most open violation of modesty takes the name of innocent freedom and gaiety; and as long as the last failing remains a secret, the lady's honour is spotless and untainted. In a word, a Demi-Rep is a lady, whom every body thinks, what nobody chooses to call her.

It is absolutely necessary, that every lady of this order should be married. Custom has given a certain

charm to wedlock, which changes the colour of our actions, and renders that behaviour not improper, which in a state of celibacy would be accounted indecent and scandalous. As to the promises made in marriage "to love, honour, and obey," custom has made them also merely ceremonial, and in fact as little binding as the wedding-ring, which may be put on or pulled off at pleasure.

Religious and political writers have both for different reasons endeavoured to encourage frequent marriages: but this order, if it maintains its ground, will more certainly promote them. How inviting must such a state appear to a woman of spirit! An English wife, with all the indiscretions of a girl, may assume more than the privileges of a woman; may trifle publicly with the beaus and smarts, introduce them to her toilette, and fix it as a certain rule in all her conversation and behaviour, that when once marriage has (in Lucy's phrase) "made an honest woman of her," she is entitled to all the license of a courtezan.

I have lately seen, with a good deal of compassion, a few forward maiden ladies investing themselves with the dignities, and incroaching on the privileges of this order. It may not be improper to caution them to recede in time. As their claim to these liberties is unwarranted by custom, they will not retain that ambiguous reputation enjoyed by the Demi-Reps, whose whole system of conduct is founded on the basis of matrimony. Every lady, therefore, inclined to indulge herself in all those little innocent freedoms, should confine herself within the pale of matrimony, to elude censure; as insolvent debtors avoid a jail by lodging within the verge of the court.

A Demi-Rep then must necessarily be married: Nor is it easy for a lady to maintain so critical a character, unless she is a woman of fashion. Titles and estates bear down all weak censures, and silence scan-

dal and detraction. That good breeding too, so inviolably preserved among persons of condition, is of infinite service. This produces that delightful insipidity so remarkable in persons of quality, whose conversation flows with an even tenor, undisturbed by sentiment, and unruffled by passion: insomuch that husbands and wives, brothers, sisters, cousins, and in short the whole circle of kindred and acquaintance, can entertain the most thorough contempt and even hatred for each other, without transgressing the minutest article of good breeding and civility. But those females, who want the advantages of birth and fortune, must be content to wrap themselves up in their integrity; for the lower sort are so notoriously deficient in the requisites of politeness, that they would not fail to throw out the most cruel and bitter invectives against the pretty delinquents.

The great world will, I doubt not, return me thanks for thus keeping the *canaille* at a distance, and securing to them a quiet possession of their enjoyments. And here I cannot but observe, how respectable an order the Demi-Reps compose, of which the lovely sisterhood must all be married, and almost all Right Honourable.

For this order, among many other embellishments of modern life, we are indebted to the French. Such flippant gaiety is more agreeable to the genius of that nation. There is a native bashfulness inherent in my country-women, which it is not easy to surmount: but our modern fine ladies, who take as much pains to polish their minds as to adorn their persons, have got over this obstacle with incredible facility. They have so skilfully grafted the French genius for intrigue upon British beauty and liberty, that their conduct appears perfectly original: though we must do the French the justice to allow, that when a lady of this airy disposition visits Paris, she returns most wonderfully improved. Upon the whole, France appears the proper

est school to instruct the ladies in the theory of their conduct; but England, and more especially London, the most commodious place to put it in practice. In this town, indeed, a lady studious of improvement, may in a very short time become a considerable proficient, by frequenting the several academies kept constantly open for her profit and instruction. The card tables and masquerades in particular have trained up some ladies to a surprising eminence, without the least assistance from a foreign education.

It is observed, that the difference between the several species in the scale of beings is but just sufficient to preserve their distinction; the highest of one order approaching so near to the lowest of the other, that the gradation is hard to be determined; as the colours of the rainbow, through an infinite variety of shades, die away into each other imperceptibly. The Demi-Reps hold this intermediate station, in the characters of females, between the modest women and the women of pleasure; to both which they are in some measure connected, as they stand upon the utmost verge of reputation, and totter on the brink of infamy. It were therefore to be wished, that these ladies wore some symbol of their order, or were distinguished by some peculiar mode of dress. The Romans assigned different habits to persons of different ages and stations; and I hope, that when the bustle of the ensuing elections is over, the new parliament will take this matter into consideration, and oblige the several classes of females to distinguish themselves by some external marks and badges of their principles.

Till some act of this nature shall take place, I shall propose a method, by which every lady may exactly learn in what class she may be reckoned. The world must know then, that my very good friend Mr. Ayscough has at length with infinite pains and study constructed a thermometer; upon which he has delineated,

after the manner that the degrees of heat and cold are marked on the common sort, the whole scale of female characters, from the most inviolable modesty to the most abandoned impudence. It is of a commodious size to wear at a watch: the liquor within the tube is a chemical mixture, which being acted on by the circulation of the blood and animal spirits, will rise and fall according to the desires and affections of the wearer. He will very shortly publish a large assortment of them, to be sold at his shop on Ludgate-Hill: and I flatter myself, there are many women in England, who will be glad to purchase such an effectual regulator of their passions. Every lady, therefore, may avail herself of the instructions of this pocket monitor; a monitor, who will give her the most profitable lessons, without the usual impertinence of advice. It will be of equal efficacy, if worn by the men. But I expect my friend will have but little of their custom; for as the mere reputation of chastity is the utmost aim of a fine lady, to preserve even that, in a fine gentleman, is accounted mean and unmanly. O.

N° 5. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1754.

Σκηψας ἐλαυνει λοιμος ἐχθιστος πολιν.

SOPHOCL.

A plague has seiz'd us, and the tainted city
Is one wide pest-house teeming with contagion.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR, *Batson's Coffee-House, Feb.* 26, 1754

I Must beg leave to trouble you on a most serious and melancholy subject; a subject, which I fear will be

attended with the most dreadful consequences to the whole nation. Notwithstanding the last mail brought the college positive assurances from the French King's physicians, that the late plague at Rouen was entirely ceased, I have the strongest reasons to apprehend, that the contagion is already spread to this city. My own practice daily furnishes me with lamentable instances, that manifestly indicate a pestilential disorder in the blood and humours.

I was first induced to suspect, that some epidemical distemper was taking root among us, from my being called in to a noble patient, who (as the public prints have informed you) has lately been afflicted with a violent boil on his back. From this patient there have issued continually great quantities of corruption of a yellow hue. His complaint seems to be in some sort constitutional, as it commonly breaks out with extraordinary virulence every seven years; and as this is the crisis, we cannot pronounce our noble patient out of danger, till he has got over the ensuing spring. It is moreover to be feared, that the contagion has likewise reached Ireland; where we hear that the best physicians are using the most forcing medicines, and are of opinion that nothing can relieve the unhappy people, till they have voided a Stone. A great man there labours also under the abovementioned complaint of having a violent Boyle on his back *.

I shall now proceed to give you the history of some other cases, which have fallen under my notice, and are to me an indisputable proof, that the plague has got footing among us. Its malignancy shews itself particularly about the court; and we are assured, that some parts of the country are also tainted with it. I have had the honour to attend several members of parliament, whose cases are very desperate. Some I found in a declining way, given over by all their friends: others are so weak,

* Alluding to some disputes in Ireland.

that they cannot stand alone; and many are so restless, that they are continually turning from side to side. As I found they had great need of support, I have advised them to drink plentifully of strong liquors, and guard against the ill consequences of a return.

I visited the other day a young gentleman, who has lately been promoted to a command in the squadron designed for the East Indies. I found him in a most languishing condition; his spirits were quite depressed; he had a violent palpitation of the heart; and the whole nervous system was relaxed. I would have prescribed the well known diet-drink brought into practice by the late Bishop of Cloyne; but he told me, every thing went against his stomach, that savoured of tar. However, I at length prevailed on him to submit to a long course of sea water. I have observed the same prognostics in some of our land officers; to whom I have recommended the frequent use of exercise, together with a course of steel, and a powder composed of nitre and sulphur.

A friend of mine, one of the common-council men of this city, is infected to a strong degree with the present pestilence. His chief complaint is a canine appetite; and his wife assures me, she has often felt the wolf in his belly. The seat of this distemper is originally in the palate, and discovers itself by a watering of the mouth from the salival glands, and a grinding of the teeth as in the action of mastication. This disorder being very common in the city, and likely to spread among the livery, I have directed him to perform quarantine for forty days, by abstaining from flesh during the present Lent.

I know another, a very worthy alderman, who now lies in a most deplorable condition. He is swelled to a most enormous size; his whole face, and particularly his nose, is crusted over with fiery pustules of the confluent kind. He is afflicted with an insatiable thirst,

and is very subject to falling-fits. I was sent for last night, when one of these fits had just seized him. He lay to all appearance dead on the floor, wallowing in the midst of a fetid mass, partly solid, partly fluid, which had issued from his mouth and nostrils with repeated eructations. I would immediately have administered to him a proper dose of *Aq. Font. tepefact.* but on offering him the draught, he shewed the strongest symptoms of a confirmed hydrophobia.

I went out of charity to see a poor tragic author, (no reflection upon any of the profession, Mr. Town) who has been obliged to keep his room all the winter, and is dying by inches of an inveterate atrophy. By his extravagant ravings, sudden starts, incoherent expressions, and passionate exclamations, I judged his disorder to be seated in the brain, and therefore directed his head to be blistered all over. I cured another, a comic author, of a lethargy, by making a revulsion of the bad humour, from the part affected, with stimulating cathartics. A short squabby gentleman of a gross and corpulent make was seized with a kind of St. Vitus' dance, as he was practising Harlequin for the masquerade: his whole body was convulsed with the most violent writhings and irregular twiches; but I presently removed his complaint by applying blisters to the soles of his feet.

The plague, as I observed before, puts on different appearances in different subjects. A person of quality, one of the club at White's, was seized with the epidemical phrensy raging there, which propagates itself by certain black and red spots. He had suffered so much loss by continual evacuations, that his whole substance was wasted; and when I saw him he was so reduced that there were no hopes of a recovery. Another nobleman caught the infection at Newmarket, which brought upon him such a running that he is now in the last stage of a galloping consumption. A reverend

divine lately made a dignitary of the church, has unhappily lost his memory; and is so blind withal, that he hardly knows any of his old acquaintance: the muscles of his face are all contracted into an austere frown, his knees are stiff and inflexible, and he is unable, poor gentleman! to bend his body, or move his hand to his head. I have observed others seized at times with a strange kind of deafness; and at certain intervals, I have found them so prodigiously hard of hearing, that though a tradesman has bawled ever so loudly in their ears, it has had no effect upon them.

By what means this plague has been introduced among us, cannot easily be ascertained;—whether it was imported in the same band-box with the last new head, or was secretly conveyed in the plaits of an embroidered suit:—But that it came over hither from France, plainly appears from the manner in which it affects our people of fashion, (especially the ladies,) who bear about them the most evident marks of the French Disease. This is known to affect the whole habit of body, and extends its influence from head to foot. But its strongest attacks are levelled at the face: and it has such an effect upon the complexion, that it entirely changes the natural colour of the skin. At Paris, the face of every lady you meet is besmeared with unguent, ceruss, and plaster; and I have lately remarked, with infinite concern, the native charms of my pretty country-women destroyed by the same cause. In this case I have always proposed calling in the assistance of a surgeon to pare off this unnatural epidermis or scarf-skin, occasioned by the ignorance of empirics in the immoderate application of alteratives.

From what I have been able to collect from observations on my female patients, I have found little variation in the effects of the plague on that sex. Most of them complain of a lassitude, a listlesness,

an uneasiness, pains they don't know where, vapours, hysterics, want of rest, want of spirits, and loss of appetite: consequently the same regimen may serve for all. I advise them to use a great deal of exercise in driving about the town, to dilute properly with tea, to perspire freely at public places, and in their seasons to go to Bath, Tunbridge, Cheltenham, or Scarborough.

I was indeed surprised with an extraordinary new case the other night, when I was called out of bed to attend a maid of honour, who is frequently afflicted with fits of the mother. Her abdomen, I found, upon examination, to be preternaturally distended: the tumour has been gradually increasing; but I would not attempt to discuss it, as it was not yet arrived to maturity. I intend soon to remove her into the country for a month, in order to deliver her from the complaint she labours under.

I have been induced, Sir, to write to you on this occasion, as you are pleased to take this city under your immediate care. So alarming an evil calls upon us all to oppose its progress: For my own part, nothing shall deter me from a diligent discharge of the duty of my profession; though it has already exposed me to the greatest dangers in the execution of it. An old captain of a man of war, who is grievously troubled with choler and overflowing of the gall, on my only hinting a clyster, swore vehemently that I should take one myself, and applying his foot directly to my fundament kicked me down stairs. This very morning I escaped almost by miracle from the contagion, which raged in the most violent degree through a whole family. The master and mistress were both of them in a very high fever, and quite frantic and delirious: their tongues were prodigiously inflamed, with the tip very sharp, and perpetual vibrating without the least intermission. I would have prescribed some cooling and

lenitive medicines; but the husband in the height of his phrensy flung my tye-wig into the fire, and his wife sluiced me with extravasated urine. As I retired with precipitation, I heard the same wild ravings in the nursery, the kitchen, and every other quarter, which convinced me that the pestilence had seized the whole house. I ran out of doors as fast as possible, reflecting with Terence, "If Health herself would "save this family, she could not."

——*Ipsa si cupiat salus*
Servare prorsus non potest hanc familiam.

Upon the whole, I may conclude with the aphorism of Hippocrates; "that no people can possibly be "afflicted with so many and so terrible disorders, "unless the plague is among them."

I am, sir, yours, &c. B. G.

W.

N° 6. THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1754.

——*Quid alat formetque poetam.*

HOR.

Practice alone must form the writer's head,
And ev'ry author to the trade be bred.

I Remember to have seen, in some old Italian poet, a fable called "The Education of the Muses." Apollo is there said to have taken them at their birth under his immediate care, and as they grew up, to have instructed them, according to their different capacities in the several branches of playing and singing. Thalia, we are told, was of a lively turn, and took delight in the most comic airs; but was at first with difficulty restrained from falling into ridiculous drol-

leries, and what our author calls *extravaganzas* in her manner. Melpomene, who was of a serious and grave disposition, indulged herself in strains of melancholy; but when she aimed at the most pathetic strokes, was often harsh, or run into wild divisions. Clio, and the rest of the Nine, had not yet learned to temper their voices with sweetness and variety; nor could they tell how to regulate the stops of their flutes, or touch the strings of their lyres, with judgment and grace. However, by much practice, they improved gradually under the instructions of Apollo, till at last they were able to exert all the powers of music: and they now form a complete concert, which fills all Parnassus with the most enchanting harmony.

The moral to be drawn from this little fable is naturally applied to those servants of the Muses, Authors; who must necessarily rise, by the same slow degrees, from their first lame attempts in cultivating the arts of Apollo. The best of them, without doubt, went through many more stages of writing, than appears from the palpable gradations still remaining in their works. But as it is impossible to trace them from their first setting out, I shall here present the reader with the sum of my own experience, and illustrate, in the life of Mr. Town, the progress of an author.

Right or wrong, I have ever been addicted to scribbling. I was famous at school for my readiness at crambo and capping verses: I often made themes for other boys, and sold my copy for a tart or a custard: at nine years old I was taken notice of for an English distich; and afterwards immortalized myself by an holyday's task in the same language, which my master, who was himself a poet, pronounced to be scarce inferior to his favourite Blackmore. These were followed by a multitude of little pieces; which, like other fruits that come before their season, had nothing to recommend them but their early appearance.

Filled, however, with great conceptions of my genius and importance, I could not but lament, that such extraordinary parts should be confined within the narrow circle of my relations and acquaintance. Therefore, in order to oblige and amaze the public, I soon became a very large contributor to the monthly magazines. But I had the unspeakable mortification to see my favours sometimes not inserted, sometimes postponed, often much altered, and you may be sure always for the worse. On all these occasions, I never failed to condemn the arrogance and folly of the compilers of these miscellanies; wondering how they could so grossly mistake their own interest, and neglect the entertainment of their readers.

In the mean time a maiden aunt, with whom I lived, a very pious old lady, turned Methodist, and often took me with her to the Tabernacle, the Foundery, and many private meetings. This made such an impression upon my mind, that I devoted myself entirely to sacred subjects, and wrote several hymns, which were received with infinite applause by all the good women, who visited my aunt; and (the servants being also Methodists) they were often sung by the whole family in the kitchen. I might perhaps in time have rivalled Wesley in these divine compositions, and had even begun an entire new version of the Psalms; when my aunt, changing her religion a second time, became a Moravian. But the hymns usually sung by the United Brethren, contain sentiments so sublime and so incomprehensible, that notwithstanding my late success in that kind of poetry, and the great opinion I entertained of my own talents, I durst not venture on their style and manner.

As love and poetry mutually produce each other, it is no wonder, that before I was seventeen I had singled out my particular Sacharissa. This, you may suppose,

gave birth to innumerable songs, elegies, and acrostics. In the space of two years I had written more love-verses than Waller, or any other poet; when, just as I imagined I had rhymed myself into her good graces, I had the mortification to find that my mistress was married to a cornet of horse, a fellow, who I am sure never wrote a line in his life. This threw me into such a violent rage against the whole sex, that I immediately burnt every syllable I had written in her praise, and in bitterness of soul translated the sixth satire of Juvenal.

Soon after this, the son and heir of Lord Townley, to whom I have the honour of being a distant relation, was engaged in a treaty of marriage with a rich heiress. I sat down immediately with great composure to write an Epithalamium on this occasion. I trimmed Hymen's torch, and invited the Loves and Graces to the wedding: Concord was prepared to join their hands, and Juno to bless them with a numerous race of children. After all these pains, when every thing was ready for the wedding, and the last hand put to the Epithalamium, the match was suddenly broke off, and my poem of course rendered useless. I was more uneasy under this disappointment than any of the parties could possibly be; till I was informed of the sudden marriage of a noble lord with a celebrated beauty. On this popular occasion, promising myself universal applause, I immediately published my Epithalamium; which, like Bayes's Prologue, was artfully contrived to serve one purpose as well as another.

As my notions had been hitherto confined within a narrow sphere of life, my literary pursuits were consequently less important, till I had the opportunity of enlarging my ideas by going abroad. My travels, of which I have before hinted something to the reader, opened to me a new and extensive field for observation. I will not presume to boast, that I received any part

of my education at Geneva, or any of those celebrated foreign universities, in which alone an Englishman can be grounded in the principles of religion and liberty: but I may say without vanity, that I gleaned some useful knowledge from every place I visited. My propensity to writing followed me wherever I went; and were I to meet with encouragement by a large subscription, I could publish several volumes of curious remarks, which I made in my tour. I had, indeed, like to have got into some unlucky scrapes, by turning author in places, where the liberty of the press was never so much as heard of. At Paris I narrowly escaped being put into the Bastile for a little *Chanson à boire*, reflecting on the mistress of the Grand Monarque; and I was obliged to quit Rome a week sooner than I intended, for fixing on Pasquin a prayer for the Pope's toe, which was then laid up with the gout.

It was not till my return from abroad, that I formally commenced a professed critic, for which I now thought myself thoroughly qualified. I could draw parallels between Marseilles and Denoyer, compare the behaviour of the French parterre with the English pit; and have lately made a figure by affecting an indifference about the present burlettas, as I took care to let every body know, that I had often seen them in Flanders. My knowledge in theatrical affairs naturally led me to write a great number of occasional pamphlets on those topics; such as "Examens of "New Plays, Letters to the Managers, &c." Not content with this, I had a strong inclination to shine in the drama. I often pleased myself with computing —" three benefit nights—let me see—six hundred "pounds at least—an hundred more for the copy— "besides a perpetual freedom of the house."—These were temptations not to be resisted. I sat down therefore to a tragedy; but, before I got through the first

act, despairing to make it sufficiently pathetic for the modern taste, I changed my scheme, and began a comedy; then again reflecting, that most of our comedies were in reality nothing but overgrown farces, contented myself with writing, what authors are now pleased to call a comedy of two acts. This I finished with a great deal of pains, and very much to my own satisfaction: but not being able to get it on the stage, as one house was entirely taken up with pantomimes, and the manager of the other had so many farces of his own, I generously made a present of it to an actor for his benefit;—when to my great surprise it was damned.

I have at last resolved to bend all my attention, and dedicate all my powers, to the carrying on this my present elaborate undertaking. I am sorry to own, that the success has not at all answered my expectations: I flattered myself with being universally known, read, and admired; but I find quite the contrary. I went into a coffee-house the other day by White-chapel Mount, where on asking for the Connoisseur, the woman stared at me, and said she did not know what I meant. I dined last week at a foreign ambassador's; and not a word about me or my works passed at table. I wrote to a relation at Caermarthen, desiring to know what reputation my paper has in Wales; but he tells me, that nothing in the literary way comes down there but the King's Speech and the London Evening Post. I have enquired into the sale of my first number, my second, my third, my fourth, and the last: yet I cannot assure my readers, that I have sold three thousand of any one of them. In short, I give this public notice once for all, that if I do not find myself taken in all over England, by the time I have published two or three hundred papers,—let them look to it—let them look to it—I'll bid adieu to my ungrateful country, go directly to

Berlin, and (as Voltaire is discarded) employ my pen in the service of that encourager of literary merit the king of Prussia. O.

*** As several correspondents, since the first publication of this number, have desired to know, from what Italian author the Fable at the beginning of this paper is borrowed: we think it necessary to acquaint them, that the fiction is entirely our own.

N° 7. THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1754.

Pœnitet hospitii, cùm me spectante lacertos
Imponit collo rusticus ille tuo.
Oscula cùm verò coram non dura daretis,
Ante oculos posui pocula sumpta meos.

OVID.

I loath'd the dinner, while before my face
The clown still paw'd you with a rude embrace:
But when ye toy'd and kiss'd without controul,
I turn'd and screen'd my eyes behind the bowl.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I Shall make no apology for recommending to your notice as Censor-general, a fault that is too common among the married people; I mean the absurd trick of fondling before company. Love is, indeed, a very rare ingredient in modern wedlock; nor can the parties entertain too much affection for each other: but an open display of it on all occasions renders them ridiculous.

A few days ago I was introduced to a young couple,

who were but lately married, and are reckoned by all their acquaintance to be exceeding happy in each other. I had scarce saluted the bride, when the husband caught her eagerly in his arms, and almost devoured her with kisses. When we were seated, they took care to place themselves close to each other; and during our conversation he was constantly piddling with her fingers, tapping her cheek, or playing with her hair. At dinner, they were mutually employed in pressing each other to taste of every dish; and the fond appellations of 'my dear, my love,' &c. were continually bandied across the table. Soon after the cloth was removed, the lady made a motion to retire; but the husband prevented the compliments of the rest of the company by saying, 'We should be unhappy without her.' As the bottle went round, he joined her health to every toast; and could not help now and then rising from his chair to press her hand, and manifest the warmth of his passion by the ardour of his caresses. This precious fooling, though it highly entertained them, gave me great disgust: therefore, as my company might very well be spared, I took my leave as soon as possible.

Nothing is more common than to see a new married couple, setting out with a splendour in their equipage, furniture, and manner of living, which they have been afterwards obliged to retrench. Thus it happens, when they have made themselves remarkable by a shew of excessive love. They begin with great eclat, are lavish of their fondness at first, but their whole stock is soon wasted; and their poverty is the more insupportable, as their former profusion has made it more conspicuous. I have remarked the ill consequence of this indiscretion in both cases: One couple has at last had separate beds, while the other have been carried to the opera in hackney chairs.

Two people; who are to pass their whole lives to-

gether, may surely find time enough for dalliance without playing over their pretty tricks in public. How ridiculous would it appear, if in a large assembly every one should select his mate, and the whole company should fall into couples, like the birds on Valentine's day! And it is surely no less absurd, to see a man and his wife eternally trifling and toying together,

> Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
> Like Philip and Mary on a shilling.
>
> HUDIBRAS.

I have often been reduced to a kind of awkward distress on these occasions; not knowing which way to look, or what to say. I consider them as playing a game, in which the stander-by is not at all interested; and would therefore recommend it to every third person in these circumstances, to take it as a hint, that the parties have a mind to be alone, and leave the room without further ceremony.

A friend of mine happened to be engaged in a visit to one of these loving couples. He sat still for some time, without interrupting the little endearments that passed between them. Finding them at length quite lost in nods, whispers, ogles, and in short, wholly taken up with each other, he rang the bell, and desired the servant to send in my lady's woman. When she came, he led her very gravely to the settee, and began to indulge himself in certain freedoms, which provoked the damsel to complain loudly of his rudeness. The lady flew into a violent passion, and rated him severely for his monstrous behaviour. My friend begged her pardon with great politeness, hoped she was not offended, for that he thought there had been no harm in amusing himself a little while with Mrs. Betty, in the same manner as her Ladyship and Sir John had been diverting themselves these two hours.

This behaviour, though at all times improper, may in some sort be excused, where perhaps the match had been huddled up by the parents, and the young people are such new acquaintance, that they scarce ever saw each other till their marriage. A pair of loving turtles may be indulged in a little amorous billing at their first coming together: yet this license ſhould expire with the honey-moon, and even in that period be used but sparingly.

But if this conduct is blameable in young people, how very absurd is it in those advanced in years! Who can help laughing, when he sees a worn-out beau and belle, practising at threescore the very follies, that are ridiculous at sixteen? I could wish, that such a pair of antiquated lovers were delineated by the pencil of an Hogarth. How humorously would he represent two emaciated wrinkled figures, with eyes sunk into their heads, lank cheeks, and toothless gums, affecting to leer, smile, and languish at each other! But this affectation is still more remarkable, when a liquorish old fool is continually fondling a young wife: though perhaps the sight is not so disgusting to a stranger, who may reasonably suppose it to be the overflowings of a father's tenderness for his daughter.

It sometimes happens, that one of the parties perceives the folly of this behaviour. I have seen a sensible man quite uneasy at the indiscreet marks of kindness shewn by his lady. I know a clergyman in the country, who is often put to the blush by the strange familiarities, which his wife's love induces her to take with him. As she has had but an indifferent education, you would often be at a loss to know, whether she is very kind, or very rude. If he dines abroad, she always sees him get on horseback, and before he has got twenty yards from the door, hollows after him, 'be at home in time, my dear soul. do.' I have

known her almost quarrel with him for not buttoning his coat in the middle of summer; and she once had the good-nature to burn a very valuable collection of Greek manuscripts, lest the poring over those horrid crooked letters should put her dear Jack's eyes out. Thus does she torment the poor parson with her violent affection for him, and according to the common phrase, kills him with kindness.

Before I conclude, I cannot but take notice of those luscious love-scenes, that have so great a share in our modern plays; which are rendered still more fulsome by the officiousness of the player, who takes every opportunity of heightening the expression by kisses and embraces. In a comedy nothing is more relished by the audience than a loud smack, which echoes through the whole house; and in the most passionate scenes of a tragedy, the hero and heroine are continually flying into each others arms. For my part I am never present at a scene of this kind, which produces a conscious simper from the boxes, and an hearty chuckle of applause from the pit and galleries, but I am ready to exclaim with old Renault—'I like not these huggers.'

I would recommend it to all married people, but especially to the ladies, not to be so sweet upon their dears before company: but I would not be understood to countenance that coldness and indifference, which is so fashionable in the polite world. Nothing is accounted more ungenteel, than for a husband and wife to be seen together in public places; and if they should ever accidentally meet, they take no more notice of each other, than if they were absolute strangers. The gentleman may lavish as much gallantry as he pleases on other women, and the lady give encouragement to twenty pretty fellows, without censure: But they would either of them blush at being

surprised, in shewing the least marks of a regard for each other. I am, Sir,

T. Your humble Servant, &c.

N° 8. THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1754.

O quanta species cerebrum non habet!
PHÆDR.

In outward shew so splendid and so vain,
'Tis but a gilded block without a brain.

I Must acknowledge the receipt of many letters containing very lavish encomiums on my works. Among the rest a correspondent, whom I take to be a bookseller, is pleased to compliment me on the goodness of my print, and paper; but tells me, that he is very sorry not to see something expressive of my undertaking, in the little cut that I carry in front. It is true, indeed, that my printer and publisher held several consultations on this subject; and I am ashamed to confess, that they had once prevailed on me to suffer a profile of my face to be prefixed to each number. But when it was finished, I was quite mortified to see what a scurvy figure I made in wood: nor could I submit to be hung out, like Broughton, at my own door, or let my face serve like the canvas before a booth, to call people in to the shew.

I hope it will not be imputed to envy or malevolence, that I here remark on this part of the production of Mr. Fitz-Adam. When he gave his paper the title of The World, I suppose he meant to intimate his design of describing that part of it, who are known to account all other persons nobody, and are

therefore emphatically called The World. If this was to be pictured out in the head-piece, a lady at her toilette, a party at whist, or the jovial member of the Dilettanti tapping the World for Champagne, had been the most natural and obvious hieroglyphics. But when we see the portrait of a philosopher poring on the globe instead of observations on modern life, we might more naturally expect a system of geography, or an attempt towards a discovery of the longitude.

The reader will smile perhaps at a criticism of this kind; yet certainly even here propriety should be observed, or at least all absurdities avoided. But this matter being usually left to the printer or bookseller, it is often attended with ſtrange blunders and misapplications. I have seen a sermon ushered in with the representation of a shepherd and shepherdess sporting on a bank of flowers, with two little cupids smiling over head; while perhaps an epithalamium, or an ode for a birth-day, has been introduced with death's heads and cross marrow-bones.

The inhabitants of Grub-street are generally very studious of propriety in this point. Before the half-penny account of an horse-race, we see the jockeys whipping, spurring, jostling, and the horses straining within sight of the post. The last dying speech, character, and behaviour of the malefactors presents us with a prospect of the place of execution; and the history of the London Prentice exhibits the figure of a lad standing between two lions, and ramming his hands down their throats. A due regard has been paid to this article, in the several elegies from that quarter on the death of Mr. Pelham. They are encompassed with dismal black lines, and all the sable emblems of death: nor can we doubt, but that an author, who takes such care to express a decent sorrow on the outside of his work, has infused a great deal of the pathetic into the piece itself.

These little embellishments were originally designed to please the eye of the reader; as we tempt children to learn their letters by disposing the alphabet into pictures. But, in our modern compositions, they are not only ornamental, but useful. An angel or a flower-pot, at the beginning and end of every chapter or section, enables the bookseller to spin out a novel, without plot or incident, to a great number of volumes; and by the help of these decorations, properly disposed, I have known a little piece swell into a duodecimo, which had scarce matter enough for a sixpenny pamphlet.

In this place I might also take notice of the several new improvements in the business of typography. Though it is reckoned ungenteel to write a good hand, yet every one is proud of appearing in a beautiful print; and the productions of a man of quality come from the press in a very neat letter, though perhaps the manuscript is hardly legible. Indeed, our modern writers seem to be more solicitous about outward elegance, than the intrinsic merit of their compositions; and on this account it is thought no mean recommendation of their works, to advertise that they are "beautifully printed on a fine paper and entire new letter." Nor are they only indebted to the press for the beauty of the type, but often call in its assistance to explain and enforce the sentiment. When an author is in doubt whether the reader will be able to comprehend his meaning, or indeed whether he has any meaning at all, he takes care to sprinkle the sentence with italics; but when he would surprize us with any thing more striking than ordinary, he distinguishes the emphatical words by large staring CAPITALS, which overtop the rest of their fellows, and are intended, like the grenadiers' caps, to give us an idea of something grand and uncommon. These are designed as so many hints to let the reader know

where he is to be particularly affected; and answer the same purpose with the marginal directions in plays, which inform the actor when he is to laugh or cry. This practice is most remarkable in pieces of modern wit and humour: and it may be observed, that where there is the least of these lively qualities, the author is most desirous of substituting these arts in their room; imagining, that by a judicious diſtribution of these enlivening strokes in different parts of it, his work, however dull in itself, will become smart and brilliant.

And here I cannot but take notice, that these arts have been employed to very great advantage in the service of the theatres. The writer of the play bills deals out his capitals in so just a proportion, that you may tell the salary of each actor by the size of the letter in which his name is printed. When the present manager of Drury-lane first came upon the stage, a new set of types two inches long were cast on purpose to do honour to his extraordinary merit. This indeed is so proper, that the severest critics on the drama cannot be offended at this piece of theatrical justice.

There is lately sprung up among us a new species of writers, who are most of them persons of the first rank and fashion. At this period the whole house of commons are turned authors: and we cannot sufficiently admire the propriety of style and sentiment in those elegant addresses, by which they humbly offer themselves as candidates, and beg the favour of your votes and interest. These gentlemen avail themselves greatly of the arts of printing above mentioned; whether they would raise the merits of their own cause, or throw out invectives on the opposite party. The courtier sets before your eyes in large letters his steady attachment to King George, while his opponent displays in the same manner his zeal for Liberty

and the Constitution. This must undoubtedly have a wonderful effect on the electors: and I could almost assure any patriot certain success, who should manifest his regard for Old England by printing his addresses in the Old English Character.

But, in the whole republic of letters, there are none perhaps, who are more obliged to the printer, than the writers of periodical essays. The Spectators, indeed, came into the world without any of the advantages we are possessed of. They were originally published in a very bad print and paper, and were so entirely destitute of all outward ornaments, that like (Terence's virgin)

> ——— *Nî vis boni*
> *In ipsâ inesset formâ, hæc formam extinguerent.*

" Unless the soul of beauty had breathed through the compositions themselves, these disadvantages would have suppressed the least appearances of it."

As it requires no genius to supply a defect of this nature, our modern essays as much excel the Spectators in elegance of form, as perhaps they may be thought to fall short of them in every other respect. But they have this additional advantage, that by the fineness of their paper they are rescued from serving many mean and ignoble purposes, to which they might otherwise be applied. They also form themselves more commodiously into volumes, and become genteeler appendages of the tea-table. The candid reader will undoubtedly impute this extraordinary care about externals to the modesty of us present essayists, who are willing to compensate for our poverty of genius, by bestowing these outward graces and embellishments on our works. For my own part, I never reflect on the first unadorned publication of the Spectator, and at the same time take up one of my own papers, set off with every ornament of the press, but

I am afraid that the critics will apply, what a facetious peer is said to have remarked on two different ladies; that "the first is a soul without a body, and the last a body without a soul."

As in this fashionable age there are many of Lord Foppington's opinion, "that a book should be recommended by its outside to a man of quality and breeding," it is incumbent on all authors to let their works appear as well drest as possible, if they expect them to be admitted into polite company. Yet we should not lay too much stress on the decorations, but rather remember Tully's precept to all who build, that "the owner should be an ornament to the house, and not the house to the owner."

T.

N° 9. THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1754.

——— *Solvitque animis miracula rerum,*
Eripuitque Jovi fulmen, viresque tonanti.
MANIL.

He freed our minds from dread of things above,
And snatch'd the thunder from the hand of Jove.

THE publication of Lord Bolingbroke's posthumous works has given new life and spirit to free-thinking. We seem at present to be endeavouring to unlearn our catechism, with all that we have been taught about religion, in order to model our faith to the fashion of his Lordship's system. We have now nothing to do, but to throw away our Bibles, turn the churches into theatres, and rejoice that an act of parliament, now in force, gives us an opportunity of getting rid of the clergy by transportation. I was in hopes that the ex-

traordinary price of these volumes would have confined their influence to persons of quality. As they are placed above extreme indigence and absolute want of bread, their loose notions would have carried them no farther than cheating at cards, or perhaps plundering their country: But if these opinions spread among the vulgar, we shall be knocked down at noon-day in our streets, and nothing will go forward but robberies and murders.

The instances I have lately seen of free-thinking, in the lower part of the world, make me fear, they are going to be as fashionable and as wicked as their betters. I went the other night to the Robin Hood; where it is usual for the advocates against religion to assemble, and openly avow their infidelity. One of the questions for the night was, 'Whether Lord Bolingbroke had not done greater service to mankind by his writings, than the Apostles or Evangelists?' As this society is chiefly composed of lawyers' clerks, petty tradesmen, and the lowest mechanics, I was at first surprised to find such amazing erudition among them. Toland, Tindal, Collins, Chubb, and Mandeville, they seemed to have got by heart. A shoemaker harangued his five minutes upon the excellence of the tenets maintained by Lord Bolingbroke; but I soon found that his reading had not been extended beyond the idea of a patriot King, which he had mistaken for a glorious system of free-thinking. I could not help smiling at another of the company, who took pains to shew his disbelief of the Gospel by unsainting the apostles, and calling them by no other title than plain Paul or plain Peter. The proceedings of this society, have, indeed, almost induced me to wish, that (like the Roman Catholics) they were not permitted to read the Bible, rather than they should read it only to abuse it.

I have frequently heard many wise tradesmen,

settling the most important articles of our faith over a pint of beer. A baker took occasion from Canning's affair to maintain, in opposition to the Scriptures, that man might live by bread alone, at least that woman might; 'for else, said he, how could the girl have been supported for a whole month by a few hard crusts?' In answer to this, a barber surgeon set forth the improbability of that story; and thence inferred, that it was impossible for our Saviour to have fasted forty days in the wilderness. I lately heard a midshipman swear that the Bible was all a lie: for he had sailed round the world with Lord Anson, and if there had been any Red Sea, he must have met with it. I know a bricklayer, who, while he was working by line and rule, and carefully laying one brick upon another, would argue with a fellow-labourer, that the world was made by chance; and a cook, who thought more of his trade than his Bible, in a dispute concerning the miracles, made a pleasant mistake about the nature of the first, and gravely asked his antagonist what he thought of the Supper at Cana.

This affectation of free-thinking, among the lower class of people, is at present happily confined to the men. On Sundays, while the husbands are toping at the ale-house, the good women their wives think it their duty to go to church, say their prayers, bring home the text, and hear the children their catechism. But our polite ladies are, I fear, in their lives and conversations little better than free-thinkers. Going to church, since it is now no longer the fashion to carry on intrigues there, is almost wholly laid aside: and I verily believe, that nothing but another earthquake can ever fill the churches with people of quality. The fair sex in general are too thoughtless to concern themselves in deep enquiries into matters of religion. It is sufficient, that they are taught to believe themselves angels: It would therefore be an ill compliment, while

we talk of the heaven they bestow, to persuade them into the Mahometan notion, that they have no souls: though perhaps our fine gentlemen may imagine, that by convincing a lady, that she has no soul, she will be less scrupulous about the disposal of her body.

The ridiculous notions maintained by freethinkers in their writings, scarce deserve a serious refutation; and perhaps the best method of answering them would be to select from their works all the absurd and impracticable notions, which they so stiffly maintain in order to evade the belief of the Christian religion. I shall here throw together a few of their principal tenets, under the contradictory title of

THE UNBELIEVER'S CREED.

I BELIEVE that there is no God, but that matter is God, and God is matter; and that it is no matter whether there is any God or no.

I believe, that the world was not made; that the world made itself; that it had no beginning; that it will last for ever, world without end.

I believe, that man is a beast; that the soul is the body, and the body the soul; and that after death there is neither body nor soul.

I believe, that there is no religion; that natural religion is the only religion; and that all religion is unnatural.

I believe not in Moses; I believe in the First Philosophy: I believe not the Evangelists; I believe in Chubb, Collins, Toland, Tindal, Morgan, Mandeville, Woolston, Hobbes, Shaftesbury: I believe in Lord Bolingbroke; I believe not St. Paul.

I believe not Revelation; I believe in tradition: I believe in the Talmud; I believe in the Alcoran; I believe not the Bible: I believe in Socrates; I believe

in Confucius; I believe in Sanconiathon; I believe in Mahomet; I believe not in Christ.

Lastly, I believe in all unbelief.

AN ADDRESS

TO BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Ever since we have thought fit to take these kingdoms into our immediate care, we have made it our earnest endeavour to go hand in hand with your wisdoms in promoting the welfare and prosperity of the people. The important business of taxes, lotteries, marriages, and Jews, We have left to your weighty consideration; while ourselves have been employed in the regulation of fashions, the establishment of taste, and amendment of the morals. We have the satisfaction to find, that both our measures have hitherto met with success: and the public affairs are at present in so prosperous a condition, that the national vices seem as likely to decrease as the national debt.

The dissolution of your assembly is now at hand; and as your whole attention will naturally be engaged in securing to yourselves and friends a seat in the next parliament, it is needless to recommend to you, that heads should be broken, drunkenness encouraged, and abuse propagated; which has been found by experience to be the best method of supporting the freedom of elections. In the mean time, as the care of the nation must be left to us, it is necessary, that during this interval, our prerogative, as Censor-General, should be considerably extended, and we should be invested with the united power of Lords and Commons.

When we are intrusted with this important charge, we shall expect, that every different faction shall concur in our measures for the public utility; that Whig and Tory, High-Church, and Low-Church, Court and

Country, shall all unite in this common cause; and that opposite parties in the body politic, like the arms and legs in the body natural, shall move in concert, though they are on different sides. In our papers, which we continue to publish on Thursdays, under the Title of The Connoisseur, every misdemeanor shall be examined, and offenders called to the bar of the House. Be it therefore enacted, that these our orders and resolutions have an equal authority with acts of parliament: as we doubt not, they will be of equal advantage to the community.

The extraordinary supplies requisite for the service of the current weeks, and for the support of our own privy purse, oblige us to demand of you, that a sum, not exceeding two-pence, be levied weekly on each person, to be collected by our trusty and well-beloved the booksellers. We must also particularly request of you, that the same privilege and protection be extended to us, which is enjoyed by yourselves, and is so very convenient to many of your honourable members. It is no less expedient, that we should be secured from let or molestation: be it therefore provided, that no one presume to arrest or cause to be arrested our person, or the persons of our publisher, printer, corrector, devil, or any other employed in our service.

We have only to add, that you may rely on our care and diligence in discharging the high trust reposed in us, in such manner as shall merit the thanks of the next parliament. We shall then recommend it to their consideration, whether it would not be for the interest of these kingdoms, that we should have a woolpack allotted us with the bishops, or be allowed a perpetual seat among the commons, as the representative of the whole people. But if this should be deemed too great an honour, it will at least be thought necessary, that we should be occasionally called in, like

the judges, to give our opinion in cases of importance.

Town, Connoisseur, Critic, and
T. Censor-General.

N° 10. THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1754.

Νηπιον, ὀυπω ἐιδοθ' ὁμοιιου πολεμοιο,
Ουδ' ἀγορεων, ἱνα τ' ἀνδρες ἀριπρεπεες τελεθουσι.

HOMER.

What knows the stripling of the soldier's trade,
Beyond his regimentals and cockade?

LEARNING, as it polishes the mind, enlarges our ideas, and gives an ingenuous turn to our whole conversation and behaviour, has ever been esteemed a liberal accomplishment; and is, indeed, the principal characteristic, that distinguishes the gentleman from the mechanic.

This axiom being universally allowed, I have often observed with wonder the neglect of learning, that prevails among the gentlemen of the army; who, notwithstanding their shameful deficiency in this main requisite, are generally proposed as the most exact models of good behaviour, and standards of politeness.

The art of war is no easy study: it requires much labour and application to go through what Milton calls "the rudiments of soldiership, in all the skill of embattling, marching, encamping, fortifying, besieging and battering, with all the helps of ancient and modern stratagems, tactics, and warlike maxims." With all these every officer should undoubtedly be acquainted; for mere regimentals no more create a soldier, than the

cowl makes a monk. But, I fear, the generality of our army have made little proficiency in the art they profess; have learnt little more than just to acquit themselves with some decency at a review; have not studied and examined, as they ought, the ancient and modern principles of war;

> Nor the division of a battle know,
> More than a spinster.
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

Besides the study of the art of war itself, there are many collateral branches of literature; of which, as gentlemen and as soldiers, they should not be ignorant. Whoever bears a commission in the army, should be well read in history. The examples of Alexander, Cæsar, or Marlborough, however illustrious, are of little concern to the generality of readers, but are set up as so many land-marks, to direct those who are pursuing the same course to glory. A thorough knowledge of history would furnish a commander with true courage, inspire him with an honest emulation of his ancestors, and teach him to gain a victory without shedding blood.

Poetry too, more especially that of the ancients, seems particularly calculated for the perusal of those concerned in war. The subject of the Iliad is entirely martial; and the principal characters are distinguished from each other chiefly by their different exertion of the single quality of courage. It was, I suppose, on account of this martial spirit, which breathes throughout the Iliad, that Alexander was so captivated with it, that he is said to have laid it every night under his pillow. The principal character in the Æneid is a general of remarkable piety and courage; and great part of the poem is made up of war. These studies cannot surely fail of animating a modern breast, which often kindled such a noble ardour in the ancients.

If we look into the lives of the greatest generals of antiquity, we shall find them no mean proficients in science. They led their armies to victory by their courage, and supported the state by their counsels. They revered the same Pallas, as the goddess of war and of wisdom; and the Spartans in particular, before they entered on an engagement, always sacrificed to the Muses. The exhortations, given by commanders before the onset, are some of the most animated pieces of oratory in all antiquity, and frequently produced astonishing effects, rousing the soldiers from despair, and hurrying them on to victory. An illiterate commander would have been the contempt of Greece and Rome. Tully, indeed, was called the learned Consul in derision; but then, as Dryden observes, "his head was turned another way. When he read the tactics, he was thinking on the bar, which was his field of battle." I am particularly pleased with the character of Scipio Æmilianus as drawn by Velleius Paterculus, and would recommend it to the serious imitation of our modern officers. He was so great an admirer of liberal studies, that he always retained the most eminent wits in his camp: nor did any one fill up the intervals of business with more elegance, retiring from war only to cultivate the arts of peace; always employed in arms or study, always exercising his body with perils, or disciplining his mind with science. The author contrasts this amiable pourtrait with a description of Mummius; a general so little versed in the polite arts, that having taken at Corinth several pictures and statues of the greatest artists, he threatened the persons, who were intrusted with the carriage of them to Italy, "that, if they lost those, they should give new ones."

I would fain have a British officer looked upon with as much deference as those of Greece and Rome:

But while they neglect the acquisition of the same accomplishments, they will never meet with the same respect. Instead of cultivating their minds, they are wholly taken up in adorning their bodies, and look upon gallantry and intrigue as essential parts of their character. To glitter in the boxes or at an assembly, is the full display of their politeness, and to be the life and soul of a lewd brawl, almost the only exertion of their courage; insomuch that there is a good deal of justice in Macheath's raillery, when he says, "if it was not for us, and the other gentlemen of the sword, Drury-lane would be uninhabited."

It is something strange, that officers should want any inducement to acquire so gentleman-like an accomplishment as learning. If they imagine it would derogate from their good-breeding, or call off their attention from military business, they are mistaken. Pedantry is no more connected with learning, than rashness with courage. Cæsar, who was the finest gentleman and the greatest general, was also the best scholar of his age.

To say the truth, learning wears a more amiable aspect and winning air in courts and camps, whenever it appears there, than amid the gloom of colleges and cloisters. Mixing in genteel life files off the rust that may have been contracted by study, and wears out any little oddness or peculiarity, that may be acquired in the closet. For this reason the officer is more inexcusable, who neglects an accomplishment, that would sit so gracefully upon him: for this reason too, we pay so great deference to those few, who have enriched their minds with the treasures of antiquity. An illiterate officer either hardens into a bravo, or refines into a fop. The insipidity of the fop is utterly contemptible; and a rough brutal courage; unpolished by science, and unassisted by reason, has no more claim to heroism, than the case-hardened valour of a bruiser

or prize-fighter. Agreeable to this notion, Homer in the fifth Iliad represents the goddess Minerva as wounding Mars, and driving the heavy deity off the field of battle; implying allegorically, that wisdom is capable of subduing courage.

I would flatter myself, that British minds are still as noble, and British genius as exuberant, as those of any other nation or age whatever; but that some are debased by luxury, and others run wild for want of proper cultivation. If Athens can boast her Miltiades, Themistocles, &c. Rome her Camillus, Fabius, Cæsar, &c. England has had her Edwards, Henrys, and Marlboroughs. It is to be hoped the time will come, when learning will be reckoned as necessary to qualify a man for the army, as for the bar or pulpit. Then we may expect to see the British soldiery enter on the field of battle, as on a theatre, for which they are prepared in the parts they are to act. "They will not then, (as Milton expresses himself with his usual strength in his Treatise on Education) if intrusted with fair and hopeful armies, suffer them, for want of just and wise discipline, to shed away from about them like sick feathers, though they be never so oft supplied: they would not suffer their empty and unrecruitable colonels of twenty men in a company, to quaff out, or convey into secret hoards, the wages of a delusive list and miserable remnant; yet in the mean while to be over-mastered with a score or two of drunkards, the only soldiery left about them, or else to comply with all rapines and violences. No certainly, if they knew ought of that knowledge, that belongs to good men and good governors, they would not suffer these things." O.

N° 11. THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1754.

——— *Pallas quas condidit arces*
Ipsa colat.———

VIRG.

Let Pallas dwell in towers herself has rais'd.

THE principal character in Steele's comedy of the Lying Lover is young Bookwit; an Oxonian, who at once throws off the habit and manners of an academic, and assumes the dress, air, and conversation of a man of the town. He is, like other fine gentlemen, a coxcomb; but a coxcomb of learning and parts. His erudition he renders subservient to his pleasures: his knowledge in poetry qualifies him for a sonneteer, his rhetoric to say fine things to the ladies, and his philosophy to regulate his equipage; for he talks of having "Peripatetic footmen, a follower of Aristippus for a valet de chambre, an epicurean cook, with an hermetical chymist (who are good only at making fires) for a scullion." Thus he is, in every particular, a fop of letters, a complete classical beau.

By a review I have lately made of the people in this great metropolis, as Censor, I find that the town swarms with bookwits. The playhouses, park, taverns, and coffee-houses are thronged with them. Their manner, which has something in it very characteristic, and different from the town-bred coxcombs, discovers them to the slightest observer. It is indeed, no easy matter for one, whose chief employment is to store his mind with new ideas, to throw that happy vacancy, that total absence of thought and reflection, into his countenance, so remarkable in our modern fine gentlemen. The same lounging air too, that passes for

genteel in an university coffee-house, is soon distinguished from the genuine careless loll, and easy saunter; and bring us over to the notion of Sir Wilful in The Way of the World, "that a man should be bound prentice to a maker of fops, before he ventures to set up for himself."

Yet, in spite of all these disadvantages, the love of pleasure, and a few supernumerary guineas, draw the student from his literary employment, and entice him to this theatre of noise and hurry, this grand mart of luxury; where, as long as his purse can supply him, he may be as idle and debauched as he pleases. I could not help smiling at a dialogue between two of these gentlemen, which I overheard a few nights ago at the Bedford coffee-house. 'Ha! Jack! (says one accosting the other) is it you? How long have you been in town?'—'Two hours.'—'How long do you stay?—Ten guineas.—If you'll come to Venable's after the play is over, you'll find Tom Latine, Bob Classic, and two or three more, who will be very glad to see you. What you're in town upon the sober plan at your father's? But harkye Frank, if you'll call in, I'll tell your friend Harris to prepare for you. So your servant; for I'm going to meet the finest girl upon town in the green boxes.'

I left the coffee-house pretty late; and as I came into the piazza, the fire in the Bedford-Arms kitchen blazed so cheerfully and invitingly before me, that I was easily persuaded by a friend who was with me, to end the evening at that house. Our good fortune led us into the next room to this knot of academical rakes. Their merriment being pretty boisterous, gave us a good pretext to enquire, what company were in the next room. The waiter told us, with a smartness which those fellows frequently contract from attending on beaux and wits, 'some gentlemen from Oxford with some ladies, sir. My master is always very glad to

see them; for while they stay in town, they never dine or sup out of his house, and eat and drink, and pay better, than any nobleman.'

As it grew later they grew louder: till at length an unhappy dispute arose between two of the company, concerning the present grand contest between the Old and the New Interest, which has lately inflamed Oxfordshire. This accident might have been attended with ugly consequences: but as the ladies are great enemies to quarrelling, unless themselves are the occasion, a good-natured female of the company interposed, and quelled their animosity. By the mediation of this fair one, the dispute ended very fashionably, in a bet of a dozen of claret, to be drank there by the company then present, whenever the wager should be decided. There was something so extraordinary in their whole evening's conversation, such an odd mixture of the town and university, that I am persuaded, if Sir Richard had been witness to it, he could have wrought it into a scene as lively and entertaining, as any he has left us.

The whole time these lettered beaux remain in London, is spent in a continual round of diversion. Their sphere, indeed, is somewhat confined; for they generally eat, drink, and sleep within the precincts of Covent-Garden. I remember I once saw, at a public inn on the road to Oxford, a journal of the town transactions of one of these sparks; who had recorded them on a window-pane for the example and imitation of his fellow-students. I shall present my reader with an exact copy of this curious journal, as nearly as I can remember.

Monday, Rode to town in six hours—saw the two last acts of Hamlet—at night, with Polly Brown.

Tuesday, saw Harlequin Sorcerer—at night, Polly again.

Wednesday, saw Macbeth—at night, with Sally Parker, Polly engaged.

Thursday, saw the Suspicious Husband—at night, Polly again.

Friday, set out at twelve o'clock for Oxford—a damn'd muzzy place.

There are no set of mortals more joyous than these occasional rakes, whose pride it is to gallop up to town once or twice in the year with their quarterage in their pockets, and in a few days to squander it away in the highest scenes of luxury and debauchery. The tavern, the theatre, and the bagnio, engross the chief part of their attention; and it is constantly Polly again with them, till their finances are quite exhausted, and they are obliged to return (as Bookwit has it) "to small beer and three-halfpenny commons."

I shall enlarge no further on this subject at present, but conclude these reflections with an Ode, which I have received from an unknown correspondent. He tells me, it was lately sent from an academical friend to one of these gentlemen, who had resigned himself wholly to these polite enjoyments, and seemed to have forgot his connexions with the university. All, who peruse this elegant little piece, will, I doubt not, thank me for inserting it; and the learned reader will have the additional pleasure of admiring it as an humorous imitation of Horace.

Iccî, beatis nunc Arabum invides
Gazis, &c. L. I. Ode xxix.

So you, my friend, at last are caught——
Where could you get so strange a thought,
In mind and body sound?
All meaner studies you resign,
Your whole ambition now to shine
The beau of the beau-monde.

Say, gallant youth, what well-known name
Shall spread the triumphs of your fame
Through all the realms of Drury?

How will you strike the gaping cit?
What tavern shall record your wit?
What watchmen mourn your fury?

What sprightly imp of Gallic breed
Shall have the culture of your head,
(I mean the outward part)
Form'd by his parent's early care
To range in nicest curls his hair,
And wield the puff with art?

No more let mortals toil in vain,
By wise conjecture to explain
What rolling time will bring:
Thames to his source may upwards flow,
Or Garrick six foot high may grow,
Or witches thrive at Tring:

Since you each better promise break,
Once fam'd for slov'nliness and Greek,
Now turn'd a very Paris,
For lace and velvet quit your gown,
The Stagyrite for Mr. Town,
For Drury-lane St. Mary's.

N° 12. THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1754.

Nec verò hæ sine sorte datæ, sine judice sedes.
VIRG.

Nor shall the four-leg'd culprit 'scape the law,
But at the bar hold up the guilty paw.

TURNING over the last volume of Lord Bolingbroke's works a few days ago, I could not help smiling at his

lordship's extraordinary manner of commenting on some parts of the Scriptures. Among the rest he represents Moses, as making beasts accountable to the community for crimes, as well as men: Whence his lordship infers, that the Jewish legislator supposed them capable of distinguishing between right and wrong, and acting as moral agents. The oddity of this remark led me to reflect, if such an opinion should prevail in any country, what whimsical laws would be enacted, and how ridiculous they would appear, when put in execution. As if the horse, that carried the highwayman, should be arraigned for taking a purse, or a dog indicted for feloniously stealing a shoulder of mutton. Such a country would seem to go upon the same principles, and to entertain the same notions of justice, as the puritanical old woman, that hanged her cat for killing mice on the sabbath-day.

These reflections were continued afterwards in my sleep; when methought such proceedings were common in our own courts of judicature. I imagined myself in a spacious hall like the Old Bailey, where they were preparing to try several animals, who had been guilty of offences against the laws of the land. The walls, I observed, were hung all round with bulls-hides, sheep-skins, foxes-tails, and the spoils of other brute-malefactors; and over the justice-seat, where the King's Arms are commonly placed, there was fixed a large stag's-head, which over-shadowed the magistrate with its branching horns. I took particular notice, that the galleries were very much crowded with ladies: which I could not tell how to account for, till I found it was expected, that a Goat would that day be tried for a rape.

The sessions soon opened; and the first prisoner that was brought to the bar, was a Hog, who was prosecuted at the suit of the Jews on an indictment for burglary, in breaking into their synagogue. As it was apprehend-

ed, that religion might be affected by this cause, and as the prosecution appeared to be malicious, the Hog, though the fact was plainly proved against him, to the great joy of all true Christians, was allowed Benefit of Clergy.

An indictment was next brought against a Cat for killing a favourite canary-bird. This offender belonged to an old woman, who was believed by the neighbourhood to be a witch. The jury, therefore, were unanimous in their opinion, that she was the devil in that shape, and brought her in guilty. Upon which the judge formally pronounced sentence upon her, which I remember concluded with these words: "You must be carried to the place of execution, where you are to be hanged by the neck nine times, till you are dead, dead, dead, dead, dead, dead, dead, dead, dead; and the fiddlers have mercy upon your guts."

A Parrot was next tried for *scandalum magnatum.* He was accused by the chief magistrate of the city, and the whole court of aldermen, for defaming them, as they passed along the street, on a public festival, by singing "Room for cuckolds, here comes a great company; Room for cuckolds, here comes my lord mayor." This Parrot was a very old offender; much addicted to scurrility; and had been several times convicted of profane cursing and swearing. He had even the impudence to abuse the whole court by calling the jury rogues and rascals; and frequently interrupted my lord judge in summing up the evidence, by crying out "old bitch." The court, however, was pleased to shew mercy to him, upon the petition of his mistress, a strict Methodist; who gave bail for his good behaviour, and delivered him over to Mr. Whitefield, who undertook to make a thorough convert of him.

After this a Fox was indicted for robbing an hen-roost. Many farmers appeared against him, who deposed, that he was a very notorious thief, and had long

been the terror of ducks, geese, turkies, and all other poultry. He had infested the country a long time, and had often been pursued, but they could never take him before. As the evidence was very full against him, the jury readily brought him in guilty; and the judge was proceeding to condemn him, when the sly villain, watering his brush, flirted it in the face of the jailer, and made off. Upon this a country squire, who was present, hollowed out stole away, and a hue and cry was immediately sent after him.

When the uproar, which this occasioned, was over, a Milch-Ass was brought to the bar, and tried for contumeliously braying, as she stood at the door of a sick lady of quality. It appeared, that this lady was terribly afflicted with the vapours, and could not bear the least noise; had the knocker always tied up, and straw laid in the street. Notwithstanding which, this audacious creature used every morning to give her foul lànguage, which broke her rest, and flung her into hysterics. For this repeated abuse the criminal was sentenced to the pillory, and ordered to lose her ears.

An information was next laid against a shepherd's Dog upon the Game Act for poaching. He was accused of killing a hare, without being properly qualified. But the plaintiff thought it advisable to quash the indictment, as the owner of the dog had a vote to sell at the next election.

There now came on a very important cause, in which six of the most eminent council learned in the law were retained on each side. A Monkey, belonging to a lady of the first rank and fashion, was indicted for that he with malice prepense did commit wilful murder on the body of a lap-dog. The council for the prosecutor set forth, that the unfortunate deceased came on a visit with another lady; when the prisoner at the bar, without the least provocation, and contrary to the laws of hospitality, perpetrated this inhuman fact. The council

for the prisoner, being called upon to make the Monkey's defence, pleaded his privilege, and insisted on his being tried by his peers. This plea was admitted; and a jury of beaux was immediately impannelled, who without going out of court honourably acquitted him.

The proceedings were here interrupted by an Hound who came jumping into the hall, and running to the justice-seat, lifted up his leg against the judge's robe. For this contemptuous behaviour, he was directly ordered into custody; when to our great surprise he cast his skin, and became an Ostrich; and presently after shed his feathers, and terrified us in the shaggy figure of a Bear. Then he was a Lion, then a Horse, then again a Baboon; and after many other amazing transformations, leaped out an Harlequin, and before they could take hold of him, skipped away to Covent-Garden theatre.

It would be tedious to recount the particulars of several other trials. A sportsman brought an action against a Race-Horse, for running on the wrong side of the post, by which he lost the plate and many considerable bets. For this the criminal was sentenced to be burnt in the fore-hand, and to be whipt at the cart's tail. A Mare would have undergone the same punishment, for throwing her rider in a stag-hunt, but escaped by pleading her belly; upon which a jury of grooms was impannelled, who brought her in quick. The company of Dogs and Monkeys, together, with the dancing Bears, who were taken up on the License Act, and indicted for strollers, were transported for life.

The last trial was for high treason. A Lion, who had been long confined as a state-prisoner in the Tower, having broken jail, had appeared in open rebellion, and committed several acts of violence on his majesty's liege subjects. As this was a noble animal; and a prince of the blood in his own native country, he was

condemned to be beheaded. It came into my thoughts, that this lion's head might vie with that famous one formerly erected at Button's for the service of the Guardian: I was accordingly going to petition for leave to put it up in Macklin's new coffee-house; when methought the Lion, setting up a most horrible roar, broke his chains, and put the whole court to flight; and I awaked in the utmost consternation, just as I I imagined he had got me in his gripe.

W.

N° 13. THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1754.

——*Commotâ fervet plebecula bile.*

PERSIUS.

Inspir'd by freedom, and election ale,
The patriot-mob at courts and placemen rail.

I Shall this day present my readers with a letter, which I have received from my cousin Village; who, as I informed them in my first paper, has undertaken to send me an account of every thing remarkable, that passes in the country.

DEAR COUSIN,

I have not been unmindful of the province, which you was pleased to allot me: but the whole country has been lately so much taken up with the business of elections, that nothing has fallen under my notice, but debates, squabbles, and drunken rencounters. The spirit of party prevails so universally, that the very children are instructed to lisp the names of the favourite chiefs of each faction; and I have more than

once been in danger of being knocked off my horse, as I rode peaceably on, because I did not declare with which party I sided, though I knew nothing at all of either. Every petty village abounds with the most profound statesmen: it is common to see our rustick politicians assembling after sermon, and settling the good of their country across a tomb-stone, like so many dictators from the plough; and almost every cottage can boast its patriot, who, like the old Roman, would not exchange his turnip for a bribe.

I am at present in ****, where the election is just coming on, and the whole town consequently in an uproar. They have for several parliaments returned two members, who recommended themselves by constantly opposing the court: but there came down a few days ago a banker from London, who has offered himself a candidate, and is backed with the most powerful of all interests, money. Nothing has been since thought of but feasting and revelling; and both parties strive to outdo each other in the frequency and expence of their entertainments. This, indeed, is the general method made use of to gain the favour of electors, and manifest a zeal for the constitution. I have known a candidate depend more upon the strength of his liquor than his arugments; and the merits of a treat has often recommended a member, who has had no merits of his own. For it is certain, that people, however they may differ in other points, are unanimous in promoting the grand business of eating and drinking.

It is impossible to give a particular account of the various disorders occasioned by the contest in this town. The streets ring with the different cry of each party; and every hour produces a ballad, a set of queries, or a serious address to the worthy electors. I have seen the mayor with half the corporation roaring, hollowing, and reeling along the streets. and

yet threatening to clap a poor fellow into the stocks for making the same noise, only because he would not vote as they do. It is no wonder, that the strongest connexions should be broken, and the most intimate friends set at variance, through their difference of opinions. Not only the men, but their wives were also engaged in the same quarrel. Mr. Staunch the haberdasher used to smoke his pipe constantly, in the same kitchen corner every evening, at the same ale-house, with his neighhour Mr. Veer the chandler, while their ladies chatted together at the street-door: But now the husbands never speak to each other; and consequently Mrs. Veer goes a quarter of a mile for her inkle and tape, rather than deal at Mr. Staunch's shop; and Mrs. Staunch declares, she would go without her tea, though she has always been used to it twice a day, rather than fetch her half quartern from that turn-coat Veer's,

Wherever politics are introduced, religion is always drawn into the quarrel. The town I have been speaking of, is divided into two parties, who are distinguished by the appellation of Christians and Jews. The Jews, it seems, are those, who are in the interest of a nobleman, who gave his vote for passing the Jew-bill, and are held in abomination by the Christians. The zeal of the latter is still further inflamed by the vicar, who every Sunday thunders out his anathemas, and preaches up the pious doctrine of persecution. In this he is seconded by the clerk, who is careful to enforce the arguments from the pulpit, by selecting staves proper for the occasion.

This truly Christian spirit is no where more manifest than at their publick feasts. I was at one of their dinners, were I found great variety of pig-meat was provided. The table was covered from one end to the other with hams, legs of pork, spareribs, griskins, haslets, feet and ears, brawn, and the like. In the mid-

dle there smoked a large barbicued hog, which was soon devoured to the bone, so desirous was every one to prove his Christianity, by the quantity he could swallow of that Anti-Judaic food. After dinner there was brought in, by way of desert, a dish of hog's puddings; but as I have a dislike to that kind of diet, (though not from any scruple of conscience) I was regarded as little better than a Jew for declining to eat of them.

The great support of this party is an old neighbouring knight; who, ever since the late Naturalization Act, has conceived a violent antipathy to the Jews, and takes every opportunity of railing at the above-mentioned nobleman. Sir Rowland swears, that his lordship is worse than Judas, that he is actually circumcised, and that the chapel in his house is turned into a synagogue. The knight had never been seen in a church till the late clamour about the Jew Bill; but he now attends it regularly every Sunday, where he devoutly takes his nap all the service; and he lately bestowed the best living in his gift, which he had before promised to his chaplain, on one whom he had never seen, but had read his name in a title-page to a sermon against the Jews. He turned off his butler, who had lived with him many years, (and whose only crime was a swarthy complexion,) because the dog looked like a Jew. He feeds hogs in his park and the court-yard, and has guinea-pigs in his parlour. Every Saturday he has a hunt, because it is the Jewish sabbath; and in the evening he is sure to get drunk with the vicar in defence of religion. As he is in the commission, he ordered a poor Jew pedlar, who came to hawk goods at his house, to Bridewell; and he was once going to send a little parish-boy to the same place, for presuming to play in his worship's hearing on that unchristian-like instrument the Jews-harp.

The fair sex here are no less ambitious of displaying their affection for the same cause; and they manifest

their sentiments by the colour and fashion of their dress. Their zeal more particularly shews itself in a variety of posies for rings, buckles, knots, and garters. I observed the other night at the assembly, that the ladies seemed to vie with each other, in hanging out the ensigns of the faith in orthodox ribbands, bearing the inscription of No Jews, Christianity for ever. They likewise wore little crosses at their breasts; their pompons were formed into crucifixes, their knots disposed in the same angles, and so many parts of their habits moulded into that shape, that the whole assembly looked like the court on St. Andrew's day. It was remarkable that the vicar's lady, who is a thorough-paced High-Churchwoman, was more religious in the decorations of her dress than any of the company; and, indeed, she was so stuck over from head to foot with crosses, that a wag justly compared her to an old Popish monument in a Gothic cathedral.

I shall conclude my letter with the relation of an adventure, that happened to myself at my first coming into this town. I intended to put up at the Catherine-Wheel, as I had often used the house before, and knew the landlord to be a good civil kind of fellow. I accordingly turned my horse into the yard; when to my great surprize the landlord, as soon as he saw me, gave me an hearty curse, and told me I might go about my business, 'for indeed, he would not entertain any such rascals.' Upon this he said something to two or three strapping country-fellows, who immediately came towards me; and if I had not rode away directly, I should have met with a very rough salutation from their horse-whips. I could not imagine what offence I had committed, that could give occasion for such ill usage, till I heard the master of the inn hollowing after me, 'that's the scoundrel that came here some time ago with Tom T'otherside;' who I have since learnt, is an agent for the other party.

T I am, dear Cousin, yours, &c.

N° 14. THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1754.

——— *Tum in lecto quoque videres*
Stridere secretâ divisos aure susurros.
Nullos his mallem ludos spectasse. Sed illa
Redde age, quæ deinceps risisti. ———
HOR.

Imparted to each laughter-loving fair,
The whizzing whisper glides from chair to chair:
And e'er the conscious ear receives it half,
With titterings they betray the stifled laugh.
Such giggling glee!—what farce so full of mirth!
But tell the tickling cause that gave it birth.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

AS the ladies are naturally become the immediate objects of your care, will you permit a complaint to be inserted in your paper, which is founded upon a matter of fact? They will pardon me, if by laying before you a particular instance I was lately witness to of their improper behaviour, I endeavour to expose a reigning evil, which subjects them to many shameful imputations.

I received last week a dinner-card from a friend, with an intimation that I should meet some very agreeable ladies. At my arrival, I found that the company consisted chiefly of females, who indeed did me the honour to rise, but quite disconcerted me in paying my respects, by their whispering each other, and appearing to stifle a laugh. When I was seated, the ladies grouped themselves up in a corner, and entered into a private cabal, seemingly to discourse upon points of great secrecy and importance, but of equal merriment and diversion.

The same conduct of keeping close to their ranks was observed at table, where the ladies seated themselves together. Their conversation was here also confined wholly to themselves, and seemed like the mysteries of the *Bona Dea*, in which men were forbidden to have any share, It was a continued laugh and whisper from the beginning to the end of dinner A whole sentence was scarce ever spoken aloud. Single words, indeed, now and then broke forth; such as odious, horrible, detestable, shocking, humbug. This last new-coined expression, which is only to be found in the nonsensical vocabulary, sounds absurd and disagreeable, whenever it is pronounced; but from the mouth of a lady it is "shocking, detestable, horrible, and odious."

My friend seemed to be in an uneasy situation at his own table: but I was far more miserable. I was mute, and seldom dared to lift up my eyes from my plate, or turn my head to call for small beer, lest by some awkward gesture I might draw upon me a whisper or a laugh. Sancho, when he was forbid to eat a delicious banquet set before him, could scarce appear more melancholy. The rueful length of my face might possibly increase the mirth of my tormentors: at least their joy seemed to rise in exact proportion with my misery. At length, however, the time of my delivery approached. Dinner ended, the ladies made their exit in pairs, and went off hand in hand whispering, like the two kings of Brentford.

Modest men, Mr. Town, are deeply wounded, when they imagine themselves the objects of ridicule or contempt: and the pain is the greater, when it is given by those whom they admire, and from whom they are ambitious of receiving any marks of countenance and favour. Yet we must allow, that affronts are pardonable from ladies, as they are often prognostics of future kindness. If a lady strikes our cheek, we

can very willingly follow the precept of the Gospel, and turn the other cheek to be smitten. Even a blow from a fair hand conveys pleasure. But this battery of whispers is against all legal rights of war;——poisoned arrows, and stabs in the dark, are not more repugnant to the general laws of humanity.

If the misconduct, which I have described, had been only to be found, Mr. Town, at my friend's table, I should not have troubled you with this letter: but the same kind of ill breeding prevails too often, and in too many places. The gigglers and the whisperers are innumerable; they beset us wherever we go; and it is observable, that after a short murmur of whispers out comes the burst of laughter: like a gunpowder serpent, which, after hissing about for some time, goes off in a bounce.

Modern writers of comedy often introduce a pert witling into their pieces, who is very severe upon the rest of the company; but all his waggery is spoken aside. These gigglers and whisperers seem to be acting the same part in company, that this arch rogue does in the play. Every word or motion produces a train of whispers; the dropping of a snuff-box, or spilling the tea, is sure to be accompanied with a titter; and upon the entrance of any one with something particular in his person or manner, I have seen a whole room in a buz like a bee-hive.

This practice of whispering, if it is any where allowable, may perhaps be indulged the fair sex at church, where the conversation can only be carried on by the secret symbols of a courtesy, an ogle, or a nod. A whisper in this place is very often of great use, as it serves to convey the most secret intelligence, which a lady would be ready to burst with, if she could not find vent for it by this kind of auricular confession. A piece of scandal transpires in this manner from one pew to another, then presently whizzes along the chan-

cel, from whence it crawls up to the galleries, till at last the whole church hums with it.

It were also to be wished, that the ladies would be pleased to confine themselves to whispering, in their *tête-à-tête* conferences at the opera or the play-house; which would be a proper deference to the rest of the audience. In France, we are told, it is common for the *parterre* to join with the performers in any favourite air; but we seem to have carried this custom still further, as the company in our boxes, without concerning themselves in the least with the play, are even louder than the players. The wit and humour of a Vanburgh or a Congreve is frequently interrupted by a brilliant dialogue between two persons of fashion; and a love-scene in the side-box has often been more attended to, than that on the stage. As to their loud bursts of laughter at the theatre, they may very well be excused, when they are excited by any lively strokes in a comedy: but I have seen our ladies titter at the most distressful scenes in Romeo and Juliet, grin over the anguish of a Monimia or Belvidera, and fairly laugh King Lear off the stage.

Thus the whole behaviour of these ladies is in direct contradiction to good manners. They laugh when they should cry, are loud when they should be silent, and are silent when their conversation is desirable. If a man in a select company was thus to laugh or whisper me out of countenance, I should be apt to construe it as an affront, and demand an explanation. As to the ladies, I would desire them to reflect how much they would suffer, if their own weapons were turned against them, and the gentlemen should attack them with the same arts of laughing and whispering. But, however, free they may be from our resentment, they are still open to ill-natured suspicions. They do not consider, what strange constructions may be put on these laughs and whispers. It were, indeed, of little consequence,

if we only imagined, that they were taking the reputations of their acquaintance to pieces, or abusing the company round; but when they indulge themselves in this behaviour, some perhaps may be led to conclude, that they are discoursing upon topics, which they are ashamed to speak of in a less private manner.

Some excuse may perhaps be framed for this ill-timed merriment in the fair sex. Venus, the goddess of beauty, is frequently called the laughter-loving dame; and by laughing our modern ladies may possibly imagine, that they render themselves like Venus. I have indeed remarked, that the ladies commonly adjust their laugh to their persons, and are merry in proportion as it sets off their particular charms. One lady is never further moved than to a smile or a simper, because nothing else shews her dimples to so much advantage; another, who has a very fine set of teeth, runs into the broad grin; while a third, who is admired for a well turned neck and graceful chest, calls up all her beauties to view, by breaking into violent and repeated peals of laughter.

I would not be understood to impose gravity or too great a reserve on the fair sex. Let them laugh at a feather; but let them declare openly, that it is a feather which occasions their mirth. I must confess, that laughter becomes the young, the gay, and the handsome: but a whisper is unbecoming at all ages and in both sexes; nor ought it ever to be practised, except in the round gallery at St. Paul's, or in the famous whispering place in Gloucester cathedral, where two whisperers hear each other at the distance of five and twenty yards. I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

K. L.

N° 15, THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1754.

——— *Tu dic, mecum quo pignore certes.*
VIRG.

Name your Bet.

A Friend of mine, who belongs to the Stamp-Office, acquaints me, that the revenue arising from the duty on cards and dice continues to increase every year, and that it now brings in near six times more than it did at first. This will not appear very wonderful, when we consider, that gaming is now become rather the business than amusement of our persons of quality; and that they are more concerned about the transactions of the two clubs at White's, than the proceedings of both houses of parliament. Thus it happens, that estates are now almost as frequently made over by whist and hazard, as by deeds and settlements; and the chariots of many of our nobility may be said, (like Count Basset's in the play) "to roll upon the four aces."

This love of gaming has taken such entire possession of their ideas, that it infects their common conversation. The management of a dispute was formerly attempted by reason and argument; but the new way of adjusting all difference in opinion is by the sword or a wager: so that the only genteel method of dissenting is to risk a thousand pounds, or take your chance of being run through the body. The strange custom of deciding every thing by a wager is so universal, that if (in imitation of Swift) any body was to publish a specimen of Polite Conversation, instead of old sayings and trite repartees, he would in all probability fill his

dialogues with little more than bet after bet, and now or then a calculation of the odds.

White's, the present grand scene of these transactions, was formerly distinguished by gallantry and intrigue. During the publication of the Tatler, Sir Richard Steele thought proper to date all his love-news from that quarter: but it would now be as absurd to pretend to gather any such intelligence from White's, as to send to Batson's for a lawyer, or to the Rolls coffee-house for a man-midwife.

The gentlemen, who now frequent this place, profess a kind of universal scepticism; and as they look upon every thing as dubious, put the issue upon a wager. There is nothing, however trivial or ridiculous, which is not capable of producing a bet. Many pounds have been lost upon the colour of a coach-horse, an article in the news, or the change of the weather. The birth of a child has brought great advantages to persons not in the least related to the family it was born in; and the breaking off a match has affected many in their fortunes, besides the parties immediately concerned.

But the most extraordinary part of this fashionable practice is, what in the gaming dialect is called pitting one man against another; that is, in plain English, wagering which of the two will live longest. In this manner, people of the most opposite characters make up the subject of a bet. A player perhaps is pitted against a duke, an alderman against a bishop, or a pimp with a privy-counsellor. There is scarce one remarkable person, upon whose life there are not many thousand pounds depending; or one person of quality, whose death will not leave several of these kind of mortgages upon his estate. The various changes in the health of one, who is the subject of many bets, occasion very serious reflections in those, who have ventured large sums on his life or death. Those who would be gainers by his decease, upon every slight in-

disposition, watch all the stages of his illness, and are as impatient for his death, as the undertaker who expects to have the care of his funeral; while the other sides are very solicitous about his recovery, send every hour to know how he does, and take as much care of him, as a clergyman's wife does of her husband, who has no other fortune than his living. I remember a man with the constitution of a porter, upon whose life very great odds were laid; but when the person he was pitted against, was expected to die every week, this man shot himself through the head, and the knowing ones were taken in.

Though most of our follies are imported from France, this has had it's rise and progress entirely in England. In the last illness of Lewis the Fourteenth, lord Stair laid a wager on his death; and we may guess what the French thought of it, from the manner in which Voltaire mentions it in his *Siècle de Louis* XIV. "*Le Roi fut attaqué vers le milieu du mois d'Août. Le Comte de Stair, ambassadeur d'Angleterre, paria, selon le génie de sa nation, que le Roi ne passeroit pas le mois de Septembre.*" "The King (says he) was taken ill about the middle of August; when lord Stair, the ambassador from England, betted, according to the genius of his nation, that the King would not live beyond September."

I am in some pain, lest this custom should get among the ladies. They are at present very deep in cards and dice; and while my lord is gaming abroad, her ladyship has her rout at home. I am inclined to suspect, that our women of fashion will also learn to divert themselves with this polite practice of laying wagers. A birth-day suit, the age of a beauty, who invented a particular fashion, or who were supposed to be together at the last masquerade, would frequently give occasion for bets. This would also afford them a new method for the ready propagation of scandal; as the truth of

several stories, which are continually flying about the town, would naturally be brought to the same test. Should they proceed further to stake the lives of their acquaintance against each other, they would doubtless, bet with the same fearless spirit, as they are known to do at brag: the husband of one would perhaps be pitted against the gallant of another, or a woman of the town against a maid of honour. And perhaps if this practice should once become fashionable among the ladies, we may soon see the time, when an allowance for bet-money will be stipulated in the marriage-articles.

As the vices and follies of persons of distinction are very apt to spread, I am also much afraid, lest this branch of gaming should descend to the common people. Indeed, it seems already to have got among them. We have frequent accounts in the daily papers of tradesmen riding, walking, eating and drinking, for a wager. The contested election in the city has occasioned several extraordinary bets: I know a butcher in Leadenhall market, who laid an ox to a shin of beef, on the success of Sir John Barnard against the field; and have been told of a publican in Thames-street, who ventured an hogshead of entire butt, on the candidate who serves him with beer.

We may observe, that the spirit of gaming displays itself with as much variety among the lowest, as the highest order of people. It is the same thing whether the dice rattle in an orange barrow, or at the hazard table. A couple of chairmen in a night-cellar are as eager at put or all-fours, as a party at St. James's at a rubber of whist; and the E O table is but an higher sort of Merry-go-round, where you may get six halfpence for one, six pence for one, and six twopences for one. If the practice of pitting should be also propagated among the vulgar, it will be common for prize-fighters to stake their lives against each other; and two pick-pockets may lay which of them shall first go to the gallows.

To give the reader a full idea of a person of fashion, wholly employed in this manner, I shall conclude my paper with the character of Montano. Montano was born heir to a nobleman, remarkable for deep play, from whom he very early imbibed the principles of gaming. When he first went to school, he soon became the most expert of any of his play-fellows: he was sure to win all their marbles at taw, and would often strip them of their whole week's allowance at chuck. He was afterwards at the head of every match of football or cricket; and when he was captain, he took in all the big boys by making a lottery, but went away without drawing the prizes. He is still talked of at the school, for a famous dispute he had with another of his own cast about their superiority in learning; which they decided, by tossing up heads or tails who was the best scholar. Being too great a genius for our universities at home, he was sent abroad on his travels, but never got further than Paris; where having lost a considerable bet of four to one concerning the taking a town in Flanders, he was obliged to come back with a few guineas he borrowed to bring him over. Here he soon became universally known by frequenting every gaming-table, and attending every horse-race in the kingdom. He first reduced betting into an art, and made White's the grand market for wagers. He is at length such an adept in this art, that whatever turn things take, he can never lose. This he has effected, by what he has taught the world to call hedging a bet. There is scarce a contested election in the kingdom, which will not end to his advantage; and he has lately sent over commissions to Paris to take up bets on the recall of the parliament. He was the first, that struck out the above-mentioned practice of pitting; in which he is so thoroughly versed, that the death of every person of quality may be said to bring him a legacy; and he has so contrived the bets on his own life, that (live or die) the odds are in his favour. O.

No. 16. THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1754.

————*Altiùs omnem*
Expediam primâ repetens ab origine famam.
VIRG.

I'll trace the current upwards, as it flows,
And mark the secret spring, whence first it rose.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR, *Oxford, May* 12, 1754.

YOUR last week's paper, on the subject of bets, put me in mind of an extract I lately met with in some news-papers, from the "Life of Pope Sixtus V. translated from the Italian of Gregorio Leti by the reverend Mr. Farnworth." The passage is as follows:

IT was reported in Rome, that Drake had taken and plundered St. Domingo in Hispaniola, and carried off an immense booty. This account came in a private letter to Paul Secchi, a very considerable merchant in the city, who had large concerns in those parts, which he had insured. Upon receiving this news, he sent for the insurer Samson Ceneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it. The Jew, whose interest it was to have such a report thought false, gave many reasons why it could not possibly be true; and at last worked himself up into such a passion, that he said, I'll lay you a pound of my flesh it is a lye. Secchi, who was of a fiery hot temper, replied, I'll lay you a thousand crowns against a pound of your flesh, that it is true. The Jew accepted the wager, and articles were immediately executed betwixt them, That if Secchi won, he should himself cut the flesh with a sharp knife from

whatever part of the Jew's body he pleased. The truth of the account was soon confirmed; and the Jew was almost distracted, when he was informed, that Secchi had solemnly sworn he would compel him to the exact literal performance of his contract. A report of this transaction was brought to the Pope, who sent for the parties, and being informed of the whole affair, said, "When contracts are made, it is just they should be fulfilled, as this shall. Take a knife therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of flesh from any part you please of the Jew's body. We advise you, however, to be very careful; for if you cut but a scruple more or less than your due, you shall certainly be hanged."

What induced me to trouble you with this, is a remark made by the editor, "that the scene between Shylock and Antonio in the Merchant of Venice is borrowed from this story." I should perhaps have acquiesced in this notion, if I had not seen a note in the "Observations on Spenser's Faerie Queene, by Mr. T. Warton of Trinity College," where he seems to have discovered the real source from which Shakspeare drew his fable, which (he informs us) is founded upon an ancient ballad. The admirers of Shakspeare are obliged to him for this curious discovery: but as Mr. Warton has only given some extracts, they would undoubtedly be glad to see the whole. This ballad is most probably no where to be met with, but in the Ashmolean Musæum in this University, where it was deposited by that famous antiquary Anthony à Wood: I have therefore sent you a faithful transcript of it; and you must agree with me, that it will do you more credit, as a Connoisseur, to draw this hidden treasure into light, than if you had discovered an Otho or a Niger.

A SONG.

Shewing the crueltie of Gernutus a Jew, who lending to a marchant an hundred crownes, would have a pound of his fleshe because he could not pay him at the time appointed.

In Venice town not long agoe,
A cruel Jew did dwell,
Which lived all on usurie,
As Italian writers tell.

Gernutus called was the Jew,
Which never thought to die,
Nor never yet did any good
To them in streets that lye.

His life was like a barrow hogge,
That liveth many a day,
Yet never once doth any good,
Until men will him slay.

Or like a filthy heap of dung,
That lyeth in a hoord ;
Which never can do any good,
Till it be spread abroad.

So fares it with this usurer,
He cannot sleep in rest,
For fear the theefe doth him pursue
To pluck him from his nest.

His heart doth think on many a wile,
How to deceive the poore ;
His mouth is almost full of mucke,
Yet still he gapes for more.

His wife must lend a shilling,
For every weeke a penny,
Yet bring a pledge that's double worth,
If that you will have any.

And see (likewise) you keep your day,
Or else you loose it all :
This was the living of his wife,
Her cow she doth it call.

Within that citie dwelt that time
A merchant of great fame,
Which being distressed, in his need
Unto Gernutus came.

Desiring him to stand his friend,
For twelve moneth and a day,
To lend to him a hundred crownes,
And he for it would pay.

Whatsoever he would demand of him
And pledges he should have :
No, (qd. the Jew with fleering lookes)
Sir, aske what you will have.

No penny for the loane of it
For one yeere you shall pay ;
You may do me as good a turne,
Before my dying day.

But we will have a merry jeast
For to be talked long :
You shall make me a bond (quoth he)
That shall be large and strong.

And this shall be the forfeiture,
Of your owne fleshe a pound,
If you agree, make you the bond,
And here's a hundred crownes.

The second part of the Jew's crueltie; setting forth the mercifulnesse of the Judge towards the Merchant.

With right good will the merchant said,
And so the bond was made,
When twelve months and a day drew on
That back it should be payd.

The merchant's ships were all at sea,
  And money came not in;
Which way to take, or what to doe,
  To thinke he doth begin.

And to Gernutus straight he comes
  With cap and bended knee,
And sayd to him of curtesie
  I pray you bear with me.

My day is come, and I have not
  The money for to pay:
And little good the forfeiture
  Will doe you I dare say.

With all my heart, Gernutus said,
  Command it to your minde:
In things of bigger weight than this
  You shall me readie finde.

He goes his way; the day once past
  Gernutus doth not slacke
To get a serjeant presentlie,
  And clapt him on the backe.

And layd him into prison strong,
  And sued his bond withall;
And when the judgment day was come,
  For judgment he doth call.

The merchant's friends came thither fast,
  With many a weeping eye,
For other means they could not find,
  But he that day must dye.

Some offered for his hundred crowne
  Five hundred for to pay;
And some a thousand, two or three,
  Yet still he did denay.

And at the last, ten thousand crownes
  They offered him to save,
Gernutus said, I will no gold,
  My forfeit I will have.

A pound of flesh is my demand,
And that shall be my hyre,
Then said the judge, yet my good friend
Let me of you desire,

To take the fleshe from such a place
As yet you let him live;
Doe so, and lo a hundred crownes,
To thee here will I give.

No, no, quoth he, no judgment here
For this it shall be tryde,
For I will have my pound of fleshe
From under his right side.

It grieved all the companie,
His crueltie to see;
For neither friend nor foe could help
But he must spoiled bee.

The bloudie Jew now ready is
With wheted blade in hand
To spoyle the bloud of innocent,
By forfeit of his bond.

And as he was about to strike
In him the deadly blow:
Stay (quoth the Judge) thy crueltie
I charge thee to do so.

Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have
Which is of fleshe a pound:
See that thou shed no drop of bloud,
Nor yet the man confound.

For if thou doe, like murtherer,
Thou here shalt hanged be:
Likewise of fleshe see that thou cut
No more than longs to thee.

For if thou take either more or lesse,
To the value of a mite,

Thou shalt be hanged presently
  As is both law and right.

Gernutus now waxt frantic mad,
  And wotes not what to say:
Quoth he at last, ten thousand crownes
  I will that he shall pay.

And so I grant to set him free:
  The Judge doth answere make,
You shall not have a penny given,
  Your forfeiture now take.

At the last he doth demand,
  But for to have his own:
No, quoth the Judge, do as you list,
  Thy Judgment shall be showne.

Either take your pound of flesh, (qd. he)
  Or cancell me your bond,
O cruel Judge, then quoth the Jew,
  That doth against me stand!

And so with griped grieved minde
  He biddeth them farewell:
All the people prays'd the Lord
  That ever this heard tell.

Good people that do hear this song,
  For truth I dare well say,
That many a wretch as ill as he
  Doth live now at this day.

That seeketh nothing but the spoyle
  Of many a wealthie man,
And for to trap the innocent,
  Deviseth what they can.

From whom the lord deliver me,
  And every christian too,
And send to them like sentence eke,
  That meaneth so to doo.

Printed at London by E. P. for J. Wright dwelling in Gilt-Spur-street.

It will be proper to subjoin what the ingenious Mr. Warton has observed upon this subject.—"It may be objected, says he, that this ballad might have been written after, and copied from Shakspeare's play. But if that had been the case, it is most likely, that the author would have preserved Shakspeare's name of Shylock for the Jew; and nothing is more likely, than that Shakspeare, in copying from this ballad, should alter the name from Gernutus to one more Jewish. Another argument is, that our ballad has the air of a narrative written before Shakspeare's play; I mean, that, if it had been written after the play, it would have been much more full and circumstantial. At present, it has too much the nakedness of an original."

It would, indeed, be absurd to think, that this ballad was taken from Shakspeare's play, as they differ in the most essential circumstances. The sum borrowed is in the former a hundred crowns, in the latter three thousand ducats: the time limited for payment in the one is only three months, in the other a year and a day: in the play the merchant's motive for borrowing, (which is finely imagined by Shakspeare, and is conducive to the general plot) is not on account of his own necessities, but for the service of his friend. To these we may add, that the close of the story is finely heightened by Shakspeare. A mere copyist, such as we may suppose a ballad-maker, would not have given himself the trouble to alter circumstances: at least he would not have changed them so much for the worse. But this matter seems to be placed out of all doubt by the first stanza of the ballad, which informs us, that the story was taken from some Italian novel. "Thus much therefore is certain, (as Mr. Warton observes) that Shakspeare either copied from that Italian novel,' or from this ballad. Now we have no translation, I presume, of such a novel into English. If then

it be granted, that Shakspeare generally took his Italian stories from their English translations, and that the arguments above, concerning the prior antiquity of this ballad, are true, it will follow, that Shakspeare copied from this ballad."

Upon the whole, it is very likely, that the Italian novel, upon which this ballad seems founded, took its rise (with an inversion of the circumstances) from the above-mentioned story in the "Life of Pope Sixtus V." the memory of which must have been then recent. I should be glad if any of your readers can give any further light into this affair, and, if possible, acquaint the public from whence Shakspeare borrowed the other part of his fable concerning Portia and the caskets; which, it is more than probable, is drawn from some other novel well known in his time.

I cannot conclude without remarking, with what art and judgment Shakspeare has wove together these different stories of the Jew and the caskets; from both which he has formed one general fable, without having recourse to the stale artifice of eking out a barren subject with impertinent underplots.

I am, SIR,

T Your humble servant, &c.

N° 17. THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1754.

————*Paulo plus artis Athenæ.*
HOR.

Scarce more with Athens Science chose to dwell,
Or Grecian poets Grub-street bards excell.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

THOUGH many historians have described the city of London (in which we may include Westminster) with great accuracy, yet they have not set it out in the full light, which at present it deserves. They have not distinguished it as an University. Paris is an University, Dublin is an University, even Moscow is an University. But London has not yet been honoured with that title. I will allow our metropolis to have been intended originally, only as a city of trade; and I will farther own, that scarce any sciences, except such as were purely mercantile, were cultivated in it, till within these last thirty years. But from that period of time, I may say a whole army, as it were, of arts and sciences have amicably marched in upon us, and have fixed themselves as auxiliaries to our capital.

The four greater faculties, I mean Theology, Law, Medicine, and Philosophy, which are taught in other universities, are in their highest perfection here. The prosperity of the first may be seen by the crowded churches every Sunday, and the discipline of the second by the numberless young students, who constantly dine in their respective halls at the several inns of court. These two faculties have of late received considerable improvements, but particularly that of Theology; as

is manifest from several new and astonishing opinions, which have been started among us. There have risen, within these few years, very numerous tribes of Methodists, Moravians, Middletonians, Muggletonians, Hutchinsonians, &c. In a word, our sects are multiplied to such an infinite degree, that (as Voltaire has before observed) "every man may now go to heaven his own way." Can the divinity-schools boast such sound doctrine as the Foundery in Moorfields? Or were ever Fellows of Colleges such adepts in matrimony, as the reverend Doctors of the Fleet, or the Primate of May-Fair?

The theory of Medicine may undoubtedly be taught at Oxford and Cambridge in a tolerable manner; but the art itself can only be learned, where it flourishes, at London. Do not our daily papers give us a longer list of medicines, than are contained in any of the dispensatories? And are we not constantly told of surprising antidotes, certain cures, and never-failing remedies for every complaint? And are not each of these specifics equally efficacious in one distemper as another, from the Grand Restorative Elixir of Life down to the Infallible Corn-Salve, as thousands have experienced? With what pleasure and admiration have I beheld the Machaon of our times, Dr. Richard Rock, dispensing from his one-horse-chaise his Cathartic Antivenereal Electuary, his Itch Powder, and his Quintessence of Vipers! It may be asked, Is he a Graduate? Is he a Regular Physician? No, he is superior to Regularity. He despises the formality of Academical Degrees. He styles himself M. L. He is a London Physician, or, as Moliere would express it, *C'est un Medicin de Londres.*

After Medicine let us consider Logic. How is that most useful art taught in the two Universities? Is it not clogged with such barbarous terms, as tend to puzzle and confound, rather than enlighten or direct the

understanding? Is it not taught in a dead, I had almost said, in a Popish tongue? Is it not over-run with dry distinctions, and useless subtleties? Where then is it to be learned in all the purity of reason, and the dignity of language? Neither at Oxford nor at Cambridge, but at the Robin-Hood Alehouse in Butcher-row near Temple-Bar.

From Logic let us proceed to Eloquence: and let us ingenuously confess, that neither of our Universities can boast an orator equal to the renowned Henley. Has he not all the qualifications required by Tully in a complete orator? Has he not been followed by the greatest men of the nation? Yet has this modest divine never derived any title to himself from his own rhetoric, except such a one as his extraordinary elocution naturally bestowed upon him. Might he not have called himself President of the Butchers? Dean of Marrow-bones and Cleavers? or Warden of Clare-Market? Certainly he might. Therefore, if it were for his sake only, in my humble opinion, London ought immediately to assume the title of an University; and the butchers of Clare-Market, who have so constantly attended Mr. Henley's Lectures, ought to be presented with honorary degrees.

I know not what pretensions the Universities may have had originally to adopt Music among the rest of their sciences: perhaps they have assumed a right of bestowing degrees in Music, from their being called the seats of the Muses; as it is well known, that Apollo was a fiddler, as well as a poet and a physician; and the Muses are said to have delighted in fiddling and piping. The young students, I am told, of either University are more ambitious to excel in this science than any other, and spend most of their time in the study of the gamut: but their knowledge in harmonics is seldom carried farther than I love Sue, or Ally Croker. In this point London has undoubtedly a better title to be

called an University. Did Oxford or Cambridge ever produce an opera, though they have the advantage of languages so very little known, as the Greek and even Hebrew, to compose in? Had ever any of their professors the least idea of a burletta? Or are any of their most sublime anthems half so ravishing as Foote's Minuet from the hand organ of the little Savoyard Duchess? Are those classical instruments the doric lute, the syrinx, or the fistula, to be compared to the melody of the wooden spoons, the Jew's-harp, and salt-box, at Mrs. Midnight's?

But there are no doctrines more forcibly inculcated among us than those of Ethics, or Moral Philosophy. What are the precepts of Plato, Epictetus, or Tully, in comparison to the moral lessons delivered by our periodical writers? And are not you, Mr. Town, a wiser man than Socrates? But the age is more particularly indebted, for its present universal purity of manners, to those excellent rules for the conduct of life contained in our modern novels. From these moral works might be compiled an entire new system of Ethics, far superior to the exploded notions of musty academics, and adapted to the practice of the present times. Cato, we are told, commended a young man, whom he saw coming out of the public stews, because he imagined it might preserve him from the crime of adultery; and the Spartans used to make their slaves drunk in the presence of their youth, that they might be deterred from the like debaucheries. For the same reasons, we may suppose, that our taverns and bagnios are so much frequented by our young people; and in this light we may fairly consider them as so many Schools of Moral Philosophy.

If we are willing to turn our thoughts towards Experimental Philosophy, can the several Universities of the whole world produce such a variety of instruments, so judiciously collected, for astronomical, geographical,

and all other scientific observations, as are to be seen in the two amazing repositories of Mr. Professor Deard in the Strand, and of Mr. Professor Russel at Charing Cross? It were endless to enumerate particulars; but I cannot help taking notice of those elegant little portable telescopes, that are made use of in all public places; by which it is evident, that even our fine ladies and gentlemen are become proficients in optics.

The Universities seem to pride themselves greatly on their choice collections of curious and invaluable trifles, which are there preserved, only because they were not thought worth preserving any where else. But is the Ashmolean Collection of rarities comparable to the Nicknackatory of Mr. Pinchbeck? Or are any of their musæums stored with such precious curiosities, as are frequently seen in Mr. Langford's auction-room? Strangers, who think it worth while to go so far as Oxford or Cambridge to see sights, may surely meet with as much satisfaction at London. Are the two little pigmies, striking a clock at Carfax in Oxford, within any degree of comparison with the two noble giants at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street; to say nothing of their enormous brethren at Guildhall? Are any of the college halls in either of the Universities, so magnificent as those belonging to our worshipful companies? Or can the Theatre at Oxford, or the Senate-house at Cambridge, vie with that stupendous piece of architecture the Mansion-House, set apart for our Chancellor the Lord Mayor? It may be alleged perhaps, that these are trifling examples of superiority, which the younger sister bears over her two elder: but at the same time, it cannot be denied, that she excels them both even in the minutiæ of learning and antiquity.

We must confess, that Hydraulics, or the motion of fluids, seem to be taught exactly in the same manner, and with the same degree of knowledge, in London as

in Oxford or Cambridge. The glass tubes, and the syphons, are formed very much in the same shape and fashion. The great hydrostatical law, "That all fluids gravitate *in proprio loco*," is proved by the same kind of experiments. The several students, of whatever age or station, vie with each other in an unwearied application, and a constant attendance to this branch of mixed mathematics. The Professors, in each of the three Universities, are confessedly very great men; but I hope I may be forgiven, if I wish to see my friend Mr. Ryan, President of the King's Arms in Pall-Mall, unanimously declared Vice-Chancellor of the University of London.

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,

T. G. K.

N° 18. THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1754.

———*Nihil est furacius illo:*
Non fuit Autolyci tam piceata manus.

MART.

Could he have filch'd but half so sly as thee,
Crook-finger'd Jack had 'scap'd the triple tree.

AN information was the other day laid before a magistrate by a Fellow of the Society of Antiquarians, against one of his brethren for a robbery. The prosecutor deposed upon oath, that the other had called upon him to see his collection of medals, and took an opportunity of stealing a leathern purse, formerly belonging to the celebrated Tom Hearne, in which were contained, (besides an antique piece of copper-money, place, date,

name, figure, and value unknown) a pair of breeches of Oliver Cromwell, a *denarius* of Trajan worth fifty shillings, and a queen Anne's farthing value five pounds. He was with much ado dissuaded from carrying on his suit; as the magistrate convinced him, that however highly he might rate his own treasures, a jury, who were no *Virtuosos*, would consider a farthing merely as a farthing, and look upon a copper coin of a Roman Emperor as no better than a king George's halfpenny.

I cannot, indeed, without great concern, as a Connoisseur, reflect on the known dishonesty of my learned brethren. The scandalous practices, wherever their darling passion is interested, are too notorious to be denied. The moment they conceive a love for rarities, and antiques, their strict notions of honour disappear; and Taste, the more it establishes their veneration for *Virtù*, the more certainly destroys their integrity: as rust enhances the value of an old coin, by eating up the figure and inscription.

Most people are masters of a kind of logic, by which they argue their consciences to sleep, and acquit themselves of doing what is wrong. The country squire of confirmed honesty in all other respects, thinks it very fair to over-reach you in the sale of an horse; and the man of pleasure, who would scorn to pick your pocket, or stop you on the road, regards it rather as gallantry than baseness, to intrigue with your wife or daughter. In the same manner the *Virtuoso* does not look on his thefts as real acts of felony; but while he owns that he would take any pains to steal an old rusty piece of brass, boasts that you may safely trust him with untold gold: though he would break open your cabinet for a shell or a butterfly, he would not attempt to force your escritoire or your strong box: nor would he offer the least violence to your wife or daughter, though perhaps he would run away with the little finger of the *Venus de Medicis*. Upon these principles he proceeds, and

lays hold of all opportunities to increase his collection of rarities: and as Mahomet established his religion by the sword, the Connoisseur enlarges his musæum, and adds to his store of knowledge, by fraud and petty larceny.

If the libraries and cabinets of the curious were, like the daw in the fable, to be stripped of their borrowed ornaments, we should in many see nothing but b[illegible] shelves and empty drawers. I know a medalist, w[illegible] at first set up with little more than a paltry series English coins since the Reformation, which he had th good luck to pick up at their intrinsic value. By a pliant use of his fingers he became soon possessed of most of the Traders; and by the same slight of hand, he, in a short time after, made himself master of great part of the Cæsars. He was once taken up for coining; a forge, a crucible, and several dies being found in his cellar: but he was acquitted, as there was no law which made it high treason to counterfeit the image of a Tiberius or a Nero; and the coin, which he imitated, was current only among *Virtuosos*.

I remember another, who picqued himself on his collection of scarce editions and original manuscripts, most of which he had purloined from the libraries of others. He was continually borrowing books of his acquaintance, with a resolution never to return them. He would send in a great hurry for a particular edition, which he wanted to consult only for a moment; but when it was asked for again, he was not at home, or he had lent it to another, or he had lost it, or he could not find it; and sometimes he would not scruple to swear, that he had himself delivered it into the owner's hands. He would frequently spoil a set by stealing a volume, and then purchase the rest for a trifle. After his death his library was sold by auction; and many of his friends were obliged to buy up their own b[illegible]oks again at an exorbitant price.

A thorough-bred virtuoso will surmount all scruples of conscience, or encounter any danger to serve his purpose. Most of them are chiefly attached to some particular branch of knowledge; but I remember one, who was passionately fond of every part of *Virtù*. At one time, when he could find no other way of carrying off a medal, he ran the risk of being choaked by swallowing it; and at another, broke his leg in scaling a garden-wall for a tulip-root. But nothing gave him so much trouble and difficulty as the taking away pictures and ancient marbles; which being heavy and unwieldy, he often endangered his life to gratify his curiosity. He was once locked up all night in the duke of Tuscany's gallery, where he took out an original painting of Raphael, and dextrously placed a copy of it in the frame. At Venice he turned Roman Catholic, and became a Jesuit, in order to get admittance into a convent, from whence he stole a fine head of Ignatius Loyola; and at Constantinople he had almost formed the resolution of qualifying himself for the Seraglio, that he might find means to carry off a picture of the Grand Signior's chief mistress.

The general dishonesty of Connoisseurs is indeed so well known, that the strictest precaution is taken to guard against it. Medals are secured under lock and key, pictures screwed to the walls, and books chained to the shelves; yet cabinets, galleries, and libraries are continually plundered. Many of the maimed statues at Rome perhaps owe their present ruinous condition to the depredations made on them by Virtuosos: the head of Henry the Fifth, in Westminster-Abby was in all probability stolen by a Connoisseur; and I know one who has at different times pilfered a great part of queen Catherine's bones, and hopes in a little while to be master of the whole skeleton. This gentleman has been detected in so many little thefts, that he has for several years past been refused admit-

ance into the musæums of the curious; and he is lately gone abroad with a design upon the ancient Greek manuscripts discovered at Herculaneum.

It may seem surprising, that these gentlemen should have been hitherto suffered to escape unpunished for their repeated thefts; and that a Virtuoso, who robs you of an unique of inestimable value, should even glory in the action, while a poor dog, who picks your pocket of sixpence, shall be hanged for it. What a shocking disgrace would be brought upon taste, should we ever see the dying speech, confession, and behaviour of a Connoisseur, related in the account of malefactors by the Ordinary of Newgate! Such an accident would doubtless bring the study of Virtù into still more contempt among the ignorant, when they found that it only brought a man to the gallows; as the country fellow, when he saw an attorney stand in the pillory for forgery, shook his head and cried, "Ay, this comes of your writing and reading." It were perhaps worthy the consideration of the legislature to devise some punishment for these offenders which should bear some analogy with their crimes: and as common malefactors are delivered to the surgeons to be anatomized, I would propose, that a Connoisseur should be made into a mummy, and preserved in the hall of the Royal Society, for the terror and admiration of his brethren.

I shall conclude this paper with the relation of a circumstance, which fell within my own knowledge when I was abroad, and in which I declined a glorious opportunity of signalizing myself as a Connoisseur. While I was at Rome, a young physician of our party, who was eaten up with Virtù, made a serious proposal to us of breaking into one of the churches by night, and taking away a famous piece of painting over the altar. As I had not quite taste enough to come at once into his scheme, I could not help ob-

jecting to him, that it was a robbery. Poh, says he, it is a most exquisite picture!—Ay, but it is not only a robbery, but sacrilege.—Oh it is a most charming piece!—Zounds, doctor, but if we should be taken, we shall all be broke upon the wheel.—Then, said he, we shall die martyrs.

T

N° 19. THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1754.

Poscentes vario multùm diversa palato.
HOR.

How very ill our different tastes agree;
This will have beef, and that a fricassee.

I Have selected the following letters from a great number, which I have lately been favoured with from unknown correspondents; and as they both relate nearly to the same subject, I shall without further preface submit them to the public.

SIR,

When you was got into White's, I was in hopes that you would not have confined yourself merely to the gaming-table, but have given us an account of the entertainment at their ordinaries. A bill of fare from thence would have been full as diverting to your readers, as the laws of the game, or a list of their bets. These gentlemen, we are told, are no less adepts in the science of eating than of gaming; and as Hoyle has reduced the latter into a new and complete system, I could wish that their cook, (who to be sure is a Frenchman) would also oblige the world by a treatise on the art and mystery of sauces.

Indeed, Mr. Town, it surprises me, that you have so long neglected to make some reflections on the diet of this great city. Dr. Martin Lister, who was universally allowed to be a great Connoisseur, and published several learned treatises upon cockle shells, did not think it beneath him to comment on the works of Apicius Cælius, who had collected together many valuable receipts in cookery, as practised by the Romans. If you would preserve your papers from the indignity of covering breasts of veal, or wrapping up cutlets *à la Maintenon*, I would advise you to lard them now and then with the ragouts of Heliogabalus, or a parallel between our modern soups and the Lacedæmonian black broth. Your works might then be universally read, from the mistress in the parlour down to the cookmaid and scullion.

It is absolutely necessary for people of all tempers, complexions, persuasions, habits, and stations of life, however they may differ in other particulars, to concur in the grand article of eating. And as the humours of the body arise from the food we take in, the dispositions of the mind seem to bear an equal resemblance to our places of refreshment. You have already taken a review of our several coffee-houses; and I wish you would proceed to delineate the different characters, that are to be found in our taverns and chop-houses. A friend of mine always judges of a man of taste and fashion, by asking, who is his peruke-maker or his taylor? Upon the same principles, when I would form a just opinion of any man's temper and inclinations, I always enquire, where does he dine?

The difference between the taverns near St. James's, and those about the 'Change, consists, not so much in the costliness as the substance of their viands. The round-bellied alderman, who breathes the foggy air of the city, requires a more solid diet than the light kickshaws of our meagre persons of quality. My

lord, or Sir John, after having whiled away an hour or two at the parliament-house, drive to the Star and Garter to regale on macaroni, or piddle with an ortolan; while the merchant, who has plodded all the morning in the Alley, sits down to a turtle-feast at the Crown or the King's Arms, and crams himself with calipash and calipee. As the city taverns are appropriated to men of business, who drive bargains for thousands over their morning's gill, the taverns about the court are generally filled with an insipid race of mortals, who have nothing to do. Among these you may see most of our young men of fashion, and young officers of the guards, who meet at these places to shew the elegance of their taste by the expensiveness of their dinner: and many an ensign, with scarce any income but his commission, prides himself on keeping the best company, and often throws down more than a week's pay for his reckoning; though at other times it obliges him, with several of his brethren upon half pay, to dine with duke Humphry in St. James's park.

The taverns about the purlieus of Covent-Garden are dedicated to Venus, as well as Ceres and Liber; and you may frequently see the jolly mess-mates of both sexes go in and come out in couples, like the clean and unclean beasts in Noah's ark. These houses are equally indebted for their support, to the cook, and that worthy personage, whom they have dignified with the title of Pimp. These gentlemen contrive to play into each other's hands. The first by his high soups and rich sauces prepares the way for the occupation of the other; who having reduced the patient by a proper exercise of his art, returns him back again to go through the same regimen as before. We may therefore suppose, that the culinary arts are no less studied here than at White's or Pontac's. True geniuses in eating will continually strike out new im-

provements: but I dare say, neither Braund nor Lebeck ever made up a more extraordinary dish, than I once remember at the Castle. Some bloods being in company with a celebrated *fille de joye*, one of them pulled off her shoe, and in excess of gallantry filled it with Champagne, and drank it off to her health. In this delicious draught he was immediately pledged by the rest, and then, to carry the compliment still further, he ordered the shoe itself to be dressed and served up for supper. The cook set himself seriously to work upon it: he pulled the upper part (which was of damask) into fine shreds, and tossed it up in a ragout; minced the sole; cut the wooden heel into very thin slices, fried them in batter, and placed them round the dish for garnish. The company, you may be sure, testified their affection for the lady by eating very heartily of this exquisite *impromptù*: and as this transaction happened just after the French king had taken a cobler's daughter for his mistress, Tom Pierce (who has the style as well as art of a French cook) in his bill politely called it, in honour of her name, *De soulier à la Murphy*.

Taverns, Mr. Town, seem contrived for the promoting of luxury; while the humbler chop-houses are designed only to satisfy the ordinary cravings of nature. Yet at these you may meet with a variety of characters. At Dolly's and Horseman's you commonly see the hearty lovers of a beef-steak and gill ale; and at Betty's, and the chop-houses about the inns of court, a pretty maid is as inviting as the provisions. In these common refectories you may always find the jemmy attorney's clerk, the prim curate, the walking physician, the captain upon half pay, the shabby valet de chambre upon board wages, and the foreign count or marquis in dishabille, who has refused to dine with a duke or an ambassador. At a little eating-house in a dark alley behind the 'Change, I

once saw a grave citizen, worth a plum, order a two-penny mess of broth with a boiled chop in it: and when it was brought him, he scooped the crumb out of an half-penny roll, and soaked it in the porridge for his present meal; then carefully placing the chop between the upper and under crust, he wrapt it up in a checked handkerchief, and carried it off for the morrow's repast.

I shall leave it to you, Sir, to make further reflections on this subject, and should be glad to dine with you at any tavern, dive with you into any cellar, take a beef-steak in Ivy-lane, a mutton chop behind St. Clement's, or (if you choose it) an extempore sausage or black-pudding over the farthing fries at Moor-Fields.

Your humble servant,

Pye-Corner. - - - - T. SAVOURY.

MR. TOWN!

By Jove it is a shame, a burning shame, to see the honour of England, the glory of our nation, the greatest pillar of life, Roast Beef, utterly banished from our tables. This evil, like many others, has been growing upon us by degrees. It was begun by wickedly placing the beef upon a side-table, and screening it by a parcel of queue-tail'd fellows in laced waistcoats. However, the odorous effluvia generally affected the smell of every true Briton in the room. The butler was fatigued with carving: the master of the house grew pale, and sickened at the sight of those juicy collops of fat and lean, that came swimming in gravy, and smoking most deliciously under our nostrils. Other methods therefore were to be pursued. The beef was still served up, but it was brought up cold. It was put upon a table in the darkest part of the room, and immured between four walls formed artificially by the servants with the hats of the company.

When the jellies and slip-slops were coming in, the beef was carried off in as secret a manner, as if it had gone thro' the ceremonies of concoction. But still, Sir, under all these disadvantages, we had a chance of getting a slice as it passed by. Now, alas! it is not suffered to come up stairs. I dare say, it is generally banished from the steward's table; nor do I suppose that the powdered footmen will touch it, for fear of daubing their ruffles. So that the dish that was served up to the royal tables, the dish that was the breakfast of queen Elizabeth and her maids of honour, the dish that received the dignity of knighthood from king James the first, is now become the food only of scullions and stable-boys. In what words can I vent my resentment upon this occasion, especially when I reflect, that innovations seldom come alone? Toasted cheese is already buried in rammekins: plumb-porridge has been long banished: I tremble for plumb-pudding. May we not live to see a leg of pork detested as carrion? and a shoulder of mutton avoided as if it were horse-flesh? Our only hopes are in the Clergy and the Beaf-steak Club. The former still preserve, and probably will preserve, the rectitude of their appetites; and will do justice to beef wherever they find it. The latter, who are composed of the most ingenious artists in the kingdom, meet every Saturday in a noble room at the top of Covent Garden theatre, and never suffer any dish except beef-steaks to appear. These, indeed, are most glorious examples: but what, alas! are the weak endeavours of a few to oppose the daily inroads of fricassees and soup maigres! This, Mr. Town, is a national concern, as it may prove more destructive to beef than the distemper among the horned cattle: And should the modish aversion against rumps and surloins continue, it will be absolutely necessary to enforce the love of beef by an act of parliament.

Your's, GOLIAH ENGLISH.

N° 20. THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1754.

Non umbræ altorum nemorum, non mollia possunt
Prata movere animum.————
VIRG.

No rural charms her joyless mind can move,
The verdant meadow or the lofty grove.

THE ladies of the present age are strangely altered from the unpolished females, who flourished in the days of romance. What modern Parthenissa would not prefer a tall young fellow to the most beautiful dwarf in the universe, or a coach and six to a white palfry? The fair damsels of old were chiefly to be found in woods and forests; but our present heroines are distinguished by an utter aversion to the country, and would as soon be confined by a giant in an enchanted castle, as immured with old maiden aunts in the family mansion-house. Nothing is more dreadful to our ladies of quality than the approach of summer; for what woman of spirit would choose to leave the town to wander in solitudes and desarts; or what pleasure can the long days give to our fine ladies, when the pretty creatures are conscious, that they look best by candle-light? The general complaint against the country is want of amusement, or want of company: but these common inconveniencies are trifles in comparison to the sufferings of the poor lady, who wrote the following letter, which was communicated to me with leave to make it public.

DEAR LADY CHARLOTTE,

I HAVE been plagued, pestered, teized to death, and hurried out of my wits, ever since I have been in

this odious country. O my dear, how I long to be in town again! Pope and the poets may talk what they will, of their purling streams, shady groves, and flowery meads: but I had rather live all my days among the cheesemongers shops in Thames-street, than pass such another spring in this filthy country. Would you believe it? I have scarce touched a card since I have been here: and then there has been such ado with us about election matters, that I am ready to die with the vapours: such a rout with their hissing and hallowing, my head is ready to split into a thousand pieces! If my Sir John must be in parliament, why cannot he do as your lord does, and be content with a borough, where he might come in without all this trouble, and take his seat in the house, though he has never been within a hundred miles of the place.

Our house, my dear, has been a perfect inn, ever since we came down; and I have been obliged to trudge about as much as a fat landlady. Our doors are open to every dirty fellow in the county, that is worth forty shillings a year; all my best floors are spoiled by the hobnails of farmers stumping about them; every room is a pig-stye, and the Chinese paper in the drawing-room stinks so abominably of punch and tobacco, that it would strike you down to come into it. If you knew what I have suffered, you would think I had the constitution of a washerwoman to go through it. We never sit down to table without a dozen or more of boisterous two legged creatures as rude as bears; and I have nothing to do but to heap up their plates, and drink to each of their healths. What is worse than all, one of the beasts got tipsy, and nothing would serve him but he must kiss me, which I was forced to submit to for fear of losing his vote and interest. Would you think it, dear Charlotte?—do not laugh at me—I stood godmother in person to a huge lubberly boy at a country farmer's, and they almost poisoned me with

their hodge-podge they called caudle, made of sour ale and brown sugar. All this and more I have been obliged to comply with, that the country fellows might not say, my lady is proud and above them.

Besides, there is not a woman creature within twenty miles of the place, that is fit company for my house-keeper; and yet I must be intimate with them all. Lady B** indeed is very near us; but though we are very well acquainted in town, we must not be seen to speak to each other here, because her lord is in the opposition. Poor Thomas got a sad drubbing at her house, when I innocently sent him, at my first coming into the country, with a how d'ye to her ladyship. The greatest female acquaintance I have here, are Mrs. Mayoress, a taylor's wife, and Mrs. Alderman Gascoigne, who sells pins and needles on one side of the shop, while her husband works at his pestle and mortar on the other. These ordinary wretches are constant attendants on my tea-table: I am obliged to take them and their brats out an airing in my coach every evening; and am afterwards often doomed to sit down to whist and swabbers, or one and thirty bone-ace for farthings. Mrs. Mayoress is a very violent party-woman; and she has two pug-dogs; one of which she calls Sir John, and the other Colonel, in compliment, you must know, to my husband and his brother candidate.

We had a ball the other day; and I opened it with Sir Humphrey Chase, who danced in his boots, and hobbled along for all the world like the dancing bears, which I have seen in the streets at London. A terrible mistake happened about precedence, which, I fear, will lose Sir John a good many votes. An attorney's wife was very angry, that her daughter, a little pert chit just come from the boarding-school, was not called out to dance before Miss Norton, the brewer's daughter, when every body knew (she said) that her girl was a gentlewoman bred and born.

I wish, my dear, you were to see my dressing-room; you would think it was a ribbon-shop. Lettice and I have been busy all this week in making up knots and favours; and yesterday no milliner's prentice could work harder than I did, in tying them on to the sweaty hats of country bumkins. And is it not very hard upon me? I must not even dress as I please; but am obliged to wear blue, though you know it does not suit my complexion, and makes me look as horrid as the witches in Macbeth.

But what is worse than all, Sir John tells me, the election expences have run so high, that he must shorten my allowance of pin-money. He talks of turning off half his servants; nay, he has even hinted to me, that I shall not come to town all the winter. Barbarous creature!—But if he dare serve me so, he shall positively lose his election next time; I will raise such a spirit of opposition in all the wives and daughters in the county against him.

I am your affectionate friend, &c.

This lady's case is, indeed, very much to be pitied: but as Sir John has had the good luck to gain his point after a strong opposition, he will doubtless be sensible of the great share his lady had in his success. For my own part, when I consider the vast influence which the fair sex must naturally have over my fellow-countrymen, I cannot help looking on their interesting themselves in these matters as a very serious affair. What success must a fine lady meet with on her canvas! No gentleman to be sure could be so rude or so cruel, as to refuse such a pretty beggar any thing she could ask; and an honest country farmer, who could withstand any other arguments, might be coaxed and wheedled, or bribed with a smile, into voting against his conscience. Many instances have been found, during the late elections, of husbands who have

been forced to poll as their wives would have them; and I know a young fellow that was brought over to give a vote against his inclination by his sweetheart, who refused to receive his addresses if he did not change his party.

It may not perhaps be too bold an assertion, that half the members in the present parliament owe their seats to the direct or indirect influence of the other sex. It would therefore be highly proper for the legislature to provide against this evil for the future; and I hope, before the next general election, to see among the votes the following resolution:—

Resolved,

That it is a high infringement of the liberties and privileges of the Commons of Great Britain, for any peeress, or any other lady, to concern themselves in the elections of members to serve for the Commons in Parliament.

T.

N° 21. THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1754.

——— *Studeo, bullatis ut mihi nugis*
Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea fumo.

PERSIUS.

A tale in sounding phrase I strive to tell,
With pompous trifles that my page may swell,
That wordy trappings the thin sense may cloke,
And add imaginary weight to smoke.

TQUASSOUW, the son of Kqvussomo, was Konquer or Chief Captain over the Sixteen Nations of Caf-

fraria. He was descended from N'oh and Hingn'oh, who dropt from the moon; and his power extended over all the Kraals of the Hottentots.

This prince was remarkable for his prowess and activity; his speed was like the torrent, that rushes down the precipice; and he would overtake the wild ass in her flight: his arrows brought down the eagle from the clouds; the lion fell before him, and his launce drank the blood of the rhinoceros. He fathomed the waters of the deep, and buffeted the billows in the tempest: he drew the rock-fish from their lurking-holes, and rifled the beds of coral. Trained from his infancy in the exercise of war, to wield the hassagaye with dexterity, and break the wild bulls to battle, he was a stranger to the soft dalliance of love; and beheld with indifference the thick-lipped damsels of Gongeman, and the flat-nosed beauties of Hauteniqua.

As Tquassouw was one day giving instructions for spreading toils for the elk, and digging pitfalls for the elephant, he received information, that a tyger prowling for prey was committing ravages on the Kraals of the Chamtouers. He snatched up his bow of olive-wood, and bounded, like the roe-buck on the mountains, to their assistance. He arrived just at the instant, when the enraged animal was about to fasten on a virgin, and aiming a poisoned arrow at his heart, laid him dead at her feet. The virgin threw herself on the ground, and covered her head with dust, to thank her deliverer: but when she rose, the prince was dazzled with her charms. He was struck with the glossy hue of her complexion, which shone like the jetty down on the black hogs of Hessaqua: he was ravished with the prest gristle of her nose; and his eyes dwelt with admiration on the flaccid beauties of her breasts, which descended to her navel.

Knonmquaiha, (for that was the virgin's name) was daughter to the Kouquequa or Leader of the Kraal,

who bred her up with all the delicacy of her sex. She was fed with the entrails of goats, she sucked the eggs of the ostrich, and her drink was the milk of ewes. After gazing for some time upon her charms, the prince in great transport embraced the soles of her feet: then ripping the beast he had just killed, took out the caul, and hung it about her neck, in token of his affection. He afterwards stripped the tyger of his skin, and sending it to the Kouquequa her father, demanded the damsel in marriage.

The eve of the full moon was appointed for the celebration of the nuptials of Tquassouw and Knonmquaiha. When the day arrived, the magnificence, in which the bridegroom was arrayed, amazed all Caffraria. Over his shoulders was cast a krosse, or mantle of wild cat-skins: he cut sandals for his feet from the raw hide of an elephant; he had hunted down a leopard, and of the spotted fur formed a superb cap for his head; he girded his loins with the intestines, and the bladder of the beast he blew up and fastened to his hair.

Nor was Knonmquaiha less employed in adorning her person. She made a varnish of the fat of goats mixed with soot, with which she anointed her whole body, as she stood beneath the rays of the sun: her locks were clotted with melted grease, and powdered with the yellow dust of buchu: her face, which shone like the polished ebony, was beautifully varied with spots of red earth, and appeared like the sable curtain of the night bespangled with stars: she sprinkled her limbs with wood ashes, and perfumed them with the dung of the stinkbingsem. Her arms and legs were entwined with the shining entrails of an heifer: from her neck there hung a pouch composed of the stomach of a kid: the wings of an ostrich overshadowed the fleshy promontories behind; and before she wore an apron formed of the shaggy ears of a lion.

The chiefs of the several Kraals, who were summoned to assist at their nuptials, formed a circle on the ground, sitting upon their heels, and bowing their heads between their knees in token of reverence. In the centre the illustrious prince with his sable bride reposed upon soft cushions of cow-dung. Then the Surri or chief priest approached them, and in a deep voice chaunted the nuptial rites to the melodious grumbling of the gom-gom; and at the same time (according to the manner of Caffraria) bedewed them plentifully with the urinary benediction. The bride and bridegroom rubbed in the precious stream with ecstacy; while the briny drops trickled from their bodies like the oozy surge from the rocks of Chirigriqua.

The Hottentots had seen the increase and wane of two moons since the happy union of Tquassouw and Knonmquaiha, when the Kraals were surprised with the appearance of a most extraordinary personage that came from the savage people who rose from the sea, and had lately fixed themselves on the borders of Caffraria. His body was enwrapped with strange coverings, which concealed every part from sight, except his face and hands. Upon his skin the sun darted his scorching rays in vain, and the colour of it was pale and wan as the watery beams of the moon. His hair, which he could put on and take off at pleasure, was white as the blossoms of the almond-tree, and bushy as the fleece of the ram. His lips and cheeks resembled the red oker, and his nose was sharpened like the beak of an eagle. His language, which was rough and inarticulate, was as the language of beasts; nor could Tquassouw discover his meaning, till an Hottentot (who at the first coming of these people had been taken prisoner, and had afterwards made his escape) interpreted between them. This interpreter informed the prince, that the stranger was sent from his fellow countrymen to treat about the enlargement of their territories,

and that he was called, among them, Mynheer Van Snickersnee.

Tquassouw, who was remarkable for his humanity, treated the savage with extraordinary benevolence. He spread a mantle of sheep-skins, anointed with fat, for his bed; and for his food he boiled in their own blood the tripes of the fattest herds that grazed in the rich pastures of the Heykoms. The stranger in return instructed the prince in the manners of the savages, and often amused him with sending fire from an hollow engine, which rent the air with thunder. Nor was he less studious to please the gentle Knonmquaiha. He bound bracelets of polished metal about her arms, and encircled her neck with beads of glass: he filled the cocoa-shell with a delicious liquor, and gave it her to drink, which exhilarated her heart, and made her eyes sparkle with joy: he also taught her to kindle fire through a tube of clay with the dried leaves of Dacha, and to send forth rolls of odorous smoke from her mouth. After having sojourned in the Kraals for the space of half a moon, the stranger was dismissed with magnificent presents of the teeth of elephants; and a grant was made to his countrymen of the fertile meadows of Kochequa, and the forests of Stinkwood bounded by the Palamite river.

Tquassouw and Knonmquaiha continued to live together in the most cordial affection; and the Surris every night invoked the great Gounja Ticquoa, who illuminates the moon, that he would give an heir to the race of N'oh and Hingn'oh. The princess at length manifested the happy tokens of pregnancy: while her waist increased daily in circumference, and swelled like the gourd. When the time of her delivery approached, she was committed to the care of the wise women, who placed her on a couch of the reeking entrails of a cow newly slain, and to facilitate the birth, gave her a portion of the milk of wild asses, and

fomented her loins with the warm dung of elephants. When the throes of child-birth came on, a terrible hurricane howled along the coast, the air bellowed with thunder, and the face of the moon was obscured as with a veil. The Kraal echoed with shrieks and lamentations, and the wise women cried out, that the princess was delivered of a monster.

The offspring of her womb was *white*.—They took the child and washed him with the juice of aloes: they exposed his limbs to the sun, anointed them with the fat, and rubbed them with the excrement of black bulls:—but his skin still retained its detested hue, and the child was still *white*. The venerable Surris were assembled to deliberate on the cause of this prodigy; and they unanimously pronounced, that it was owing to the evil machinations of the dæmon Cham-ouna, who had practised on the virtue of the princess under the appearance of Mynheer Van Snickersnee.

The incestuous parent and her unnatural offspring were judged unworthy to live. They bowed a branch of an olive tree in the forest of lions, on which the white monster was suspended by the heels; and ravenous beasts feasted on the issue of Knonmquaiha. The princess herself was sentenced to the severe punishment allotted to the heinous crime of adultery. The Kouquequas, who scarce twelve moons before had met to celebrate her nuptials, were now summoned to assist at her unhappy death. They were collected in a circle, each of them wielding an huge club of cripple-wood. The beauteous criminal stood weeping in the midst of them, prepared to receive the first blow from the hand of her injured husband. Tquassouw in vain assayed to perform the sad office: thrice he uplifted his ponderous mace of iron, and thrice dropt it ineffectual on the ground. At length from his reluctant arm descended the fell stroke, which lighted on that nose, whose flatness and expansion had first captivated

his heart. The Kouquequas then rushing in with their clubs redoubled their blows on her body, till the pounded Knonmquaiha lay as an heap of mud, which the retiring flood leaves on the strand.

Her battered limbs, now without form and distinction, were enclosed in the paunch of a rhinoceros, which was fastened to the point of a bearded arrow, and shot into the ocean. Tquassouw remained inconsolable for her loss: he frequently climbed the lofty cliffs of Chirigriqua, and cast his eyes on the watery expanse. One night, as he stood howling with the wolves to the moon, he descried the paunch that contained the precious relics of Knonmquaiha, dancing on a wave and floating towards him. Thrice he cried out with a lamentable voice, Bo, Bo, Bo: then springing from the cliff, he darted like the eagle sousing on his prey. The paunch burst asunder beneath his weight; the green wave was discoloured with the gore, and Tquassouw was inveloped in the mass. He was heard of no more; and it was believed by the people, who remained ignorant of his catastrophe, that he was snatched up into the moon.

The fate of this unhappy pair is recorded among the nations of the Hottentots to this day; and their marriage rites have ever since concluded with a wish, "That the husband may be happier than Tquassouw, and the wife more chaste than Knonmquaiha."

W.

N° 22. THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1754.

Scilicet expectes, ut tradet mater honestos
Atque alios mores, quàm quos habet?——
JUV.

The same their breeding, and so like each other,
Miss is the very model of her mother.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I Remember in a match between two persons of different religions, it was stipulated in the marriage articles, that the boys should be bred up in the persuasion of the father, and the girls in that of the mother. The consequence of this was, that one part of the family was taught to look upon the other with a most pious contempt; and in the end it produced a separation. The sons followed the example of their father, and in order to avoid the least appearance of superstition and bigotry, turned out freethinkers: the lady of the house retired with her daughters to France, and to preserve them from a communication with heretics, confined them in a nunnery.

The like method seems to be observed in the general education of children; who, as soon as they leave the nursery, are resigned over to the care and direction of their respective parents, according to their sex: whence it often happens, that families are as much distinguished by their peculiar manners, as by a certain cast of features or complexion. My young squire is put upon a little horse before he can well walk, and becomes (as his father was before him) the pupil and

companion of the groom and the gamekeeper; and if miss's mamma should chance to be the daughter of a poor man of quality, though the wife of a substantial tradesman, the little lady is early instructed to value herself on her blood, and to despise her father's dirty connections with business.

To this method of education it is owing, that the same vices and follies are delivered down from one generation to another. The modish excesses of these times are in their nature the same with those which were formerly in vogue, though they differ somewhat in their shape and appearance. The present race of bucks, bloods, and freethinkers, are but the spawn of the Mohocks and the Hell-Fire-Club: and if our modern fine ladies have had their masquerades, their Vauxhalls, their Sunday tea-drinking at Ranelagh, and their morning chocolate in the Haymarket, they have only improved upon the Ring, the Spring Gardens, the New Exchange assignations, and the morning puppet-show, which employed the attention of their grandmothers. And as it is not apparent that our people of fashion are more wicked, so neither are they wiser than their predecessors.

When I contemplate the manner in which the younger part of the polite world is brought up, I am apt to carry my reflections farther than what merely concerns their own persons. Let our young men of fashion expose their ignorance abroad, rather than improve at our universities at home;—let them trifle away their time in insipid amusements, and run loose about the town in one continued round of extravagance and debauchery; let our young ladies be taught nothing but gallantry and whist, and be seen only at routs and assemblies;—if the consequence extend not beyond themselves. But as these are to be the fathers and mothers, the guardians and tutors, on whom the morals of our next race must depend; it becomes a public con-

cern, lest the reign of vice and ignorance should be supported, as it were, by hereditary succession, and propagated to distant generations.

The modern method of education is, indeed, so little calculated to promote virtue and learning, that it is almost impossible the children should be wiser or better than their parents. The country squire seldom fails of seeing his son as dull and awkward a looby as himself; while the debauched or foppish man of quality breeds up a rake or an empty coxcomb, who brings new diseases into the family, and fresh mortgages on the estate. If you would therefore favour us, Mr. Town, with a few remarks on this subject, you would do service to posterity; for the present, give me leave to illustrate what I have said, by the example of a very fashionable family.

Lady Belle Modely was one of the finest women in the last reign, as the Colonel, her husband, was one of smartest fellows. After they had astonished the world singly with the *eclat* of their actions, they came together: as her ladyship was proud of fixing a man, who was thought to have intrigued with half the women of fashion; while the Colonel fell a sacrifice to her beauty, only because she was admired by every body else. They lived together for some time in great splendour; but as matrimony was a constraint upon their freedom, they at length parted by a private agreement. Lady Belle keeps the best company, is at the head of every party of pleasure, never misses a masquerade, and has card-tables constantly at her own house on Sundays. The Colonel is one of the oldest members of the club at White's, runs horses at Newmarket, has an actress in keeping, and is protected from the impertinence of duns, by having purchased a seat in parliament at almost as great an expence as would have satisfied the demands of his creditors.

They have two children: the one has been educated

by the direction of his father, the other has been bred up under the eye of her mamma. The boy was, indeed, put to a grammar-school for a while; but Latin and Greek, or indeed any language except French, are of no service to a gentleman; and as the lad had discovered early marks of spirit, (such as kicking down wheel-barrows, and setting old women on their heads) the Colonel swore Jack should be a soldier, and accordingly begged a pair of colours for him, before he was fifteen. The Colonel, who had served only in the peaceful campaigns of Covent-Garden, took great pains to instil into Jack all that prowess so remarkable in the modern heroes of the army. He enumerated his victories over bullies, his encounters with sharpers, his midnight skirmishes with constables, his storming of bagnios, his imprisonment in round-houses, and his honourable wounds in the service of prostitutes. The Captain could not fail of improving under so excellent a tutor, and soon became as eminent as his father. He is a blood of the first rate; Sherlock has instructed him in the use of the broad-sword, and Broughton has taught him to box. He is a fine gentleman at assemblies, a sharper at the gaming-table, and a bully at the bagnios. He has not yet killed his man in the *honourable* way; but he has gallantly crippled several watchmen, and most courageously run a waiter through the body. His scanty pay will not allow him to keep a mistress; but it it said, that he is privately married to a woman of the town.

Such is the consequence of the son's education; and by this our people of distinction may learn, how much better it is to let a lad see the world, as the phrase is, than to lash him through a grammar-school like a parish-boy, and confine him with dull pedants in a college-cloister. Lady Belle has not been less careful of her daughter Miss Harriot. Those, who undertake the business of educating polite females, have

laid it down as a rule to consider women merely as dolls; and therefore never attempt the cultivation of their principles, but employ their whole attention on adorning their persons. The romantic notions of honour and virtue are only fit for poor awkward creatures, who are to marry a shopkeeper or a parson; but they can be of no use to a fine girl, who is designed to make a figure. Accordingly Miss Harriot was committed to the care of Madame Governante, who never suffered her to speak a word of English, and a French dancing-master, who taught her to hold up her head, and come into the room like a little lady. As she grew up, her mamma instructed her in the nicest points of ceremony and good breeding: she explained to her the laws and regulations of dress, directed her in the choice of her brocades, told her what fashions best became her, and what colours best suited her complexion. These excellent rules were constantly enforced by examples drawn from her ladyship's own practice: above all, she unravelled the various arts of gallantry and intrigue, recounted the stratagems she had herself employed in gaining new conquests, taught her when to advance and when to retreat, and how far she might venture to indulge herself in certain freedoms without endangering her reputation.

Miss Harriot soon became the public admiration of all the pretty fellows, and was allowed to be a lady of the most elegant accomplishments. She was reckoned to play a better game at whist than Mrs. Sharply, and to bet with more spirit at brag than the bold lady Atall. She was carried about to Tunbridge, Bath, Cheltenham, and every other place of diversion, by the mother; where she was exposed as at a public mart for beauty, and put up to the best bidder. But as Miss had some fortune in her own disposal, she had not the patience to wait the formal delays of marriage articles, jointures, settlements, and pin-money; and

(just before the late act took place) eloped with a gentleman, who had long been very intimate with her mamma, and recommended himself to Miss Harriot by a stature of six foot and a shoulder-knot.

I am, Sir,

O. Your humble servant, &c.

N° 23. THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1754.

——————— *Qui modò scurra*
Aut si quid hâc re tritius videbatur,
Idem inficeto est inficetior rure.
CATULL.

The Fool of Pantomime, who ne'er spake word,
Or worse than Fool, the Senator or Lord,
In the dull country his dull trade pursuing,
The blockhead underdoes his underdoing.

I Have lately received several letters from my cousin Village, concerning the entertainments of the country. He tells me, that they have concerts every evening in that part of the month, in which the almanack promises it will be moon-light. In one little town in particular, all the polite company of the place assemble every Sunday evening (after church) at the Three Compasses, which is kept by the clerk, to regale themselves with cakes and fine home-brewed in an arbour at the end of his cabbage-garden; to which they have given the genteel denomination of Little Ranelagh. I shall this day present my reader with his last letter; and only take notice of the grand difference between the summer amusements in town and

country. In London, while we are almost smothered in smoke and dust, gardens are opened every evening to refresh us with the pure air of the country; while those, who have the finest walks and most beautiful prospects eternally before them, shut themselves up in theatres and ball-rooms, "lock fair day-light out, and make themselves an artificial London."

DEAR COUSIN,

WHEREVER the town goes, those who live by the town naturally follow. The facetious and entertaining gentry, who during the winter amused the world within the bills of mortality, are now dispersed into different parts of the country. We have had most of them here already. The Colossus, the Dwarf, the Female Samson, made some stay with us. We went for a week together to see Mr. Powell eat red-hot tobacco-pipes, and swallow fire and brimstone. The Hermaphrodite was obliged to leave the town on a scandalous report, that a lady used frequently to visit him in private. Mr. Church for some time charmed us with concertos and sonatas on the Jew's-harp; and at our last ball we footed it to our usual melody of the tabor and pipe, accompanied with the cymbal and wooden spoons.

I will not tire you with a particular detail of all our entertainments, but confine myself at present to those of the stage. About the middle of last month there came among us one of those gentlemen, who are famous for the cure of every distemper, and especially those pronounced incurable by the faculty. The vulgar call him a Mountebank;—but when I considered his impassioned speeches, and the extempore stage from which he uttered them, I was apt to compare him to Thespis and his cart. Again, when I beheld the Doctor dealing out his drugs, and at the same time saw his Merry-Andrew play over his tricks, it

put me in mind of a tragi-comedy; where the pathetic and the ludicrous are so intimately connected, and the whole piece is so merry and so sad, that the audience is at a loss whether they shall laugh or cry.

After the Doctor had been here some time, there came down two or three emissaries from a strolling company, in order (according to the player's phrase) to take the town; but the Mayor being a strict Presbyterian, absolutely refused to license their exhibitions. The players, you must know, finding this a good town, had taken a lease last summer of an old synagogue deserted by the Jews; and were therefore much alarmed at this disappointment: but when they were in the utmost despair, the ladies of the place joined in a petition to Mrs. Mayoress, who prevailed on her husband to wink at their performances. The company immediately opened their synagogue-theatre with the Merchant of Venice: and finding the Doctor's Zany a droll fellow, they decoyed him into their service; and he has since performed the part of the Mock Doctor with universal applause. Upon his revolt the Doctor himself found it absolutely necessary to enter of the company; and having a talent for tragedy, has performed with great success the Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet.

The performers at our rustic theatre are far beyond those paltry strollers, who run about the country, and exhibit in a barn or a cow-house; for (as their bills declare) they are a company of comedians from the Theatres Royal: and I assure you, they are as much applauded by our country critics, as any of your capital actors. The shops of our tradesmen have been almost deserted, and a crowd of weavers and hardware-men have elbowed each other two hours before the opening of the doors, when the bills have informed us in enormous red letters, that the part of George Barnwell was to be performed by Mr. ——, at the par-

ticular desire of several ladies of distinction. It is true, indeed, that our principal actors have most of them had their education in Covent-Garden, or Drury-Lane; but they have been employed in the business of the drama in a degree but just above a scene-shifter. An heroine, to whom your managers in town (in envy to her rising merit) scarce allotted the humble part of a confidante, now blubbers out Andromache or Belvidera; the attendants on a monarch strut monarchs themselves, mutes find their voices, and message-bearers rise into heroes. The humour of our best comedian consists in shrugs and grimaces; he jokes in a wry mouth, and repartees in a grin: in short, he practises on Congreve and Vanbrugh all those distortions, that gained him so much applause from the galleries, in the drubs which he was condemned to undergo in pantomimes. I was vastly diverted at seeing a fellow in the character of Sir Harry Wildair, whose chief action was a continual pressing together of the thumb and fore-finger; which, had he lifted them to his nose, I should have thought he designed as an imitation of taking snuff: but I could easily account for the cause of this singular gesture, when I discovered, that Sir Harry was no less a person than the dextrous Mr. Clippit the candle-snuffer.

You would laugh to see, how strangely the parts of a play are cast. They played Cato; and their Marcia was such an old woman, that when Juba came on with his—“ Hail! charming maid!”—the fellow could not help laughing. Another night I was surprised to hear an eager lover talk of rushing into his mistress's arms, rioting on the nectar of her lips, and desiring (in the tragedy rapture) to “ hug her thus, and thus for ever;” though he always took care to stand at a most ceremonious distance; but I was afterwards very much diverted at the cause of this extraordinary respect, when I was told, that the lady laboured under

the misfortune of an ulcer in her leg, which occasioned such a disagreeable stench, that the performers were obliged to keep her at arm's length. The entertainment was Lethe: and the part of the Frenchman was performed by a South Briton; who, as he could not pronounce a word of the French language, supplied it's place by gabbling in his native Welsh.

The decorations, or (in the theatrical dialect) the property of our company, are as extraordinary as the performers. Othello raves about a checked handkerchief; the Ghost in Hamlet stalks in a postilion's leathern-jacket for a coat of mail; and, in a new pantomime of their own, Cupid enters with a fiddle-case slung over his shoulders for a quiver. The apothecary of the town is free of the house, for lending them a pestle and mortar to serve as the bell in Venice Preserved; and a barber-surgeon has the same privilege, for furnishing them with basons of blood to besmear the daggers in Macbeth. Macbeth himself carries a rolling-pin in his hand for a truncheon; and, as the breaking of glasses would be very expensive, he dashes down a pewter pint pot at the sight of Banquo's Ghost.

A fray happened here the other night, which was no small diversion to the audience. It seems, there had been a great contest between two of these mimic heroes, who was the fittest to play Richard the Third. One of them was reckoned to have the better person, as he was very round-shouldered, and one of his legs was shorter than the other; but his antagonist carried the part, because he started best in the Tent-Scene. However, when the curtain drew up, they both rushed in upon the stage at once; and bawling out together "Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths," they both went through the whole speech without stopping.

T I am, dear Cousin, yours, &c.

N° 24. THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1754.

Ille dabit populo, patribusque, equitique legendum.
MART.

Books, that the knowledge of the world can shew,
Such as might please a lady, or a beau.

WHEN I consider the absurd taste for literature, that once prevailed among our persons of distinction, I cannot but applaud the reformation, which has been since brought about in this article by the polite world. A Duke of Newcastle made himself remarkable by a Treatise on Horsemanship; a Rochester supplied the place of Ovid in the closets of men of pleasure; and even the ladies of former ages sacrificed to love in novels and romances. I will not mention a Shaftesbury, as our present age has produced a Bolingbroke. We of this generation are wiser than to suffer our youth of quality to lose their precious time in studying the Belles Lettres, while our only care is to introduce them into the *beau monde*. A modern peer, instead of laying down the theory of horsemanship, is perfect in the practice, and commences jockey himself; and our rakes of fashion are content with acting the scenes which Rochester described. Our ladies are, indeed, very well qualified to publish a recital of amours; and one in particular has already entertained the world with memoirs of her own intrigues, cuckoldoms and elopements.

I am very glad to find the present age so entirely free from pedantry. Some part of the polite world

read, indeed, but they are so wise as to read only for amusement; or at least only to improve themselves in the more modern and fashionable sciences. A Treatise on Whist has more admirers than a System of Logic, and a new Atalantis would be more universally read than a Practice of Piety. A fine gentleman or lady would no more choose the mind of a pedant, than the person of a cook-maid or a porter. I cannot, therefore, but approve of the plan laid down by the writer of the following letter, and would recommend it to all persons of fashion to subscribe to his proposals.

SIR,

I HAVE long observed with infinite regret the little care that is taken, to supply persons of distinction with proper books for their instruction and amusement. It is no wonder, that they should be so averse to study, when learning is rendered so disagreeable. Common creatures, indeed, as soon as they can spell, may be made to read a dull chapter in the Testament; after which the Whole Duty of Man, or some other useless good book, may be put into their hands; but these can never instruct a man of the world to say fine things to a lady, or to swear with a good grace. Among a few dirty pedants the knowledge of Greek and Latin may be cultivated; but among fine gentlemen these are justly discarded for French and Italian. Why should persons of quality trouble themselves about Mathematics and Philosophy, or throw away their time in scratching circles and triangles on a slate, and then rubbing them out again? All the Algebra requisite for them to know, is the combination of figures on the dice; nor could Euclid be of any use to them, except he had represented the most graceful attitudes in fencing, or drawn out the lines of a minuet.

In order to remedy these inconveniences, and that the erudition of persons of fashion may be as different from the vulgar knowledge of the rest of mankind as their dress, I have formed a project for regulating their studies. An old crabbed philosopher once told a monarch, that there was no royal way of learning the mathematics:——First then, as to the musty volumes which contain Greek, Latin, and the Sciences, (since there is no genteel method of coming at the knowledge of them,) I would banish them entirely from the polite world, and have them chained down in university libraries, the only places where they can be useful or entertaining. Having thus cleared the shelves of this learned lumber, we shall have room to fill them more elegantly. To this end, I have collected all such books, as are proper to be perused by people of quality; and shall shortly make my scheme public by opening an handsome room under the title of the Polite Circulating Library. Many of my books are entirely new and original: all the modern novels, and most of the periodical papers fall so directly in with my plan, that they will be sure to find a place in my library; and if Mr. Town shews himself an encourager of my scheme, I shall expect to see peers and peeresses take up the pen, and shine in the Connoisseur.

I intend in the beginning of the winter to publish my proposals at large, and in the mean time, beg you to submit the following Specimen of my Books to the public.

CATALOGUE OF BOOKS, ETC.

Revelation, a Romance.
The Complete Cook, by Solomon Gundy.
The Gentleman's Religion. By a Free-Thinker.
Dissertation on Parties. Or an Essay on Breaking of Eggs. Addressed to the Big and Little Endians.
A Defence of Alexander the Coppersmith against St. Paul. By the late Lord Bolingbroke.
The Practice of Bagnios: or the Modern Method of Sweating.
The Ladies Dispensatory: containing the most approved Recipes for Tooth-Powders, Lip-Salves, Beautifying Lotions, Almond Pastes, Ointments for Freckles, Pomatums, and Hysteric Waters; according to the present Practice.
A Description of the World; with the Latitudes of Vauxhall, Ranelagh, the Theatres, the Opera-House, &c. calculated for the Meridian of St. James's.
A Map of the Roads leading to Tyburn. By James Maclean, Esq; late Surveyor of the High-Ways.
Essay on Delicacy. By an Ensign of the Guards.
The Art of Dissembling. From the French.
A New Way to pay Old Debts. From an Original published at Berlin.
The Spirit of Laws. With Notes on the Game-Act, the Jew-Bill, and the Bill for preventing Marriages.
Jargon *versus* Common Sense. By a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn.
Universal Arithmetic. Containing Calculations for laying the Odds at Horse-Racing, Cocking, Card-playing, &c.
Optics, or the Use of Opera-Glasses; with the Importance and Benefit of Near-Sightedness con-

sidered. To which is added, a Dissertation on the portable Pocket Looking-Glass.

The Modern Gymnasium. By Broughton.

Geometry made easy, and adapted to the meanest Capacity. By Nath. Hart, Dancing-Master to Grown Gentlemen.

De Oratore, or the Art of speaking on all Subjects. By Andrew Mac Broad, F. R. H. S. Fellow of the Robin Hood Society.

A Dissertation on the Miracle of the Five Loaves. By the Baker, President of the same Society.

Garrick upon Death; with an Account of the several Distortions of the Face, and Writhings of the Body; and particular Directions concerning Sighs, Groans, Ohs, Ahs, &c. &c. for the Use of Young Actors.

The Court Register; Containing an exact List of all Public Days, Routs, Assemblies, &c. where and when kept.

The Englishman in Paris.

The Englishman returned from Paris.

The Whole Duty of Woman, Disposed under the Articles of Visiting, Cards, Masquerades, Plays, Dress, &c.

A Dissertation on the Waters of Tunbridge, Cheltenham, Scarborough, and the Bath: shewing their wonderful Efficacy in removing the Vapours;—with Directions how to assist their Operations by using the Exercise of Country-Dancing.

The Traveller's Guide, or Young Nobleman's Vade Mecum. Containing an exact List of the most eminent Peruke Makers, Taylors, and Dancing-masters, &c. Being the Sum of a Gentleman's Experience during his Tour through France and Italy.

Honour, or the Fashionable Combat.—Hounslow Heath, or the Dernier Resort.—The Suicide, or the *Coup de Grace.*——Tragedies.

The Virgin Unmask'd.—Miss in her Teens.—The Debauchees.—She would, if she could.—The Careless Husband.—The Wanton Wife.—The Innocent Adultery.——Comedies; as they are now acting with universal applause.

The True Patriot, a Farce.

Handeli, Geminiani, Degiardini, Chabrani, Pasquali, Pasqualini, Passerini, Baumgarteni, Guadagni, Frasi, Galli, item aliorum harmoniosissimorum Signororum et Signorarum Opera.

Yours, &c.

T. JACOB ELZEVIR.

N° 25. THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1754.

——— *Vivimus ambitiosâ Paupertate.* ———

JUV.

A lac'd, embroider'd, powder'd, beggar-croud;
Haughty, yet even poorer than they're proud.

A Little Frenchman, commonly known in town by the name of Count, and whose figure has been long stuck up in the windows of printshops, was always remarkable for the meanness, and at the same time the foppery of his appearance. His shoes, though perhaps capped at the toe, had red heels to them; and his stockings, though often full of holes, were constantly rolled up over his knees. By good luck he was once master of half a guinea; and having a great longing for a feather to his hat, and a very pressing necessity for a pair of breeches, he debated with himself about

the disposal of his money. However, his vanity got the better of his necessity; and the next time the Count appeared in the Mall, by the ornaments of his head, you would have imagined him a beau, and by the nether part of his dress you would have taken him for a heathen philosopher.

The conduct of this Frenchman, however ridiculous, is copied by a multitude of people in this town. To the same little pride of desiring to appear finer than they can afford, are owing the many rusty suits of black, the tyes that seem taken from the basket of a shoeboy, and the smart waistcoats edged with a narrow cord, which serves as an apology for lace. I know a man of this cast, who has but one coat; but by now and then turning the cuffs, and changing the cape, it passes for two. He uses the same artifice with his peruke, which is naturally a kind of flowing bob; but by the occasional addition of two tails, it sometimes appears as a major. Of this sort of men are composed the numerous fraternity of the shabby-genteel, who are the chief support of the clothiers in Monmouth-Street, and the barbers in Middle-Row.

Women are naturally so fond of ornament, that it is no wonder we should meet with so many second-hand gentry in that sex. Hence arise the red-armed belles that appear in the park every Sunday; hence it is, that sacks and petenlairs may be seen at Moorfields and White-chapel; and that those, who are ambitious to shine in diamonds, glitter in paste and Scotch pebbles. When I see the wives and daughters of tradesmen and mechanics make such attempts at finery, I cannot help pitying their poor fathers and husbands; and at the same time am apt to consider their dress as a robbery on the shop. Thus, when I observe the tawdry gentility of a tallow-chandler's daughter, I look upon her as hung round with long sixes, short eights, and rush-lights; and when I contemplate the awkward pride of

dress in a butcher's wife, I suppose her carrying about her surloins of beef, fillets of veal, and shoulders of mutton. I was vastly diverted with a discovery I made a few days since. Going upon some business to a tradesman's house, I surprised in a very extraordinary dishabille two females, whom I had been frequently used to see strangely dizened out in the Mall. These fine ladies, it seems, were no other than my honest friend's daughters; and one, who always dresses the family dinner, was genteely employed in winding up the jack, while the other was up to the elbows in soap-suds.

A desire of grandeur and magnificence is often absurd in those who can support it; but when it takes hold of those, who can scarce furnish themselves with necessaries, their poverty, instead of demanding our pity, becomes an object of ridicule. Many families among those, who are called middling people, are not content without living elegantly as well as comfortably, and often involve themselves in very comical distresses. When they aim at appearing grand in the eye of the world, they grow proportionably mean and sordid in private. I went the other day to dine with an old friend; and as he used to keep a remarkable good table, I was surprised that I could scarce make a meal with him. After dinner he rung the bell, and ordered the chariot to be got ready at six; and then turning to me with an air of superiority, asked if he should set me down. Here the riddle was out; and I found that his equipage had eat up his table, and that he was obliged to starve his family to feed his horses.

I am acquainted at another house, where the master keeps an account against himself. This account is exactly stated in a large ledger-book. What he saves from his ordinary expences he places under the title of Debtor, and what he runs out is ranged under Creditor. I had lately an opportunity of turning over

this curious account, and could not help smiling at many of the articles. Among the rest, I remember the following, with which I shall present the reader.

DEBTOR.

Dined abroad all this week—My wife ill—Saw no company—Saved seven dinners, etc.

Kept Lent, and saved in table-charges the expence of four weeks.

Bated from the baker's bill half a crown.

Saved in apparel, by my family continuing to wear mourning three months longer than was requisite for the death of an aunt.

Received 1l. 10s. of the undertaker, in lieu of a scarf, hatband, and gloves.

CREDITOR.

Went to the play with my wife and daughters—Sat in the boxes, instead of the gallery, as usual.——— *Mem.* To go no more to plays this year.

Invited Sir Charles Courtly and Major Standard to dinner.——Treated with claret, and two courses, in order to appear handsome. *Mem.* To be denied to every body before dinner-time for these next three weeks.

Sunday—my wife had a rout—Lost at whist thirty guineas—Card-money received, fifty shillings.— *N. B.* My wife must be ill again.

Gave at church to a brief for a terrible fire, six-pence. —Charity begins at home.

I should be sorry to have this method of balancing accounts become general. True economy does not merely consist in not exceeding our income, but in such a judicious management of it, as renders our whole appearance equal and consistent. We should laugh at a nobleman, who, to support the expence of running horses, should abridge his set to a pair: and, that his jockies might come in first for the plate, be content to

have his family dragged to his country-seat, like servant-maids in the caravan. There are many well-meaning people, who have the pride of living in a polite quarter of the town, though they are distressed even to pay the taxes; and nothing is more common than to see one particular room in an house furnished like a palace, while the rest have scarcely the necessary accommodations of an inn. Such a conduct appears to me equally ridiculous with that of the Frenchman, who (according to the jest) for the sake of wearing ruffles, is contented to go without a shirt.

This endeavour to appear grander than our circumstances will allow, is no where so contemptible as among those men of pleasure about town, who have not fortunes in any proportion to their spirit. Men of quality have wisely contrived, that their sins should be expensive: for which reason those, who with equal taste have less money, are obliged to be economists in their sins, and are put to many little shifts to appear tolerably profligate and debauched. They get a knowledge of the names and faces of the most noted women upon town, and pretend an intimate acquaintance with them; though they know none of that order of ladies above the draggle-tailed prostitutes who walk the Strand. They talk very familiarly of the King's-Arms, and are in raptures with Mrs. Allan's claret, though they always dine snugly at a chop-house, and spend their evening at an ale-house or cyder-cellar. The most ridiculous character I know of this sort is a young fellow, the son of a rich tobacconist in the city, who (because it is the fashion) has taken a girl into keeping. He knows the world better than to set her up a chariot, or let her have money at her own disposal. He regulates her expences with the nicest economy, employs every morning in setting down what is laid out upon her, and very seriously takes an account of rolls and butter, two pence—for ribband, one shilling

and four pence—pins, an halfpenny, etc. etc. Thus does he reconcile his extravagance and frugality to each other; and is as penurious and exact as an usurer, that he may be as genteel and wicked as a lord.

O.

N° 26. THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1754.

Hic dies verè mihi festus atras
Eximet curas.——— HOR.

Of all the days are in the week,
I dearly love but one day;
And that's the day, that comes between
A Saturday and Monday.

OLD BALLAD.

A Gentleman of my acquaintance lately laid before me an estimate of the consumption of bread and cheese, cakes, ale, etc. in all the little towns near London every Sunday. It is incredible how many thousand buns are devoured in that one day at Chelsea and Paddington, and how much beer is swallowed at Islington and Mile End. Upon the whole I was vaftly entertained with a review of this estimate; and could not help approving the observation of Tom Brown, "that the Sabbath is a very fine institution, since the very breaking it is the support of half the villages about our metropolis."

Our common people are very observant of that part of the commandment, which enjoins them to do no manner of work on that day; and which they also seem to understand as a license to devote it to pleasure. They take this opportunity of thrusting their heads

into the pillory at Georgia, being sworn at Highgate, and rolling down Flamstead-hill, in the park at Greenwich. As they all aim at going into the country, nothing can be a greater misfortune to the meaner part of the inhabitants of London and Westminster, than a rainy Sunday: and how many honest people would be baulked of a ride once a week, if the legislature was to limit the hired one-horse chaises working on that day to a certain number, as well as the hackney coaches?

The substantial tradesman is wheeled down to his snug box; which has nothing rural about it except the ivy that over-runs the front, and is placed as near to the road side as possible, where the pleasure of seeing carriages pass under his window, amply compensates for his being almost smothered with dust. The few smart prentices, who are able to sit an horse, may be seen spurring their broken-winded hacks up the hills: and the good-natured husband, together with his mate; is dragged along the road to the envy and admiration of the foot passenger, who (to complete the Sunday picture) trudges patiently with a child in one arm, while his beloved doxy leans on the other, and waddles at his side sweltering beneath the unusual weight of an hoop-petticoat.

It is not to be supposed, that the country has in itself any peculiar attractive charms to those who think themselves out of the world, if they are not within the sound of Bow bell. To most of our cockneys it serves only as an excuse for eating and drinking; and they get out of town merely because they have nothing to do at home. A brick-kiln smells as sweet to them as a farm-yard; they would pass by a barn or an hay-stack without notice; but they rejoice at the sight of every hedge ale-house that promises good home-brew'd. As the rest of a cit's life is regular and uniform, his Sunday diversions have as little variety; and if he was to take a journal of them, we might

suppose that it would run much in the following manner.

Sunday—Overslept myself—Did not rise till nine—Was a full hour in pulling on my new double-channell'd pumps—Could get no breakfast, my wife being busy in dressing herself for church.

At ten—Family at church—Self walked to Mother Red Cap's—Smoked half a pipe, and drank a pint of the Alderman's. *N. B.* The beer was not so good as at the Adam and Eve at Pancras.

Dined at one—Pudding not boiled enough, suet musty—Wife was to drive me in a one-horse chair to see Mother Well's at Enfield Wash, but it looked likely to rain—Took a nap, and posted seven pages from my day-book till five. *Mem.* Colonel Promise has lost his election, and is turned out of his place.—To arrest him to-morrow.

At six—Mrs. Deputy to drink tea with my wife—I hate their slip-slops—Called on my neighbour the Common-council-man, and took a walk with him to Islington.

From seven to eight—Smoked a pipe at the Castle, eat an heart cake, and drank two pints of cyder. *N. B.* To drink cyder often, because neighbour tells me it is good for the stone and gravel.

At nine—Got to town again, very much fatigued with the journey—Pulled off my claret coloured coat and blue satin waistcoat—Went to club, smoked three pipes, came home at twelve, and slept very soundly, till the prentice called me to go and take out a writ against Colonel Promise.

As to persons of quality, like Lady Loverule in the farce, they cannot see why one day should be more holy than another; therefore Sunday wears the same face with them as the rest of the week. Accordingly, for some part of this summer, Ranelagh was opened on

Sunday evenings; and I cannot help wondering, that the custom did not continue. It must have been very convenient to pass away the time there, till the hour of meeting at the card-table; and it was certainly more decent to fix assignations there, than at church.

Going to church may, indeed, be reckoned among our Sunday amusements, as it is made a mere matter of diversion among many well-meaning people, who are induced to appear in a place of worship from the same motives, that they frequent other public places. To some it answers all the purposes of a rout or assembly, to see and to be seen by their acquaintance; and from their bows, nods, courtesies, and loud conversations, one might conclude, that they imagined themselves in a drawing-room. To others it affords the cheap opportunity of shewing their taste for dress. Not a few, I believe, are drawn together in our cathedrals and larger churches by the influence of the music rather than the prayers; and are kept awake by a jig from the organ-loft, though they are lulled to sleep by the harangue from the pulpit. A well-disposed Christian will go a mile from his own house to the Temple Church, not because a Sherlock is to preach, but to hear a solo from Stanley.

But though going to church may be deemed a kind of amusement, yet upon modern principles it appears such a very odd one, that I am at a loss to account for the reasons which induced our ancestors to give into that method of passing their Sunday. At least it is so wholly incompatible with the polite system of life, that a person of fashion (as affairs are now managed) finds it absolutely impossible to comply with this practice. Then again, the service always begins at such unfashionable hours, that in the morning a man must huddle on his clothes, like a boy to run to school, and in an afternoon must inevitably go without his dinner. In order to remove all these objections, and that some

ritual may be established in this kingdom, agreeable to our inclinations, and consistent with our practice, the following scheme has been lately sent me, in order to submit it to the serious consideration of the public.

Imprimis, It is humbly proposed, that Christianity be entirely abolished by Act of Parliament, and that no other religion be imposed on us in its stead; but as the age grows daily more and more enlightened, we may at last be quite delivered from the influence of superstition and bigotry.

Secondly, That in order to prevent our ever relapsing into pious errors, and that the common people may not lose their holiday, every Sunday be set apart to commemorate our victory over all religion; that the churches be turned into free-thinking meeting-houses, and discourses read in them to confute the doctrine of a future state, the immortality of the soul, and other absurd notions, which some people now regard as objects of belief.

Thirdly, That a ritual be compiled exactly oppofite to our present liturgy; and that, instead of reading portions of Scripture, the first and second lessons shall consist of a section of the Posthumous Works of Lord Bolingbroke, or a few pages from the writings of Spinoza, Chubb, Maundeville, Hobbes, Collins, Tindal, &c. from which writers the preachers shall also take their text.

Fourthly, That the usual feasts and fasts, viz. Christmas Day, Easter Sunday, Trinity Sunday, &c. be still preserved; but that on those days discourses be delivered suitable to the occasion, containing a refutation of the Nativity, the Resurrection, the Trinity, etc.

Fifthly, That instead of the vile melody of a clerk bawling out two staves of Sternhold and Hopkins, or a cathedral choir singing anthems from the psalter,

some of the most fashionable cantatas, opera airs, songs, or catches, be performed by the best voices for the entertainment of the company.

Lastly, That the whole service be conducted with such taste and elegance, as may render these free-thinking meeting-houses as agreeable as the theatres; and that they may be even more judiciously calculated for the propagation of atheism and infidelity, than the Robin Hood Society, or the Oratory in Clare Market.

T.

N° 27. THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1754.

Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferio, Baralipton.

Words full of sound, but quite devoid of sense.

IT is a heavy tax upon authors, that they should always be expected to write sense. Some few, indeed, who are rich in sentiment, pay this tax very cheerfully; but the generality endeavour one way or another to elude it. For this purpose some have moulded their pieces into the form of wings, axes, eggs, and altars; while others have laced down the side of a copy of verses with the letters of their mistresses name, and called it an acrostic: not to mention the curious inventions of rebusses and anagrams. For the same reasons, the modern song-writers for our public gardens, who are our principal love-poets at present, entertain us with sonnets and madrigals in Crambo. Authors, who promise wit, pay us off with puns and quibbles; and with our writers of comedy, long swords, short

jerkins, and tables with carpets over them, pass for incident and humour.

But no artifice of this sort has been so often and so successfully practised, as the immoderate use of uncouth terms and expressions. Words that mean nothing, provided they sound big, and fill the ear, are the best succedaneum for sense. Nothing so effectually answers Mr. Bayes's endeavour to *elevate and surprise*; and the reader, though he sees nothing but straws float on the surface, candidly supposes, that there are pearls and diamonds at the bottom. Several dull authors, by availing themselves of this secret, have passed for very deep writers; and arrant nonsense has as often laid snugly beneath hard words, as a shallow pate beneath the solemn appearance of a full-bottomed periwig.

Those, who are employed in what they call abstract speculations, most commonly have recourse to this method. Their dissertations are naturally expected to illustrate and explain; but this is sometimes a task above their abilities; and when they have led the reader into a maze, from which they cannot deliver him, they very wisely bewilder him the more. This is the case with those profound writers, who have treated concerning the essence of matter, who talk very gravely of *cuppeity*, *tableity*, *tallow-candleity*, and twenty other things with as much sound and little signification. Of these we may very well say with the poet,

> Such labour'd nothings in so strange a style,
> Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
>
> POPE.

No mode of expression throws such an impenetrable mist over a work, as an unnecessary profusion of technical terms. This will appear very plainly to those, who will turn over a few pages of any modern collection of voyages. Descriptions of a storm make some

of the finest and most striking passages in the best poets; and it is for these in particular, that Longinus admires the Odyssey. The real circumstances of a storm are in themselves, without the aid of poetical ornaments, very affecting; yet whoever reads an account of them in any of our writers of voyages, will be so puzzled and perplexed with starboard, larboard, the main-mast and mizen-mast, and a multitude of sea-terms, that he will not be the least moved at the distress of the ship's crew. The absurdity of this did not escape Swift, who has ridiculed it by a mock description of the same kind in his Gulliver. Those, who treat military subjects, are equally ridiculous: they overwhelm you with counterscarps, palisades, bastions, etc. and so fortify their no-meaning with hard words, that it is absolutely impossible to beat them out of their intrenchments. Such writers, who abound in technical terms, always put me in mind of Ignoramus in the play, who courts his mistress out of the law-dictionary, runs over a long catalogue of the messuages, lands, tenements, barns, outhouses, etc. of which he will put her in possession, if she will join issue with him, and manifests his passion in the same manner that he would draw up a lease.

This affectation is never more offensive, than when it gets into the pulpit. The greater part of almost every audience that sits under our preachers, are ignorant and illiterate, and should therefore have every thing delivered to them in as plain, simple, and intelligible a manner as possible. Hard words, if they have any meaning, can only serve to make them stare; and they can never be edified by what they do not understand. Young clergymen just come from the university, are proud of shewing the world, that they have been reading the Fathers, and are fond of entering on the most abstruse points of divinity. But they would employ their time more to their own credit, as well as

the improvement of their hearers, if they would rather endeavour to explain and enforce the precepts of the Apostles and Evangelists, than retail the confused hypotheses of crabbed metaphysicians.

As to essays, and all other pieces that come under the denomination of familiar writings, one would imagine that they must necessarily be written in the easy language of nature and common-sense. No writer can flatter himself, that his productions will be an agreeable part of the equipage of the tea-table, who writes almost too abstrusely for the study, and involves his thoughts in hard words and affected latinisms. Yet this has been reckoned by many the standard style for these loose detached pieces. Addison was proud that he could boast of having drawn learning out of schools and colleges into clubs and coffee-houses, as Socrates was said to draw morality from the clouds to dwell among men; but these people (as Lord Bolingbroke pretends to say of the same Socrates) mount the clouds themselves. This new fangled manner of delivering our sentiments is called writing sound sense: and if I find this mode seems likely to prevail, I shall certainly think it expedient to give into it, and very suddenly oblige the world with a Connoisseur so *sensible*, that it will be impossible to understand it.

But hard words and uncouth ways of expressing ourselves never appear with so ill a grace, as in our common conversation.——In writing we expect some degree of exactness and precision; but if even there they seem harsh and disagreeable, when they obstruct the freedom of our familiar chat, they either make us laugh, or put us out of patience. It was imagined by the ancients, that things were called by one name among mortals, and by another among the gods: In like manner some gentlemen, who would be accounted fine spoken persons, disdain to mention the most trivial matters in the same terms with the rest of the

world; and scarce enquire how you do, or bid you good morrow, in any phrase that is intelligible. It always puts me in pain to find a lady give into this practice: If she makes no blunder, it sits very ungracefully upon her; but it is ten to one that the rough uncouth syllables that form these words, are too harsh and big for the pretty creature's mouth; and then she maims them and breaks them to her use so whimsically, that one can scarce tell whether she is talking French or English. I shall make no more reflections on this subject at present, but conclude my paper with a short story.

A merry fellow, who was formerly of the university, going through Cambridge on a journey, took it into his head to call on his old tutor. As it is no great wonder that pedantry should be found in a college, the tutor used to lard his conversation with numberless hard words and forced derivations from the Latin. His pupil, who had a mind to banter the old gentleman on his darling foible, when he visited him, entered his chambers with an huge dictionary under his arm. The first compliments were scarce over, before the tutor bolted out a word big enough for the mouth of Garagantua. Here the pupil begged that he would stop a little; and after turning over his dictionary desired him to proceed. The learned gentleman went on, and the pupil seemed to listen with great attention, till another word came out as hard as the former, at which he again interrupted him, and again had recourse to his dictionary.—This appears to me the only way of conversing with persons of so pompous an elocution; unless we convert the orators themselves into lexicons to interpret their own phrases, by troubling them to reduce the meaning of their fine speeches into plain English.

O.

N° 28. THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1754.

——— *Sequar atris ignibus absens,*
Omnibus umbra locis adero, dabis improbe pœnas.
VIRG.

Thou to thy crime shalt feel the vengeance due:
With hell's black fires for ever I'll pursue;
In every place my injured shade shall rise,
And Conscience still present me to thy eyes.

TOM Dare-Devil, who was so much superior to the rest of our *Bucks* that he gained the appellation of *Stag*, finished a course of continual debaucheries, and was carried off last week by a phrenetic fever. I happened to be present at his last moments; and the remembrance of him still dwells so strongly on my mind, that I see him, I hear him, in all the agonies of despair, starting, trembling, and uttering the most horrid execrations. His conscience at the approach of death had conjured up before him "ten thousand devils with their red-hot spits," who assumed the shapes of all those whom he injured, and "came hissing on him" to retaliate their wrongs. 'Save me, save me,' he would cry, 'from that bleeding form—He was my friend—but I run him through the heart in a quarrel about a whore—Take away that old fellow—He would have carried us to the round-house—I knocked him down with his own staff,—but I did not think the poor dog would have died by it.' When the nurse offered him a draught to take, 'Why,' said he, 'will you ply me with Champagne?—'tis a damnable liquor, and I'll drink no more of it.' In one of his lucid intervals he grasped my hand vehemently, and bursting into tears, 'Would to God,' said he, 'I had died twenty years ago.' At length his unwilling soul parted from the

body; and the last words we heard from him were a faint ejaculation to his Maker, whom he had blasphemed all his life. His shocking exit made me reflect on that fine passage in the Scriptures, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my latter end be like his."

The behaviour of this unhappy wretch afforded a dreadful instance of the truth of that maxim, *There is no hell like a troubled conscience.* "There needs, indeed, no ghost to tell us this:" But it were to be wished, that the conscience of every living reprobate could work on his imagination in the same manner, and raise up such horrid apparitions to torment him. Where is the wretch so hardened, who would not be dismayed at these terrors? Or who could persevere in a course of wickedness, when every fresh offence would create a new fury to haunt him for his crimes?

Let us, for instance, take a view of the most glaring circumstances in the life of that arch-infidel, Tom Dare-Devil; and let us at the same time conceive (if possible) what pangs he must have felt, had every flagitious act been attended with the same phantoms that distracted him on his death-bed. First then, let us contemplate him as a parricide; for so he may be called, who by repeated disobedience broke the heart of a most affectionate father. Could filial ingratitude receive a sharper punishment, than in the midst of his debaucheries to have his father continually before his eyes, expostulating with him on his unnatural behaviour? 'O my son,' might he have heard him say, 'was it for this that thy mother, who died in giving thee life, begged me with her last breath to be kind to the boy? Was it for this that the country rung with joy for my being blessed with an heir?—O my child, whom can I now call my heir? That estate, which I was so solicitous to improve for thy sake, is dissipated among jockeys, gamblers, pimps and prostitutes.——

If you should ever have a son, may his ingratitude never make you think of me.'

Tom, indeed, took care never to have any vexation from children: He had too great a spirit to bear the shackles of matrimony, and lived in a state of celibacy among bagnios. Sometimes he made inroads on private life, and disturbed the peace of families by debauching the wives and daughters of his acquaintance. Among other gallant exploits, he decoyed up to town the daughter of a country gentleman, where he ruined her, and then left her to linger under an infamous disease. At length the fruits of his amour appeared in a child, which soon perished with its unhappy parent in a public hospital. By the same magic of the fancy let us raise up this poor girl with the infant in her arms, while he is wantoning among his doxies, and lording it like a bashaw over the vassals of his lust. What remorse must this villain have felt, could he have imagined her to have addressed him in the following terms!—'Behold in the loathsome carcase of this babe the image of thyself; foul, rotten, and corrupt.—How could I suffer so contemptible a creature to draw me from the comfortable protection of my parents?—It was just, indeed, that I should fall a victim to my folly: But was this diseased infant quickened only to proclaim my dishonour and thy infamy?———Why hadst thou yet the power left to propagate misery even to the innocent?'

Tom had often signalized himself as a duellist: His conscience, as we have already mentioned, upbraided him at his dying moments with the murder of a particular friend. He had once ill luck at cards; and being irritated with his losses, and suspecting foul play on the part of his antagonist, he took him by the nose, which consequently produced a challenge. He is hastening to the field of battle,—but he fancies himself followed by the manes of his friend, whom, on

the same unhallowed ground he had lately sacrificed to that idol Honour. He hears him call "——Turn, madman, turn, and look on me.——You may remember with what reluctance I met you——You forced me to the combat—and I was even pleased, that the victory was yours. You deprived me of life in an idle quarrel about a creature, whom at your return from the murder of your friend, you detected in the arms of another.——It was honour, that induced you to wound the bosom of one you loved:——The same honour now calls you to give a fellow, whom you despise, an opportunity to retaliate the injury done to me.——What folly is it to put your life into the hands of a scoundrel, who, you suspect, has already robbed you of your fortune?——But go on, and let your death rid the world of a monster, who is desperate enough to put his own life on the hazard, and wicked enough to attempt that of another."——It happened, however, that Tom had no occasion for such a monitor, as the person whom he went to meet proved as great a coward, as he was a cheat; and our hero, after waiting a full hour in his pumps, and parrying with the air, had no other revenge for the loss of his money, than the satisfaction of posting him for a scoundrel.

Though the hero of our story was cut off in the prime of his life, yet he may be said, like Nestor, to have outlived three generations. All the young fellows of spirit were proud to be enrolled in the list of his companions; but as their constitutions were more puny than his, three sets of them had dropt into the grave, and left him at the head of the fourth. He would often boast of the many promising geniuses, who had fallen in the vain attempt of keeping pace with him in the various scenes of debauchery. In this light we may consider him as an accessary to so many wanton murders. By the operation of his

conscience, at every tavern door he might have met with an acquaintance to bar his passage; and in the midst of his jollity, like Macbeth, he might have dashed down his glass, and imagined that he saw a departed friend filling the vacant chair.

From the nature of the facts, which have already been recorded of Tom Dare-Devil, the reader will easily conclude, that he must have been an Atheist. No creature, who believed in a Supreme Being, could have acted so vilely towards his fellow creatures. Tom was president of an abominable club, who met together every Sunday night to utter the most horrid blasphemies. The members of this most scandalous society must have heard of the manner of their great tutor's death: —— Let us imagine therefore, that they could figure to themselves his ghost appearing to them, warning them of their errors, and exhorting them to repent. They might conceive him setting forth, in the most pathetic manner, the consequences of their folly, and declaring to them, how convinced he now was of the certainty of those doctrines, which they daily ridiculed. Such an apparition would, indeed, have an effect upon common sinners: but in all probability a thorough-paced infidel would not be reclaimed, even "though one rose from the dead."

What I have here supposed might have been the case of one particular reprobate, is in the power of every person to put in practice for himself. Nothing is a surer instance of the goodness of the Creator, than that delicate inward feeling, so strongly impressed on every reasonable creature. This internal sense, if duly attended to, and diligently cherished and kept alive, would check the sinner in his career, and make him look back with horror on his crimes. An ancient is commended for wishing, "that he had a window in his breast, that every one might see into it:" But it is certainly of more consequence to keep ourselves

free from the reproach of our own hearts, than from the evil opinions of others. We should therefore consider conscience as a mirror, in which every one may see himself reflected, and in which every action is represented in it's proper colours.

O.

N° 29. THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1754.

Gaudent scribentes, et se venerantur.——
HOR.

From self each scribbler adoration draws,
And gathers incense from his own applause.

THAT there is a vanity inherent in every author must be confessed, whatever pains they may take to conceal it from the rest of mankind. For my own part, I readily acknowledge, that I am always wonderfully delighted with my own productions. I snatch up the favourite sheets wet from the press, and devour every syllable; not the least particle escapes my notice; and I dwell with admiration on the beauties of an expressive *and* or emphatical *the*. If every reader was to pay the same attention to my works, or peruse them with half the satisfaction, Mr. Town might be fairly pronounced the greatest author of the age. But I am afraid I shall scarce find another, who will so heartily join in the good opinion I have conceived of myself; and many a choice sentiment, many a culled expression, which I have repeated to myself over and over again with ecstasy, has by others perhaps been as hastily hurried over, as any common article in a news-paper.

An author, who is ever big with the idea of his own importance, will gather matter for self-flattery from the most trivial circumstances. On the mornings of publication I have sometimes made it my business to go round the coffee-houses, in order to receive whatever incense of praise I could collect from the approbation of my readers. My heart you may imagine has bounded with joy, when I have heard the room echo with calling for the Connoisseur: but how has it sunk again, when I have found the same tokens of esteem shewn to a brother writer! I could have hugged any honest fellow, that has chuckled over my performances, and pointed out my good things; but I have been no less chagrined, when I have seen a coxcomb coolly take up my paper, squint over the first page, and throw it down again with all the indifference imaginable: though, indeed, I have never failed within myself to pronounce of such a person, that he is dull, ignorant and illiterate. I once happened to be seated in the next box to two noted critics, who were looking over the file of my papers, and seemed particularly pleased with several parts of them. I immediately conceived a very high opinion of their taste and judgment: I remarked with singular satisfaction the effect, which my wit and humour had on their countenances; and as they turned over the pages, I imagined I could point out the very passages, which provoked them frequently to smile, and sometimes to burst into a loud laugh. As soon as they were gone, I seized the file; when lo! to my great mortification, I found they had been reading, not my own admirable works, but the lucubrations of a brother essayist.

My vanity has often prompted me to wish, that I could accompany my papers, wheresoever they are circulated I flatter myself I should then be introduced to the politest men of quality, and admitted into the

closets of our finest ladies. This consideration would doubtless make me vain of myself: but my pride would be soon checked by reflecting further, that were I obliged to follow my papers afterwards through all their travels and mutations, I should certainly undergo the shame of seeing many of them prostituted to the vilest purposes. If in one place I might be pleased to find them the entertainment of the tea-table, in another I should be no less vexed to see them degraded to the base office of sticking up candles. Such is the fatality attending these loose sheets, that though at their first publication they may be thought as precious as the Sibyl's leaves, the next moment they may be thrown aside as no better than a last year's almanack.

Ever since my first appearance in a sheet and half, I have felt great uneasiness on account of the rude treatment which my works have been subject to in their present form. I turned off my printer for a very heinous affront offered to my delicacy, having detected some foul proofs of my first numbers lodged in a very unseemly place; and I almost came to an open rupture with my publisher, because his wife had converted a supernumerary half-sheet into a thread-paper. A lady whose sense and beauty I had always admired, forfeited my esteem at once, by cutting out a pattern for a cap from one of my papers; and a young fellow, who had spoken very handsomely of one of my essays, entirely lost the good opinion I had conceived of him, by defiling the blank margin with a filthy list of foul shirts and dirty stockings. The repeated abuses of illiterate bakers, pastry-cooks, and chandlers, I know I am condemned to suffer in common with other mortal writers. It was ever their privilege to prey indiscriminately on all authors good or bad: and as politicians, wits, free-thinkers, and divines, may have their dust mingled in the same piece of ground, so

may their works be jumbled together in the lining of the same trunk or band box.

One instance may indeed be brought, in which I am used to hail as a lucky omen the damages that my papers appear to have sustained in their outward form and complexion. With what raptures have I traced the progress of my fame, while I have contemplated my numbers in the public coffee-houses strung upon a file, and swelling gradually into a little volume! By the appearance which they make, when thus collected, I have often judged of the reception they have singly met with from their readers: I have considered every speck of dirt as a mark of reputation, and have assumed to myself applause from the spilling of coffee, or the print of a greasy thumb. In a word, I look upon each paper, when torn, and sullied by frequent handling, as an old soldier battered in the service, and covered with honourable scars.

I was led into this train of thought by an accident which happened to me the other evening, as I was walking in some fields near the town. As I went along, my curiosity tempted me to examine the materials, of which several paper kites were made up; from whence I had sufficient room to moralize on the ill fate of authors. On one I discovered several pages of a sermon expanded over the surface; on another the wings fluttered with love songs; and a satire on the ministry furnished another with his ballast for the tail. I at length happened to cast my eye on one taller than the rest, and beheld several of my own darling productions pasted over it. My indignation was presently raised, that I should become the plaything of children; and I was even ashamed, that the great name of Town, which stared me full in the front, should be exposed, like the compositions of Dr. Rock on the wall, to every idle gazer. However, by a curious turn of thought, I converted what at first seemed

a disgrace into a compliment to my vanity. As the kite rose into the air, I drew a flattering parallel between the height of it's flight, and the soaring of my own reputation: I imagined myself lifted up on the wings of Fame, and like Horace's swan towering above mortality: I fancied myself borne like a blazing star among the clouds, to the admiration of the gazing multitude.

———— Via est, quâ me quoque possim
Tollere humo, victorque virûm volitare per ora.

And up he rises like a vapour;
Supported high on wings of paper,
He singing flies and flying sings,
While from below all Grub-street rings.
SWIFT.

While I was indulging this fantastick contemplation of my own excellence, I never considered by how slight a thread my chimerical importance was supported. The twine broke; and the kite, together with my airy dreams of immortality, dropt to the ground.

T.

N° 30. THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1754.

Multa viri nequicquam inter se vulnera jactant,
Multa cavo lateri ingeminant, et pectore vastos
Dant sonitus; erratque aures et tempora circum
Crebra manus: duro crepitant sub vulnere malæ.
VIRG.

Thumps following thumps, and blows succeeding blows,
Swell the black eye, and crush the bleeding nose:
Beneath the pond'rous fist the jaw-bone cracks,
And the cheeks ring with their redoubled thwacks.

AT a time, when Peace spreads her downy wings over contending nations, and when armies (like the

harmless militia) are drawn into the field only to be reviewed, all Europe must undoubtedly be alarmed to hear of the bloody battle, which has been lately fought in England. It is a justice due to posterity to preserve a faithful account of this memorable event: I shall therefore set it down, as I find it recorded in those authentic registers of heroic actions the news-papers, without deviating a tittle from the expressive terms, in which this extraordinary combat is related.

" Harlston in Norfolk, July 30. Yesterday in the afternoon Slack and Pettit met and fought. At the first set-to, Pettit seized Slack by the throat, and held him up against the rails, and grain'd him so much as to make him extremely black; this continued for half a minute, before Slack could break Pettit's hold: after which for near ten minutes Pettit kept fighting and driving hard at Slack, when at length Slack clos'd with his antagonist, and gave him a very severe fall, after that a second and third; but between these falls Pettit threw Slack twice off the stage, and indeed Pettit so much dreaded Slack's falls, that he ran directly at his hams and tumbled him down, and by that means gave Slack an opportunity of making the falls very easy. When they had been fighting eighteen minutes, the odds ran against Slack a guinea to a shilling; whereas on first setting out, it was three or four to one on his head; but after this time Slack shortened Pettit so, as to disable him from running and throwing him down in the manner he had done before, but obliged him to stand to close fighting. Slack then clos'd one of his eyes, and beat him very much about the face. At twenty minutes Pettit grew weaker, Slack stronger; this was occasioned by Slack's strait way of fighting. At twenty two minutes the best judges allowed Slack to have the advantage over Pettit very considerably, as he was then recovering his wind, which was owing to game:

when they had boxed twenty-four minutes, Pettit threw Slack again over the rails. This indeed Slack suffered him to do, as by that means he fixed a blow under Pettit's ribs, that hurt him much. Whilst Slack was again getting upon the stage, (it was not half a minute before he was remounted) Pettit had so much the fear of his antagonist before his eyes, that he walked off without so much as civilly taking leave of the spectators, or saying any thing to any person. This the cockers call roguing of it; for it is generally thought, that Pettit ran away full strong. The whole time of their fighting was twenty-five minutes; and this morning the battle was given to Slack, who drew the first ten guineas out of the box. Thus ended this dreadful combat."

Every man, who has the honour of the British fist at heart, must look with admiration on the bottom, the wind, the game, of this invincible champion Slack. How must they applaud his address in fighting strait; and with what detestation must they look upon his dastardly antagonist, who could so shamefully rogue it! Captain Godfrey, the sublime historian of these hardy heroes, would have exclaimed on this occasion;—"Hail, mighty Slack, thou pride of the butchers! Let the shambles echo with thy praise, and let marrow-bones and cleavers proclaim thy glorious triumph. What was that half-bred bruiser Milo, who is celebrated by the ancients for knocking down an ox, to cut out the hide into thongs for his cestus? Every petty slaughterman of Clare-market can perform greater feats: but thou with resistless arm hast not only knocked down oxen, but made the sturdy race of barbers, coblers, and watermen fall before thee."

I cannot but lament the cruelty of that law, which has shut up our amphitheatres; and I look upon the professors of the noble art of boxing, as a kind of

disbanded army, for whom we have made no provision. The mechanics, who at the call of glory left their mean occupations, are now obliged to have recourse to them again; and coachmen and barbers resume the whip and the razor, instead of giving black eyes and cross-buttocks. I know a veteran that has often won the whole house, who is reduced, like Belisarius, to spread his palm in begging for an halfpenny. Some have been forced to exercise their art in knocking down passengers in dark alleys and corners; while others have learned to open their fists and ply their fingers in picking pockets. Buckhorse, whose knuckles had been used to indent many a bruise, now clenches them only to grasp a link; and Broughton employs the muscles of his brawny arm in squeezing a lemon or drawing a cork. His amphitheatre itself is converted into a Methodist meeting-house: and perhaps (as laymen there are admitted into the pulpit) those very fists, which so lately dealt such hearty bangs upon the stage, are now with equal vehemence thumping the cushion.

The dextrous use of the fist is a truly British exercise: and the sturdy English have been as much renowned for their boxing as their beef; both which are by no means suited to the watry stomachs and weak sinews of their enemies the French. To this nutriment and this art is owing that long established maxim, that one Englishman can beat three Frenchmen. A Frenchman, who piddles on a fricassee of frogs, can no more encounter with an Englishman, who feeds upon beef, than the frog in the fable could swell her little body to the size of an ox: and from hence we may conclude, on the principles of philosophy, that the elastic spring, which darts from the knuckles of an Englishman, falls into the heels of a Frenchman. One of my correspondents has already remonstrated against the degeneracy of the present

times in our shameful neglect of that support of our national strength, old English roast beef. Indeed, we can never hope, that any of our modern heroes would attempt to fix a blow under the ribs, when they are afraid of plunging a knife into a surloin: and I will venture to prophesy, that when the times come, that surloins are no more brought upon the table, we shall not be able to produce one Englishman, who can knock down an ox.

Our present race of spindle-shanked beaux had rather close with an orange wench at the play-house, than engage in a bye-battle at Tottenham-Court. It is therefore no wonder that they should object to this manly practice, for which they are so ill fitted. How can we imagine, that they could stand against the buffets of a bruiser, when they might almost be patted down with the fan of a lady? An attempt was once made by Broughton to bring this study into vogue, by establishing a school for boxing, in which he was himself to be the lecturer. He invited the young gentlemen of the army, and all other men of spirit, to engage under his directions; and promised to arm their feeble wrists with mufflers, so that nothing might be apprehended by the softest head or tenderest skin. A few, indeed, were hardy enough to try a fall with him: but most of our young fellows gave up the gauntlet for scented gloves; and loathing the mutton fists of vulgar carmen and porters, they rather chose to hang their hands in a sling, to make them white and delicate as a lady's. I cannot but regret, that this design was not generally encouraged, as it might perhaps have abolished almost the only use, that is at present made of the sword; and men of honour, instead of tilting at each other, might have had satisfaction in a tight set-to behind Montague-House.

The amusement of boxing, I must confess, is more immediately calculated for the vulgar, who can have

no relish for the more refined pleasures of whist and the hazard table. Men of fashion have found out a more genteel employment for their hands, in shuffling a pack of cards and shaking the dice: and, indeed, it will appear upon a strict review, that most of our fashionable diversions are nothing else but different branches of gaming. What lady would be able to boast a rout at her house, consisting of three or four hundred persons, if they were not to be drawn together by the charms of playing a rubber? and the prohibition of our jubilee masquerades is hardly to be regretted, as they wanted the most essential part of their entertainments, the E O table. To this polite spirit of gaming, which has diffused itself through all the fashionable world, is owing the vast encouragement that is given to the turf; and horse-races are esteemed only as they afford occasion for making a bet. The same spirit likewise draws the knowing ones together in a cock-pit; and cocks are rescued from the dunghill, and armed with gaffles, to furnish a new species of gaming. For this reason, among others, I cannot but regret the loss of our elegant amusements in Oxford Road and Tottenham Court. A great part of the spectators used to be deeply interested in what was doing on the stage, and were as earnest to make an advantage of the issue of the battle, as the champions themselves to draw the largest sum from the box. The amphitheatre was at once a school for boxing and gaming. Many thousands have depended upon a match; the odds have often risen at a black eye; a large bet has been occasioned by a cross-buttock: and while the house has resounded with the lusty bangs of the combatants, it has at the same time echoed with the cries of five to one, six to one, ten to one.

The loss of this branch of gaming is a public calamity: and I doubt not but the gentlemen at White's,

and all others whom it concerns, will use their utmost endeavours to restore it. The many plates given all over the kingdom have undoubtedly improved our breed of horses; and if the diversion of boxing was to meet with equal encouragement, we should certainly have a more stout and hardy race of bruisers. It might perhaps become a fashion for gentlemen, who were fond of the sport, to keep champions in training, put them in sweats, diet them, and breed up the human species with the same care as they do cocks and horses. In course of time this branch of gaming, like all others, would doubtless be reduced to a science; and Broughton, in imitation of that great genius Hoyle, might oblige the public with a Treatise on the Fist, and calculations for laying the odds at any match of boxing.

T.

N° 31. THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1754.

Neu, pueri, neu tanta animis assuescite bella.
VIRG.

No more, ye bloods, encounter with each other,
But each fine gentleman embrace his brother.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

YOU must have observed a paragraph in the newspapers dated from Dublin, which informs us, "the spirit of duelling is now become so common, that

scarce a day passes without one or more being fought in or near that metropolis." I am very much alarmed, lest this madness should cross the seas: to say the truth, I almost begin to think it necessary, that the frequent importation of Irishmen into this kingdom should, for some time, be prohibited; and an embargo laid on those ships, that are freighted with contraband duellists. It is your duty, Mr. Town, at least to do all in your power to prevent the influence, which the conduct of these heroic gentlemen, who cannot suffer their swords to sleep quietly in their scabbards, may have on our young fellows: I must therefore beg of you to put together a few thoughts on this occasion; and though the subject has been often treated before, I cannot but imagine that there is sufficient room left for you to expatiate on it. It is usual among the bishops, when they find any particular vice prevail, to send orders to the clergy of their respective dioceses to preach against it. In like manner it is your duty, as Censor General, to attack the reigning follies: and it is surely as easy for you to throw them into a new light, as it is for the clergy to preach different sermons on the same text.

You will undoubtedly agree with me, that gaming is one of the principal causes of duels, and that many a young fellow has owed his death to cards and dice. As the gaming-houses are often filled with rogues in lace, and sharpers in embroidery, an honest but rash adventurer often loses his temper with his money, and begins to suspect that the cards are packed, or the dice loaded; and then very wisely risks his life, because he finds it impossible to recover his cash. Upon this account I am never witness to deep play, but it raises very serious reflections in me. When I have seen a young nobleman offer a large stake, I have considered him as setting his life upon a card, or (like King

Richard) "laying it upon a cast, and standing the hazard of the die." I have even imagined, that I heard bullets rattle in the dice-box, and that I saw challenges written upon every card on the table.

The ladies also are frequently the cause of duels; though it must be owned, in justice to the better part of the sex, that where one is fought on account of a modest woman, ten are occasioned by prostitutes. The stout knight-serrant, who entertain a passion for the faithless Dulcineas of Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden, find frequent opportunities of manifesting their prowess. They not only encounter with bullies and bravoes, but sometimes meet with other enamoratos as fond and as mad as themselves. I am personally acquainted with two gentlemen of this turn, who held out pistols at each other across a bed at one of these ladies lodgings, and tossed up which should fire first. The pistol however luckily missed fire, and gave them time to think better of it: so they very amicably shook hands, laid down their pistols, and went to bed to the lady together. These females are not content, it seems, with the conquests commonly made by the fair, but often pass a more cruel sentence on their captives. Their lovers not only suffer those metaphorical deaths, which all their tribe must endure, but are often really killed in serious truth and sober sadness. They are not only shot through the heart by an accidental glance of the eyes, but often have a brace of balls lodged in their heads: and are not only "stabbed through the liver (as Mercutio has it) by the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft," but they may perhaps be engaged in a duel with a rival, in which they are run through the body.

A foreign Count was once challenged by one of these hot-headed gentlemen; and I shall conclude my letter by recommending his method to our modern duellists. The place of battle appointed was the Count's house;

and when the furious challenger came in, breathing nothing but revenge, he was surprised to find the Count sitting very composedly with a candle and a barrel at his side. "This, sir, said the Count is a barrel of gunpowder; and if you please, we will take our chance, who shall set fire to it, you or I." The gentleman amazed at so extraordinary a proposal, made no answer; upon which the Count lighted a match, and waving it over the mouth of the barrel, cried out, "Get out of the room, sir, or I will set fire to the powder this instant." This abated our challenger's wrath so considerably, that the Count was rid of him in a moment, and he was glad to leave the room without any satisfaction.—— I shall expect something from you on this subject, and am,

Sir, your humble servant,

EPHRAIM MAKEPEACE.

I shall not refuse, in compliance with the request of my correspondent, to give my animadversions on this subject; but as I am not inclined to measure swords on this occasion with any of my predecessors or contemporaries, I shall take a different course, and appear in the cause as an advocate for duelling. The vices and follies of the fashionable world are so connected with each other, that they almost form a regular system; and the practice of them all is absolutely necessary to complete the character of a fine gentleman. A fine gentleman (in the modern sense of the word) is one that whores, games, and wears a sword. Running after loose women is, indeed, in some measure common to this exalted part of mankind with the vulgar: but to live in bagnios, to be kept in repair by Rock or Ward by the quarter, to be in a continual course of pill and electuary, and to make a business of fornication, is the peculiar privilege of a fine gentleman. Gaming is also an essential requisite to this character, and is indeed capa-

ble of itself to create a person a gentleman, who has no other pretensions to that title. The greatest scoundrels, provided they were gamesters, have always been permitted to associate with people of fashion; and perhaps they hold their title to the best company by the same tenure, that the knaves keep their rank among the Honours in a pack of cards. But the grand distinguishing mark of a fine gentleman is the wearing a sword. Gentility displays itself in a well fancied sword knot, and honour lies sheathed in the scabbard. All who bear arms have a claim to this character: even our common soldiers (like the knights of old) are dubbed Gentlemen on the shoulder; with this only difference, that instead of the sword, the ceremony is performed by a brown musket.

Upon these and many other weighty considerations, I have resolved not to disturb the tranquillity of the polite world, by railing at their darling vices. A Censor may endeavour to new cock a hat, to raise the stays, or write down the short petticoat, at his pleasure. Persons of quality will vary fashions of themselves, but will always adhere steadily to their vices. I have besides received several letters from surgeons and younger brothers, desiring me to promote as far as lies in my power the modern way of life, and especially the practice of duelling. The former open their case in the most pathetic terms, and assure me that if it was not for duels, and the amorous rencounters of fine gentlemen with the other sex, their profession would scarce support them. As to the young gentlemen, they inveigh bitterly against the unequal distribution of property by the laws of England, and offer me very considerable bribes, if I will espouse the cause of duels and debauchery; without which they scarce have any tolerable chance of coming in for the family estate.

Swift somewhere observes, that these differences

very rarely happen among men of sense, and he does not see any great harm, if two worthless fellows send each other out of the world. I shall therefore humbly propose, the more effectually to keep up this spirit, that duels may be included in the Licence-Act among our other public diversions, with a restraining clause, taking away all power from the justices to prohibit these entertainments. I would also propose, for the better accommodation of the public, that scaffolds be erected behind Montague House, or in any other convenient place, as there are now at Tyburn; and that whenever any two gentlemen quarrel, they shall insert their challenges in the daily papers, after the following manner, in imitation of the late champions at Broughton's Amphitheatre.

I John Mac-Duel, having been affronted by Richard Flash, hereby challenge him to meet me behind Montague House on the day of to go through all the exercise of the small sword; to advance, retire, parry and thrust in carte, tierce, and segoon, and to take my life, or lose his own.

John Mac-Duel.

I Richard Flash, who have spitted many such dastardly fellows on my sword like larks, promise to meet John Mac-Duel, and doubt not, by running him through the body, to give him gentleman-like satisfaction.

Richard Flash.

By this scheme, the publick would have an opportunity of being present at these fashionable amusements, and might revive that lost species of gaming (so much lamented in our last paper) by laying bets on the issue of the combat.

It should also be provided, that if either or both are killed, the body or bodies be delivered to the surgeons to be anatomised, and placed in their hall; unless

the younger brother or next heir shall give them an equivalent.

It should also be provided by the abovementioned act, that no person be qualified to fight a duel, who is not worth 500l. per ann. For as it is unsportsman-like to admit dunghill cocks into the pit, so it would render this inestimable privilege less valuable, if every mean wretch had a right of being run through the body, who could do the publick no service by his death.

T.

No. 32. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1754.

Emunctæ naris. ———
HOR.

A plain blunt fellow, who, like scented beaux,
With vile pulvilio ne'er begrim'd his nose.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I Know not whether you yourself are addicted to a filthy practice, which is frequent among all ranks of people, though detestable even among the lowest. The practice I mean is that of snuff taking: which I cannot help regarding as a national plague, that, like another epidemical distemper, has taken hold of our noses. You authors may perhaps claim it as a privilege, since snuff is supposed by you to whet the invention, and every one is not possessed of Bays's admirable receipt, the "spirit of brains:"—but give me leave to tell you, that snuff should no more be administered in public, than Major's medicinal

composition at four-pence a pinch, or any other dose of physic. I know not why people should be allowed to annoy their friends and acquaintance by smearing their noses with a dirty powder, any more than in using an eye-water, or rubbing their teeth with a dentrifice.

If a stranger to this nasty custom was to observe almost every one "drawing out his pouncet box, and ever and anon giving it to his nose," he would be led to conclude, that we were no better than a nation of Hottentots; and that every one was obliged to cram his nostrils with a quantity of scented dirt, to fence them from the disagreeable effluvia of the rest of the company. Indeed, it might not be absurd in such a stranger to imagine, that the person he conversed with took snuff, for the same reason that another might press his nostrils together between his finger and thumb, to exclude an ill smell.

It is customary among those polite people the Dutch to carry with them every where their short dingy pipes, and smoke and spit about a room even in the presence of ladies. This piece of good breeding, however ridiculous it may seem, is surely not more offensive to good manners than the practice of snuff taking. A very Dutchman would think it odd, that a people, who pretend to politeness, should be continually snuffing up a parcel of tobacco-dust; nor can I help laughing, when I see a man every minute stealing out a dirty muckender, then sneaking it in again, as much ashamed of his pocket companion, as he would be to carry a dishclout about him.

It is, indeed, impossible to go into any large company without being disturbed by this abominable practice. The church and the playhouse continually echo with this music of the nose, and in every corner you may hear them in concert snuffling, sneezing, hawking and grunting like a drove of hogs. The most pathetic

speech in a tragedy has been interrupted by the blowing of noses in the front and side boxes; and I have known a whole congregation suddenly raised from their knees in the middle of a prayer by the violent coughing of an old lady, who has been almost choked by a pinch of snuff in giving vent to an ejaculation. A celebrated actor has spoiled his voice by this absurd treatment of his nose, which has made his articulation as dull and drowsy as the hum of a bag-pipe; and the parson of our parish is often forced to break off in the middle of a period, to snort behind his white handkerchief.

Is it not a wonder, Mr. Town, that snuff, which is certainly an enemy to dress, should yet gain admittance among those, who have no other merit than their clothes? I am not to be told, that your men of fashion take snuff only to display a white hand perhaps, or the brilliancy of a diamond ring: and I am confident, that numbers would never have defiled themselves with the use of snuff, had they not been seduced by the charms of a fashionable box. The man of taste takes his *Strasburg veritable tabac* from a right Paris paper-box; and the pretty fellow uses an enamelled box lined in the inside with polished metal, that by often opening it, he may have the opportunity of stealing a glance at his own sweet person, reflected in the lid of it.

Though I abhor snuff taking myself, and would as soon be smothered in a cloud raised by smoking tobacco, as I would willingly suffer the least atom of it to tickle my nose, yet am I exposed to many disgusting inconveniencies from the use of it by others. Sometimes I am choked by drawing in with my breath some of the finest particles together with the air: and I am frequently set a sneesing by the odorous effluvia arising from the boxes that surround me. But it is not only my sense of smelling that is offended: you will stare when I tell you, that I am forced to taste, and

even to eat and drink this abominable snuff. If I drink tea with a certain lady, I generally perceive what escapes from her fingers swimming at the top of my cup; but it is always attributed to the foulness of the milk or dross of the sugar. I never dine at a particular friend's house, but I am sure to have as much rappee as pepper with my turnips; nor can I drink my table-beer out of the same mug with him, for fear of coughing from his snuff, if not the liquor, going the wrong way. Such eternal snuff takers as my friend, should, I think, at meal times, have a screen flapping down over the nose and mouth, under which they might convey their food, as you may have seen at the masquerade: or at least they should be separated from the rest of the company, and placed by themselves at the side table, like the children.

This practice of snuff taking, however inexcusable in the men, is still more abominable in the other sex. Neatness and cleanliness ought to be always cultivated among the women; but how can any female appear tolerably clean, who so industriously bedaubs herself with snuff? I have with pain observed the snow-white surface of an handkerchief or apron sullied with the scatterings from the snuff-box; and whenever I see a lady thus besmeared with Scotch or Havannah, I consider her as no cleanlier than the kitchen wench scouring her brasses, and begrimmed with brickdust and fuller's earth. Housewifely accomplishments are at present seldom required in a well bred woman: or else I should little expect to find a wife in the least notable, who keeps up such a constant correspondence between her fingers and nose; nor, indeed would any one think her hands at all fit to be employed in making a pudding.

It should be remembered by the younger part of your fair readers, Mr. Town, that snuff is an implacable enemy to the complexion, which in time is sure to take a tinge from it: they should therefore be as cautious

of acquiring a sallow hue from this bane of a fair skin, as of being tanned or freckled by exposing their delicate faces to the scorching rays of the sun. Besides, as the nose has been always reckoned a principal ornament of the face, they should be as careful to preserve the beauty of it as of any other feature, and not suffer it to be undermined or bloated by so pernicious an application as snuff taking. For my own part, I should as soon admire a celebrated toast with no nose at all, as to see it prostituted to so vile a purpose. They should also consider, that the nose is situated very near the lips: and what relish can a lover find in the honey of the latter, if at the same time he is obliged to come into close contact with the dirt and rubbish of the former? Rather than snuff taking should prevail among the ladies, I could wish it were the fashion for them to wear rings in their noses, like the savage nations; nay, I would even carry it still farther, and oblige those pretty females, who could be still slaves to snuff, to have their nostrils bored through as well as their ears, and instead of jewels, to bear rolls of pigtail bobbing over their upper lips.

We cannot otherwise account for this fashion among the women, so unnatural to their sex, than that they want employment for their hands. It was formerly no disgrace for a young lady to be seen in the best company busied with her work: but a girl now-a-days would as soon be surprised in twirling a spinning-wheel, as in handling a thread paper. The fan or the snuff-box are now the only implements they dare to use in public: yet surely it would be much more becoming to have the fore finger pricked and scarified with the point of a needle, than to see it embrowned with squeezing togeher a filthy pinch of snuff. I am, Sir,

Your humble servant, &c.

T,

N° 33. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1754.

At tu sub urbe possides famem mundam,
Et turre ab altâ prospicis meras laurus;
Pictamque portas otiosus ad Villam
Olus, ova, pullos, poma, caseum, mustum
Rus hoc vocari debet, an domus longè?
MART.

A little country box you boast,
So neat, 'tis cover'd all with dust;
And nought about it to be seen,
Except a nettle-bed, that's green:
Your Villa! rural but the name in,
So desart, it would breed a famine.
Hither, on Sundays, you repair
While heaps of viands load the chair,
With poultry brought from Leaden-Hall,
And cabbage from the huxter's stall.
'Tis not the country, you must own;
'Tis only London out of town.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I Remember to have seen a little French novel, giving an account of a citizen of Paris making an excursion into the country. He imagines himself about to undertake a long voyage to some strange region, where the natives were as different from the inhabitants of his own city, as the most distant nations. He accordingly takes boat, and is landed at a village about a league from the capital. When he is set on shore, he is amazed to find the people talk the same language, wear the same dress, and use the same customs with himself. He, who had spent all his life within the

sight of Pont-Neuf, looked upon every one, who lived out of Paris, as a foreigner; and though the utmost extent of his travels was not three miles, he was as much surprised, as he would have been to meet with a colony of Frenchmen on the *Terra Incognita*.

Most of our late novels are, with some little variation of circumstances, borrowed from the French: but if we should endeavour to adapt the novel I have been speaking of to a citizen of London, the humour of the whole piece would evaporate, and the fiction become unnatural and improbable. A London tradesmen is as well acquainted with Turnham-Green or Kentish-Town, as Fleet-street or Cheapside, and talks as familiarly of Richmond or Hampton-Court as of the 'Change or the Custom-House. In your late paper, on the amusements of Sunday, you have set forth in what manner our citizens pass that day, which most of them devote to the country: but I wish you had been more particular in your descriptions of those elegant rural mansions, which at once shew the opulence and the taste of our principal merchants, mechanics, and artificers.

In these dusty retreats, where the want of London smoke is supplied by the smoke of Virginia tobacco, our chief citizens are accustomed to pass the end and the beginning of every week. Their boxes, (as they are modestly called,) are generally built in a row, to resemble as much as possible the streets in London. Those edifices which stand single, and at a distance from the road, have always a summer-house at the end of a small garden; which being erected upon a wall adjoining to the highway, commands a view of every carriage, and gives the owner an opportunity of displaying his best wig to every one that passes by. A little artificial fountain, spouting water sometimes to the amazing height of four feet, and in which frogs supply the want of fishes, is one of the most exquisite

ornaments in these gardens. There are besides (if the spot of ground allows sufficient space for them) very curious statues of Harlequin, Scaramouch, Pierrot, and Columbine, which serve to remind their wives and daughters of what they have seen at the play-house.

I went last Sunday, in compliance with a most pressing invitation from a friend, to spend the whole day with him at one of these little seats, which he had fitted up for his retirement once a week from business. It is pleasantly situated about three miles from London, on the side of a public road, from which it is separated by a dry ditch, over which is a little bridge consisting of two narrow planks, leading to the house. The hedge on the other side the road cuts off all prospect whatsoever, except from the garrets, from whence indeed you have a beautiful vista of two men hanging in chains on Kennington common, with a distant view of St. Paul's cupola enveloped in a cloud of smoke. I set out on my visit betimes in the morning, accompanied by my friend's book-keeper, who was my guide, and carried over with him the London Evening Post, his mistress's hoop, and a dozen of pipes, which they were afraid to trust in the chair. When I came to the end of my walk, I found my friend sitting at the door, in a black velvet cap, smoking his morning pipe. He welcomed me into the country; and after having made me observe the turnpike on my left and the Golden Wheatsheaf on my right, he conducted me into his house, where I was received by his lady, who made a thousand apologies for being catched in such a dishabille.

The hall (for so I was taught to call it) had it's white wall almost hid by a curious collection of prints and paintings. On one side was a large map of London, a plan and elevation of the Mansion-House, with several lesser views of the public buildings and halls; on the other was the Death of the Stag, by the happy

pencil of Mr. Henry Overton, finely coloured: close by the parlour door, there hung a pair of stag's horns, over which there was laid across a red roccelo and an amber-headed cane. When I had declared all this to be mighty pretty, I was shewn into the parlour, and was presently asked, who that was over the chimney piece. I pronounced it to be a very striking likeness of my friend, who was drawn bolt upright in a full-bottomed periwig, a laced cravat, with the fringed ends appearing through a button hole, a black livery-gown, a snuff-coloured velvet coat with gold buttons, a red velvet waistcoat trimmed with gold, one hand stuck in the bosom of his shirt, and the other holding out a letter with the superscription—To Mr. —— Common-Council-Man of Farringdon Ward Without. My eyes were then directed to another figure in a scarlet gown, who I was informed was my friend's wife's great great uncle, and had been sheriff and knighted in the reign of King James the First. Madam herself filled up a pannel on the opposite side, in the habit of a shepherdess, smelling to a nosegay, and stroking a ram with gilt horns.

I was then invited by my friend to see what he was pleased to call his garden, which was nothing more than a yard about thirty feet in length, and contained about a dozen little pots ranged on each side with lilies and coxcombs, supported by some old laths painted green, with bowls of tobacco-pipes on their tops. At the end of this garden he made me take notice of a little square building surrounded with filleroy, which he told me an alderman of great taste had turned into a temple, by erecting some battlements and spires of painted wood on the front of it; but concluded with an hint, that I might retire to it upon occasion.

After dinner, when my friend had finished his pipe, he proposed taking a walk, that we might enjoy a

little of the country: so I was obliged to trudge along the foot path by the road-side, while my friend went puffing and blowing, with his hat in his hand, and his wig half off his head. At last I told him it was time for me to return home, when he insisted on going with me as far as the half-way house, to drink a decanter of stingo before we parted. We here fell into company with a brother liveryman of the same ward, and I left them both together in an high dispute about Canning; but not before my friend had made me promise to repeat my visit to his country-house the next Sunday.

As the riches of a country are visible in the number of it's inhabitants and the elegance of their dwellings, we may venture to say, that the present state of England is very flourishing and prosperous; and if the taste for building increases with our opulence, for the next century, we shall be able to boast of finer country-seats belonging to our shop-keepers, artificers, and other plebeians, than the most pompous descriptions of Italy or Greece have ever recorded. We read, it is true, of country-seats belonging to Pliny, Hortensius, Lucullus, and other Romans. They were patricians of great rank and fortune: there can therefore be no doubt of the excellence of their villas. But who has ever read of a Chinese-bridge belonging to an Attic tallow-chandler or a Roman pastry-cook? or could any of their shoemakers or taylors boast a villa with it's tin cascades, paper statues, and Gothic root-houses? Upon the above principles we may expect, that posterity will perhaps see a cheesemonger's Apiarium at Brentford, a poulterer's Theriotrophium at Chiswick, and an Ornithon in a fishmonger's garden at Putney.

As a patriot and an Englishman I cannot but wish, that each successive century should encrease the opulence of Great Britain: but I should be sorry, that

this abundance of wealth should induce our good citizens to turn their thoughts too much upon the country. At present we are deprived of our most eminent tradesmen two days out of six. It is true, the shopkeeper and the travelling part of his family, consisting generally of himself, his wife, and his two eldest daughters, are seldom sufficiently equipped to take leave of London, till about three o'clock on Saturday in the afternoon; but the whole morning of that day is consumed in papering up cold chickens, bottling brandy-punch, sorting clean shifts, and night-caps for the children, pinning baskets, and cording trunks; as again is the whole afternoon of the Monday following in unpinning, uncording, locking up foul linen, and replacing empty bottles in the cellar. I am afraid therefore, if the villas of our future tradesmen should become so very elegant, that the shop-keepers will scarce ever be visible behind their counters above once in a month.

Yours, &c.

G. K.

N° 34. THURSDAY, SEPT. 19, 1754.

——— *Reprehendere coner,*
Quæ gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit.
HOR.

Whene'er he bellows, who but smiles at Quin,
And laughs when Garrick skips like Harlequin?

THE French have distinguished the artifices made use of on the stage to deceive the audience, by the

expression of *jeu de théâtre*, which we may translate "the juggle of the theatre." When these little arts are exercised merely to assist nature, and set her off to the best advantage, none can be so critically nice as to object to them; but when tragedy by these means is lifted into rant, and comedy distorted into buffoonry, though the deceit may succeed with the multitude, men of sense will always be offended at it. This conduct, whether of the poet or the player, resembles in some sort the poor contrivance of the ancients, who mounted their heroes upon stilts, and expressed the manners of their characters by the grotesque figures of their masks.

As the play-houses are now opened, I cannot better introduce the remarks which I may sometimes take occasion to make on the theatrical world, than by throwing together a few reflections on this "juggle of the theatre;" which at present I shall consider chiefly as it relates to the actors. And I hope to merit the thanks of those gentlemen, who while they are solicitous to acquire new beauties, should at the same time endeavour to unlearn their faults and imperfections.

We are indebted to the present times for a judicious reformation of the stage in point of acting: and (by the bye) I could wish, that the same good consequences had been produced with respect to our poets. If a perfect tragedy may be considered as the most difficult production of human wit, the same thing must hold in proportion with respect to an exact representation of it: for if it is necessary for the writer to work up his imagination to such a pitch as to fancy himself in the circumstances of the character he draws, what less must the actor do, who must look as the person represented would look, speak as he would speak, and be in every point the very man? The generation of players, that immediately preceded the

present, prided themselves on what they called fine speaking: the emotions of the soul were disregarded for a distinct delivery; and with them, as Mr. Johnson has observed of some tragic writers,

Declamation roar'd, while passion slept.

And, indeed, to this uninteresting taste for acting we may partly attribute that enervate way of writing so much in vogue among the Frenchified play-wrights of those times; since nothing could be so well suited to the mouths of those actors, as golden lines, round periods, florid descriptions, and a dispassionate amplification of sentiment.

The false majesty, with which our mimic heroes of the stage had been used to express themselves, was for a long time as distinguished a mark of tragedy, as the plumed hat and full-bottomed periwig; and we may remember, for example, when every line in Othello (a character remarkable for variety of passions) was drawn out in the same pompous manner. But as I mean to promote the art, rather than reprove the artists, I shall dwell on this no longer: for methinks I hear a veteran performer calling out to me in the voice of honest Jack Falstaff, "No more of that, if thou lovest me, Hal."

It is sufficient to remark that, as the dignity of the buskin would be degraded by talking in a strain too low and familiar, the manner of elocution in a tragedy should not, on the other hand, be more remote from our natural way of expressing ourselves, than blank verse (which is the only proper measure for tragedy) is from prose. Our present set of actors have, in general, discarded the dead insipid pomp applauded in their predecessors, and have wisely endeavoured to join with the poet in exciting pity and terror. But as many writers have mistaken rant for passion, and fustian for sublime, so our players have perhaps too much given into unnatural startings, roarings, and whinings. For

this reason our late writers (to accommodate their pieces to the present taste) having placed their chief pathos in exclamations and broken sentences, have endeavoured to alarm us with Ahs and Ohs, and pierce our souls with interjections. Upon the whole, it must be acknowledged, that the stage is considerably improved in the art of speaking. Every passion is now distinguished by it's proper tone of voice: I shall therefore only add, that when I hear a player laboriously placing an unnatural stress upon particular words, and panting with emphasis, I cannot help comparing him to the paviour, who at every thump of his rammer cries *hem*.

I have observed, that the tragedians of the last age studied fine speaking; in consequence of which, all their action consisted in little more than strutting with one leg before the other, and waving one or both arms in a continual see-saw. Our present actors have perhaps run into a contrary extreme: their gestures sometimes resemble those afflicted with St. Vitus's Dance; their whole frame appears to be convulsed; and I have seen a player in the last act so miserably distressed, that a deaf spectator would be apt to imagine he was complaining of the cholic or the tooth-ach. This has also given rise to that unnatural custom of throwing the body into various strange attitudes. There is not a passion necessary to be expressed, but has produced dispositions of the limbs not to be found in any of the paintings or sculptures of the best masters. A graceful gesture and easy deportment is, indeed, worthy the care of every performer: but when I observe him writhing his body into more unnatural contortions than a tumbler at Sadler's Wells, I cannot help being disgusted to see him "imitate humanity so abominably." Our pantomime authors have already begun to reduce our comedies into grotesque scenes; and if this taste for attitude should continue to be popular, I

would recommend it to those ingenious gentlemen, to adapt our best tragedies to the same use, and entertain us with the like jealousy of Othello in dumb shew, or the tricks of Harlequin Hamlet.

Before I dismiss this article, it may be expected that I should say something concerning the behaviour proper for our ladies. We must allow them on all occasions to roll the eye, stretch up the neck, heave the chest, and with a thousand little tricks set off their person, if not their part, to the most advantage. The pomp of the old stage has not yet been altogether reformed, either with respect to our heroines or our heroes. A weeping princess (though perhaps she is hurried on the stage with grief and despair) cannot 'ecently make her entrance without being led in between two mourning damsels in black; and an heroine must always be accompanied by one or more pages, to smooth her train when ruffled by passion. The hero now seldom sweats beneath the weight of a nodding plume of swan feathers, or has his face half hid with an enormous bush of white horse-hair: I could also wish (if possible) that the manager was saved the unnecessary expense of three yards of velvet for the trains of his Amazons; and that the chambermaids (as well as the militia of the theatres) were dismissed, and the pages, together with the dirty lords in waiting, blotted out of the mute Dramatis Personæ.

The mention of these particulars naturally reminds me, how far the juggle of the theatre is concerned in the affair of dress. Many will agree with me, that almost the only distress of the last act in the Fair Penitent arises from the pitiful appearance of Calista in weeds, with every thing hung in black baize about her; and the players are afraid we should lose sight of Hamlet's pretended madness, if the black stocking, discovering a white one underneath, was not rolled

half way down the leg. A propriety in dress is absolutely necessary to keep up the general deception; and a performer properly habited, who by his whole deportment enters deeply into the circumstances of the character he represents, makes us for a while fancy every thing before us real: but when, by some ill-judged piece of art, he departs from the simplicity of imitation, and "oversteps the modesty of nature," he calls us back to the theatre, and excites passions very different from those he aims at.

I cannot better illustrate what has been said on this last subject, than by giving instances of two artifices of this kind; one of which is employed (as I conceive) to raise pity, and the other terror.

When the Romeo of Drury-Lane comes to die at Juliet's monument, we are surprised to see him enter in a suit of black. This, I suppose, is intended as a stroke of the pathetic: but not to dwell on the poverty of the artifice, it is in this place a manifest violation of the poet's meaning. Romeo is supposed to come post from Mantua—"Get me post-horses, I will hence to-night"—so that if our Roscius must be so very exact in dressing the character, he should appear at the tomb in a riding frock and boots. But a mourning coat will excite pity, "and let the devil wear black, (says our Hamlet-Romeo,) for I'll have a suit of sables."—The same player, after having acted that noble scene in the second act of Macbeth, in so fine a manner, that one would almost imagine both the poet and player must have been murderers to represent one so well, goes out to execute the supposed murder. After a short space he returns as from the fact; but though the expression in his face is still remarkably excellent, one cannot but smile to observe, that he has been employing himself behind the scenes in putting his wig awry, and untying one of the ties to it. This doubtless is designed to raise terror; but to every discerning spec-

tator it must appear most absurdly ridiculous: for who can forbear laughing, when he finds that the player would have us imagine, that the same deed, which has thrown all that horror and confusion into his countenance, has also untwisted one of the tails of his periwig?

O.

N° 35. THURSDAY, SEPT. 26, 1754.

Facundi calices quem non fecere disertum!
HOR.

The fool sucks wisdom, as he porter sups,
And coblers grow fine speakers in their cups.

As I am willing to do every thing in my power to celebrate so illustrious a body as the Robin Hood Society, I have taken the first opportunity of laying the following letter before the public.

TO MR. TOWN.

Sir,

That part of your last paper, in which you considered the art of speaking as far as it regards theatrical performances, gives me reason to hope, that you will not overlook the merits of the Robin Hood Society, where that art is practised in it's greatest perfection. You would do well to recommend it to the gentlemen of the theatre to attend those weekly meetings for their improvement as soon as possible; and I dare say you will join with me in giving the same advice to the younger part of our clergy and our law-

yers, as well as our members of parliament. The stage, the pulpit, the bar, and the senate-house cannot furnish us with such glorious examples of the power of oratory, as are to be met with in this society; where the most important questions in every branch of knowledge are discussed, and where the disputants are all of them equally versed in religion, law, politics, and the drama.

The institution of this school of eloquence far exceeds any thing, that the ancients could boast. Every sect, that was known among the Grecians and Romans, has it's votaries here also. I have seen a tailor a Stoic, a shoemaker a Platonist, and a cook an Epicurean. They affect to entertain a profound veneration for Socrates, often preferring him to any of the apostles: though, instead of declaring with this wise philosopher, that they know nothing, the members of the Robin Hood Society profess to know every thing.

For my own part, I confess myself so charmed with their proceedings, that I constantly attend them: and when I see all their members assembled with each his pewter-mug before him, I cannot help preferring this social meeting to any ancient symposium whatever; and when I further observe them first take a swig, and then speak with such amazing force of argument, I am apt to conclude that truth, instead of being hid in a well, as was said by an old philosopher, must lie at the bottom of a tankard of porter.

There is no grace or excellence in oratory, but is displayed in the Robin Hood Society to the greatest advantage. Demosthenes being asked what was the first quality in an orator, replied—action; what the second,—action; what the third,—action. Upon this principle one of the members, for whom I have a vast respect, is the greatest orator that ever lived. He never troubles himself about the order or substance of what he delivers, but waves his hand, tosses his head,

abounds in several new and beautiful gestures, and from the beginning of his speech to the end of it, takes no care but to set it off with action. Tully tells us, that it is the business of an orator "to prove, delight, and convince." Proof and conviction our Society is always sure to give us: for else how could it ever come to pass, that so many young men should have learned from these disquisitions, that there is no God, that the soul is mortal, that religion is a jest, and many other truths, which they would otherwise never have discovered. The nature of their questions is also for the most part so entertaining, that the disputes about them cannot fail of giving delight: and there is a peculiarity in the oratory of the place, which greatly conduces to that end. The speakers do not always think themselves obliged to drive in the dull direct road to the point, but indulge themselves in a larger scope, that allows room for novelty and entertainment. When the question has been concerning the veracity of the Bible, I have known a gentleman get up, and beginning with William the Conqueror, give the audience an abstract of as many reigns, as his five minutes would allow him to dispatch. I lately remember the question to have been, "Whether a bridge from Black-friars to Southwark would be of public benefit;" when a facetious gentleman employed himself in demonstrating the great utility of the bridge of the nose, and the bridge of a fiddle. In a word, our orators are at once serious and comical; and they make gravity and mirth almost constantly attend each other, like their own Robin Hood and Little John. The solidity, and at the same time the smartness of their speeches, are equally remarkable. They pun with a grave face, and make quibbles and conundrums with the air of a philosopher. The writings of different authors have been compared to wines: but the orations delivered here can be resembled to nothing so properly as the liquors

of the Society; for while they are at once so weighty and so sharp, they seem to be an equal mixture of porter and lemonade.

It would be endless to enumerate the advantages resulting from this society; The wonderful improvement it has already made in our mechanics is very evident: It calls off our tradesmen from the practice of honesty in their common dealings, and sets them upon inquiries concerning right and wrong, and the moral fitness of things. The Spectator has told us of the rhetoric of a toyman: But you, Mr. Town, might acquaint posterity of the eloquence of bakers, barbers, carpenters, and blacksmiths: you may every day hear discourses on religion from the shopboard, and researches into philosophy from behind the counter. When you took notice of the want of learning in our people of quality, you ought in justice to have acknowledged the amazing erudition of our tradesmen. The plebeians of Rome were mere brutes to our common people; and I am of opinion, that the public room under that in which this weekly meeting is held, instead of being furnished with the busts of our English poets, should be adorned with the heads of the learned shoemakers, tallow-chandlers, bakers, &c. that constitute this excellent society.

We may venture to say, that the Royal Society and the Robin Hood are the two greatest ornaments of this nation: and as the former now and then gives us an account of their transactions, it were to be wished, that the fellows of the latter would also from time to time oblige us with an history of their proceedings. We should then see by what means so many proselytes have been made from bigotry and superstition; by what degrees a young disputant from a raw christian ripens into a Deist, from a Deist into a Free-thinker, and from a Free-thinker, (by a very short step) into an Atheist. We should also know the effect, that the

disputations at this weekly meeting have upon our lives and conversations; and from thence judge how much a design of this nature deserves public encouragement. I have here flung together a short account of some of the former members, and upon a review of it cannot but lament, that it seems to be the peculiar fate of great orators, such as Demosthenes and Tully for example, to come to an unhappy end.

Mat. Prig, a Merchant's Clerk, was converted from Christianity by the arguments which were brought against Revelation.

Aaron Ben Saddai was converted from the Jewish faith by the arguments brought against Moses and the Patriarchs.

Will. Positive was a strong Fatalist, and at the same time a vehement advocate for man's free-will. At last he gave a proof of his free agency by shooting himself through the head.

Jack Wildfire was convinced of the innocence of fornication, used to declaim against the absurd institution of matrimony, and at twenty-six died a batchelor in the Lock Hospital.

Solomon Square stood up for the religion of nature, and the immutable rule of right and wrong, in preference to the laws of the community. However, he was unfortunately detected in an attempt to carry off a silver tankard from the bar of the house, and was sent to propagate morality in foreign parts.

Bob Booty was a strict Hobbian, and maintained, that men were in a natural state of war with each other. He at last died a martyr to these principles, and now hangs on a gibbet on Hounslow Heath.

John Dismal, after having argued one night against the being of a God, and the immortality of the soul, went home, and was found the next morning hanging in his garters.

Thomas Broadcloth, Citizen and Mercer, was

very much admired for his speeches upon trade. After he had been in business for two years, he became bankrupt, and was indicted for felony in secreting his effects.

Richard Goosequill, attorney at law, was remarkable for his patriotism and the love of his country. He was convicted of bribery and corruption in a late election, in which he was employed as an agent.

Jeremy Crispin, Cordwainer, used constantly to attend the club for edification, though he was forced from time to time to pawn his own and his wife's clothes to raise the weekly six-pence for his admittance. In the space of three years he had been a Papist, a Quaker, an Anabaptist, a Jew, an Arian, a Socinian, a Mahometan, a Methodist, a Deist, and an Atheist. His wife and four children have been sent to the workhouse. He is at present confined in Bedlam, and calls himself the President of the Robin Hood Society.

I am, Sir,

O. Your humble servant, &c.

N° 36. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1754.

Non sic incerto mutantur flamine Syrtes,
Nec folia Hyberno jam tremefacta Noto.
PROPERT.

Our dress, still varying, nor to forms confin'd,
Shifts like the sands, the sport of ev'ry wind.

I Have somewhere seen a print, representing a man and woman of every nation in the world, drest according to the mode of their respective countries. I could not

help reflecting at the time that the fashions, which prevail in England for the space of a century, would enable any of our painters to fill a picture with as great a variety of habits; and that an Englishman or Englishwoman, in one part of the piece, would be no more like an Englishman or Englishwoman in the other, than a Frenchman resembles a Chinese. Very extraordinary revolutions have already happened in the habits of this kingdom; and as dress is subject to unaccountable changes, posterity may perhaps see without surprise our ladies strut about in breeches, while our men waddle in hoop-petticoats.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth, it was the fashion for the ladies to conceal and wrap up as much of their bodies as they could: Their necks were encompassed with a broad ruff, which likewise spread itself over their bosoms; and their sleeves were continued down and fastened close to their wrists, while only their feet were allowed just to peep from beneath the modest fardingale; so that nothing was exposed to the impertinent eye of man but their faces. Our modern ladies have run into the contrary extreme, and appear like so many rope-dancers: They have discarded as much of their clothes as with any tolerable decency can be thrown off, and may be said (like the Indian) to be all face: the neck and bosom are laid bare, and disentangled from the inviduous vail of an handkerchief; the stays are sunk half way down the waist, and the petticoat has risen in the same proportion from the ancle. Nor is the lover only captivated by the naked charms, which meet his sight before; but our ladies, like the Parthians, have also learned the art of wounding from behind, and attract our attention no less by laying their shoulders open to the view; which (as a young physician of my acquaintance once observed) makes them look, as if they were prepared to receive a blister. A naked lady is no longer the admi-

ration only of a masquerade: every public assembly will furnish us with Iphigenias undrest for the sacrifice; and if the next summer should happen to be an hot one, our ladies will perhaps improve on the thin vesture of the Spartan virgins, and appear abroad in nothing but a gause shade and lawn petticoat. If the men should take the hint from the other sex, and begin to strip in their turn, I tremble to think what may be the consequence: for, if they go on in proportion with the women, we may soon expect to see our fine gentlemen, like the Highlanders, without breeches.

It would be endless to trace the strange revolutions, that have happened in every part of the female dress within these few years. The hoop has been known to expand and contract itself from the size of a butter churn to the circumference of three hogsheads: at one time it was sloped from the waist in a pyramidical form; at another it was bent upwards like an inverted bow, by which the two angles, when squeezed up on each side, came in contact with the ears. At present it is nearly of an oval form, and scarce measures from end to end above twice the length of the wearer. The hoop has, indeed, lost much of its credit in the female world, and has suffered much from the innovation of short sacks and negligées; which, it must be confessed, are equally becoming to the lady of pleasure and the lady of quality: for as the men will agree, that next to no clothes at all nothing is more ravishing than an easy dishabille, our ladies for that reason perhaps come into public places, as if they were just got out of bed, or as if they were ready to go into it. This, while it is the fashion, must be agreeable: but I must own, that I could sooner approve of their encircling themselves in so many ells of whalebone, than to see them affect to appear with their clothes huddled on so loosely and indecently. This manner of dressing, or rather not dressing, was brought from Paris; but I

would have my fair readers consider, that as this loose method of dress is calculated to hide any defects in the body, it is very impolitic to suffer all that symmetry and elegant turn of shape they are mistresses of, to be smothered under it; since these habits can be of no more service to their persons, than paint (that other Paris commodity) can add to the natural red and white of their complexion, though perhaps it may heighten the sallow visages of the French.

But of all the branches of female dress no one has undergone more alterations than that of the head. The long lappets, the horse-shoe cap, the Brussels head, and the prudish mob pinned under the chin, have all of them had their day. The present mode has rooted out all these superfluous excrescences, and in the room of a slip of cambrick or lace has planted a whimsical sprig of spangles or artificial flowrets. We may remember, when for a while the hair was tortured into ringlets behind; at present it is braided into a queüe, (like those formerly worn by the men, and still retaining the original name of Ramillies) which, if it were not reverted upwards, would make us imagine, that our fine ladies were afflicted with the plica polonica.

If the caps have passed through many metamorphoses, no less a change has been brought about in the other coverings contrived for the head. The diminutive high-crowned hat, the bonnet, the hive, and the milkmaid's chip hat, were rescued for a time from old women and servant girls, to adorn heads of the first fashion. Nor was the method of cocking hats less fluctuating, till they were at length settled to the present mode; by which it is ordered, that every hat, whether of straw or silk, whether of the chambermaid or mistress, must have their flaps turned up perpendicularly both before and behind. If the end of a fine lady's dress was not rather ornamental than useful, we should

think it a little odd, that hats, which seem naturally intended to screen their faces from the heat or severity of the weather, should be moulded into a shape, that prevents their answering either of these purposes: but we must, indeed, allow it to be highly ornamental, as the present hats worn by the women are more bold and impudent than the broad brimmed staring Kevanhullers worn a few years ago by the men. These hats are also decorated with two waving pendants of ribband, hanging down from the brim on the left side. I am not so much offended at the flaming air, which these streamers carry with them, as I am afraid lest it should spoil the charming eyes of my pretty country-women, which are constantly provoked to cast a glance at them; and I have myself often observed an obliging ogle or ravishing leer intercepted by these mediums; so that, when a lady has intended to charm her lover, she has shocked him with an hideous squint.

The ladies have long been severely rallied on their too great attention to finery: but, to own the truth, dress seems at present to be as much the study of the male part of the world as the female. We have gentlemen, who "will lie a whole night (as Benedick says) carving the fashion of a new doublet." They have their toilettes too, as well as the ladies, set out with washes, perfumes and cosmetics; and will spend the whole morning in scenting their linen, dressing their hair, and arching their eyebrows. Their heads (as well as the ladies) have undergone various mutations, and have worn as many different kinds of wigs, as the block at their barber's. About fifty years ago they buried their heads in a bush of hair; and the beaux (as Swift says) "lay hid beneath the penthouse of a full bottomed perriwig." But as they then shewed nothing but the nose, mouth and eyes, the fine gentlemen of our time not only oblige us with their full faces,

but have drawn back the side curls quite to the tip of the ear.

As France appears to be the wardrobe of the world, I shall conclude my paper with a piece of secret history, which gives us some insight into the origin of deriving all our fashions from thence.——The celebrated Lord Foppington, among his other amours, had once an intrigue with a milliner of Covent-Garden, who after some time brought a lovely girl into the world, and called her after his lordship's surname, Fashion. The milliner brought up the child in her own house to the age of fifteen, at which time she grew very pressing with Lord Foppington to make some provision for his daughter. My lord, who was never much pleased with this consequence of his amours, that he might be rid of the girl for ever, put her into the hands of a friend, who was going abroad, to place her in a nunnery: but the girl, who had very little of the vestal in her disposition, contrived to escape from her conductor, and flew to Paris. There her beauty and sprightliness soon procured her many friends; and she opened a genteel shop in her mother's business. She soon made herself remarkable for contriving the most elegant head-dresses, and cutting out ruffles with the most ravishing slope: her fancy was besides so inexhaustible, that she almost every day produced a great variety of new and beautiful patterns. She had many adorers, and at last married his Most Christian Majesty's tailor. This alliance brought the dress of all Paris under their jurisdiction; and the young lady, out of a natural love to her native country, proposed the extending their care to the fine gentlemen and ladies of London. In pursuance of this, Monsieur her husband two or three times in the year, transmits a suit of clothes entirely *à la Paris* as a pattern to Messieurs Regnier and Lynch of Leicester-Fields and Pall-Mall,

while his wife sends over a little wooden Mademoiselle to her relations in Tavistock-Street.

T.

N° 37. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1754.

——— *Eja! sudabis satis,*
Si cum illo inceptas homine: ea eloquentia est!

TER.

By my troth you will sweat for it, if you once begin with this man: he has such amazing eloquence!

A Correspondent writes to me, that after having considered the art of speaking in the theatre, as also celebrated the practice of it in the Robin Hood Society, my remarks will not be complete, except I take notice of the extraordinary eloquence of the Clare-Market Orator. He desires me to remember, that this universal genius has from time to time declared from his rostrum with a thundering elocution,—" that there is but one orator in the world, and He is the man—that Sir Robert Walpole, and all the great men in the kingdom, have been his scholars—and that bishops have come to his oratory to learn to preach."

I have, indeed, observed with a good deal of concern, that the orator has of late discontinued to oblige the publick with his Sunday evening lectures as usual. Instead of seeing his Oratory Chapel shut up, I was in hopes, that every parish church in the kingdom would be opened on the same principles. How much more salutary were his tenets, setting forth the sufficiency of reason, than the cold doctrine of our clergy preaching up the necessity of faith! how superior was

his form of prayer to our whole liturgy, and how much better adapted to particular occasions!—"A Prayer for a sinking bridge!—Prayer for the White Rose!—Prayer for Jackson's Journal!—Prayer for the heads on Temple-Bar!"——In these pious addresses he would first invoke the Supreme Being in the most solemn manner; then suddenly slide into the familiar, and pray,—"that we might not hear the croaking of Dutch nightingales in the king's chambers;"—or on another occasion, "that our clergy might not study Shakspeare more than the gospel, and that they might be rather employed on the evangelists, than As you like it, or Much Ado about Nothing."

I cannot but likewise lament the loss of the entertainment, which his advertisements used to give us every Saturday in the news-papers. The terms in which they were commonly expressed were clear and elegant, and furnished the reader with an admirable idea of the Doctor's manner from the pulpit. For instance, when he told you his text was from Isaiah, and quoted these words "—Strt! 10 Jun! No Hnvr! Down with the Rmp!"—we might form a tolerable judgment of the great reverence he paid the Bible; and when he called his Assembly—"The Oratory—P. Charles's Chapel"—we might guess at his loyalty and patriotism. These were the advantages, which we derived from his Chapel; and if the Oratory remains shut, I shall begin to fear, that things will continue in their present shocking state; and that the scheme lately proposed in one of my papers for abolishing christianity will not take effect; at which I am more particularly concerned, as it will hinder the advancement of this great man. For, if such a revolution should happen in the church, the orator's principles would be found so entirely fundamental, that he would probably then hold some honourable station equal to our present Archbishop of Canterbury.

The public for these reasons will doubtless join with me in a petition, that this illustrious divine would again resume his station in the pulpit: at least I could wish, that some able theologist, who has been long practised in deciding on the most abstruse points of religion in the Robin Hood Society, may be deputed in the absence of the orator to officiate as his curate: I would also recommend it to the members of the above-mentioned Society to attend these lectures regularly; from whence they may gather stronger arguments for their disputations, than from reading Collins, Chubb, Tindale, Bolingbroke, or any other orthodox Free-thinker whatever. Upon the whole I cannot conclude without observing, that such is the ingratitude of the age, that the singular merits of our Orator are not sufficiently regarded. He is, indeed, deservedly caressed by the butchers of Clare Market: but had our Orator been born at Athens or Rome, he would certainly have been deified as the God of butchers, have been worshipped like Osiris under the figure of a calf, or have had a statue erected to him in the Forum or Market-place among the shambles.

Thus much I thought myself bound to say in praise of the Orator and Oratory, as he has some time ago done me the honour of a letter, which I am very glad of this opportunity to communicate to my readers. The private epistles of Tully are very unequal to his orations: but the following letter is in the very style and spirit of our Orator's animated discourses from the pulpit. I shall therefore present it to the public exactly as I received it, without presuming to alter or suppress the least syllable.

TO MR. BALDWIN AND MR. TOWN.

1754 July 26.

The liberty of the press, as you practise it, and your author, Mr. Town, (i. e. Mr. Nobody, for he dares not publish his name, and abode, nor confront one he abuses,) is the greatest of grievances ; it is the liberty of lying and slandering, and destroying reputations, to make your paper sell ; reputation is dearer than life, and your and your scribblers blood shall answer your scandal ;——You have published the Sc undrel's Dictionary, put his name and your own into it ; he and you have often bespattered the Orator and Oratory in Clare-market——the Oratory is not in Clare-market, which is in a different Parish ; so that, you and he lye :* and butchers are [seldom blotted out] never there ;——You both lye too in saying, that it is calculated (intended) for atheism and infidelity.——its religion is——the 'obligation of man to resemble the attributes of God to his power, by the practice of universal right reason ; believing christianity of Christ called reason the wisdom of God.—This is the reverse of atheism and infidelity——and blasphemy.'——

The writer of the following, who signs himself a Member of the Robin Hood Society, threatens me, that in case I do not print his letter immediately, the question "whether Mr. Town be a greater

* This reminds me of a similar defence made by Ward the doggrel-writer, whose genius for poetry was exactly of a piece with that of our Orator for prose compositions. Jacob, in his account of Ward, happened to say, that "of late years he had kept a public house in the city." This Mr. Ward highly resented ; and in a book, called Apollo's Maggot, declared it to be a Lye, protesting "that his public house was not in the City, but in Moor-Fields."

fool or a scoundrel," shall be debated at their next meeting.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I WOULD have you to know, that the person as sent you the account of our Club did not do right. He represents us all as a pack of tradesmen and mechanics, and would have you think as how there are no gentlemen among us. But that is not the case: I am a gentleman, and we have a great many topping people besides. Though Mr. President is but a baker, and we have a shoe maker, and some other handicraftsmen, that come to talk: yet I can assure you they know as much of religion and the good of their country, (and other such matters,) as any of we gentlemen. But, as I said, we have a good many topping folks beside myself: for there is not a night, but we have several young lawyers and counsellors, and doctors, and surgeons, and captains, and poets, and players, and a great many Irishmen and Scotchmen (very fine speakers) who follow no business; besides several foreigners, who are all of them great men in their own country. And we have one squire, who lives at t'other end of the town, and always comes in his chariot.

And so as I said, we have a good many tip-top people, as can talk as well as any of your play-folks or parsons: and as for my part every body knows that I am a lord's gentleman, and never was the man that wore a livery in my life. I have been of the Club more or less, off and on, for these six years, and never let a question pass me, Mr. President knows it: and though I say it that should not say it, I can talk (and so can any of our Club) as well as the best of you poets can write. And so as I said, I expect you will put it

in your paper, that we have a great many gentlemen in our Club besides myself.

Your humble servant,

T. JAMES WAIT.

N° 38. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1754.

——— *Equos ut qui mercantur.*———
HOR.

To have and hold for better and for worse,
We buy a wife, just as we buy a horse.

AT a certain coffee house near the Temple, the bar is kept by a pretty coquet; a piece of furniture almost as necessary for a coffee-room in that situation as the news-papers. This lady, you may be sure, has many admirers, who are now and then glad of an opportunity to relieve themselves from the severe study of the law by a soft conversation with this fair one, and repeating on the occasion all the tender things they can remember from plays, or whatever else Orgeat or Capillaire can inspire. Among the many pretenders to her favour there is one faithful swain, who has long entertained a serious passion for her. This tender hearted gentleman, who is grown so lean with living upon love, that one would imagine "the blasts of January would blow him through and through," comes every evening, and sits whole hours by the bar, gazing at his mistress, and taking in large draughts of love and hyson tea. Never was swain in such cruel circumstances. He is forced to bear with patience all the haughty insolence of the goddess of bread and butter; who, as she knows him in her power, keeps him at a distance,

though she behaves with the pertest familiarity to the other coxcombs, who are continually buzzing about her. At eleven he sneaks off pale and discontented; but cannot forbear coming again the next evening, though he knows how vilely he shall be used by his mistress, and that he is laughed at even by the waiters.

If all true lovers were obliged, like this unhappy gentleman, to carry on their courtships in public, we should be witness to many scenes equally ridiculous. Their awkward desire of pleasing influences every trivial gesture; and when once love as got possession of a man's heart, it shews itself down to the tips of his fingers. The conversation of a languishing inamorato is made up chiefly of dumb signs, such as sighs, ogles, or glances: but if he offers to break his passion to his mistress, there is such a stammering, faultering, and half wording the matter, that the language of love, so much talked of by poets, is in truth no language at all. Whoever should break in upon a gentleman and lady, while so critical a conversation is going forward, would not forbear laughing at such an extraordinary *tête à tête*, and would perhaps cry out with Ranger, that "nothing looks so silly as a pair of your true lovers."

Since true and sincere love is sure to make it's votaries thus ridiculous, we cannot sufficiently commend our present people of quality, who have made such laudable attempts to deliver themselves and posterity from its bondage. In a fashionable wedding the man or woman are neither of them considered as reasonable creatures, who come together in order to "comfort, love, cherish, honour or obey," according to their respective duties, but are regarded merely as instruments of joining one estate to another. Acre marries acre; and to increase and multiply their fortunes, is in genteel matches the chief consideration of man and wife. The courtship is carried on by the council of

each party; and they pay their addresses by billet-doux upon parchment. The great convenience of expelling love from matrimony is very evident: Married persons of quality are never troubled with each others company abroad, or fatigued with dull matrimonial discourses at home: My lord keeps his girl, my lady has her gallant; and they both enjoy all the fashionable privileges of wedlock without the inconveniences. This would never be the case, if there was the least spark of love subsisting between them; but they must be reduced to the same situation with those wretches, who (as they have nothing to settle on each other but themselves) are obliged to make up the deficiencies of fortune by affection. But while these miserable, fond, doating, unfashionable couples are obliged to content themselves with love and a cottage, people of quality enjoy the comforts of indifference and a coach and six.

The late Marriage Act is excellently adapted to promote this prudential proceeding with respect to wedlock. It will in time inevitably abolish the old system of founding matrimony on affection; and marrying for love will be given up for the sake of marrying according to act of parliament. There is now no danger of a handsome worthy young fellow of small fortune running away with an heiress; for it is not sufficient to insinuate himself into the lady's favour by a voluble tongue and a good person, unless he can also subdue the considerate parents or guardians by the merits of his rent-roll. As this act promotes the method of disposing of children by way of bargain and sale, it consequently puts an end to that ridiculous courtship, arising from simple love. In order therefore to confirm (as far as possible) the happy consequences of this act, I have been long endeavouring to hit on some expedient, by which all the circumstances preparatory to wedlock may be carried on in a proper manner. A Smithfield bargain being so com-

mon in metaphor, I had once some thoughts of proposing to realize it, and had almost completed a plan, by which all the young persons (like servant girls at a statute fair in the country) were to be brought to market, and disposed of in one part of Smithfield, while the sheep and horses were on sale in another.

In the midst of these serious considerations, I received a scheme of this nature from my good friend Mr. Keith, whose chapel the late marriage act has rendered useless on its original principles. This reverend gentleman, seeing that all husbands and wives are henceforward to be put to sale, proposes shortly to open his chapel on a more new and fashionable plan. As the ingenious Messieurs Henson and Bever have lately opened in different quarters of the town repositories for all horses to be sold by auction; Mr. Keith intends setting up a repository for all young males and females to be disposed of in marriage. From these studs (as the Doctor himself expresses it) a lady of beauty may be coupled to a man of fortune, and an old gentleman, who has a colt's tooth remaining, may match himself with a tight young filly.

The Doctor makes no doubt, but his chapel will turn out even more to his advantage on this new plan than on its first institution, provided he can secure his scheme to himself, and reap the benefits of it without interlopers from the fleet. To prevent his design being pirated, he intends petitioning the parliament, that as he has been so great a sufferer by the Marriage Act, the sole right of opening a repository of this sort may be vested in him, and that his place of residence in May-Fair may still continue the grand mart for marriages. Of the first day of sale proper notice will be given in the public papers; and in the mean time I am desired to communicate the following specimen to my readers.

CATALOGUE *of Males and Females, to be disposed of in Marriage to the best Bidder, at Mr. Keith's Repository in May-Fair.*

A LADY of quality, very high blood; related by the mother's side to a peer of France; her dam came from one of the oldest families in Wales, and her great great great grandsire was brought over with William the Conqueror. Fit to go in a coach and six, and proper for any rich tradesman, who is desirous to mend the breed. Her lowest price to prevent trouble, is 500l. per ann. pin-money, and a proportionable jointure.

A Young Lady of 100,000l. fortune—to be bid for by none under the degree of peers, or a commoner of at least treble the income.

An homely thing that can read, write, cast accounts, and make an excellent pudding.——This lot to be bid for by none but shop-keepers or country parsons.

Three Maiden Ladies—Aged—to be bid for by none but stout young fellows of six foot, sound wind and limb, and without blemish.

Four Widows, young and rich—to be bid for by none but things of mettle and high blood.

The Daughter of a country Squire—the father of this Lady came to town to sell a yoke of oxen at Smithfield, and a load of hay in the Hay-Market. Whoever buys them shall have the lady into the bargain.

A Methodist Lady, relict of a Knight deceased within this twelve-month—would be a good bargain to any handsome young gentleman, who would comfort her in the spirit.

A very pretty Young Woman, but a good deal in debt—would be glad to marry a Member of Parliament, or a Jew.

An handsome Housekeeper, just come out of the country—would do for any private gentleman. She has been used to go in a one-horse-chair, and is fit for a citizen's service on a Sunday.

A tall Irishman, warranted sound, lately in the po session of a lady dowager. The reason of his bei sold, is that the owner (who is married) has no furth use for him.

A Blood of the first rate, very wild, and has r loose all his life, but is now broke, and will prove ve tractable.

An Hackney Writer, troubled with the farc broken-winded, and very poor——would be glad be released from his present master, a bookseller, ar bear the less grievous yoke of matrimony. Whoev will take him into feeding shall have his Pegasus int the bargain.

A Young Ward, now in training at Eton schoo ——The guardian is willing to part with him to an lady for a round sum of money.——If not sold, h will be sent into the country, and matched with hi guardian's daughter.

Five Templars—all Irish—No one to bid for thes lots of less than 10,000l. fortune.

Wanted—four dozen of young fellows, and on dozen of young women willing to marry to advantag —to go to Nova Scotia.

W.

N° 39. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1754.

———— *Sepulchri*
Mitte supervacuos honores.
HOR.

These but the trappings and the signs of woe.
SHAKSPEARE.

AS I was passing the other night through a narrow little lane in the skirts of the city, I was stopped by a grand procession of an herse and three mourning-coaches drawn by six horses, accompanied with a great number of flambeaus and attendants in black. I naturally concluded, that all this parade was employed to pay the last honours to some eminent person, whose consequence in life required, that his ashes should receive all the respect, which his friends and relations could pay them: But I could not help smiling, when upon enquiry I was told, that the corpse (on whom all this expence had been lavished) was no other than Tom Taster the cheese-monger, who had lain in state all the week at his house in Thames-street, and was going to be deposited with his ancestors in White-Chapel burying-ground. This illustrious personage was the son of a butcher in White-Chapel, and died, indeed, but in indifferent circumstances; his widow, however, for the honour of her family, was resolved at all events to bury him handsomely.

I have already taken notice of that ridiculous affectation among the middling sort of people, which induces them to make a figure beyond their circumstances: Nor is this vanity less absurd, which extends to the

dust, and by which the dead are made accessary in robbing the living. I have frequently known a greater sum expended at the funeral of a tradesman, than would have kept his whole family for a twelve-month; and it has more than once happened, that the next heir has been flung into gaol for not being able to pay the undertaker's bill.

This absurd notion of being handsomely buried has given rise to the most contradictory customs, that could possibly be contrived for the advantage of death hunters. As funerals are at present conducted, all distinction is lost among us; and there is no more difference between the duke and the dancing-master in the manner of their burial, than is to be found between their dust in the grave. It is easy to account for the introduction of the herse and mourning-coach in our funeral ceremonies; though their propriety is entirely destroyed by the promiscuous use of them. Our ancient and noble families may be supposed to have particular family-vaults near their mansion-houses in the country, and in which their progenitors have been deposited for ages. It is therefore very natural, that persons of distinction, who had been used to be conveyed to their country-seats by a set of horses, should be also transported to their graves by the same number; and be attended with the same magnificence at their deaths, which they had been accustomed to in their lives. The spirit of affecting the manners of the great has made others vie with people of quality in the pomp of their burials: A tradesman, who has trudged on foot all his life, shall be carried after death, scarce a hundred yards from his house, with the equipage and retinue of a lord; and the plodding cit, whose ambition never soared beyond the occasional one-horse chair, must be dragged to his long home by six horses. Such an ill-timed ostentation of grandeur appears to me no less ridiculous than the vanity of the highwayman,

who sold his body to the surgeons, that he might hire a mourning-coach, and go to the gallows like a gentleman.

There is another custom, which was doubtless first introduced by the great, but has been since adopted by others, who have not the least title to it. The herald's office was originally instituted for the distinction and preservation of gentility; and nobody is allowed to bear a coat of arms, but what belongs to the family, and who is intitled to that honourable badge. From this consideration we may account for the practice of hanging the herse round with escutcheons, on which the arms of the deceased were blazoned, and which served to denote whose ashes it conveyed. For the same purpose an atchievement was afterwards fixed over the door of the late habitation of the deceased. This ensign of death may fairly be indulged, where the persons are ennobled by their birth or station, and where it serves to remind the passer-by of any great or good actions performed by the deceased, or to inspire the living with an emulation of their virtues. But why, forsooth, cannot an obscure or insignificant creature go out of the world, without advertising it by the atchievement? For my part, I generally consider it as a bill on an empty house, which serves the widow to acquaint us, that the former tenant is gone, and that another occupyer is wanted in his room. Many families have, indeed, been very much perplexed in making out their right to this mark of gentility, and great profit has arisen to the herald's office by the purchase of arms for this purpose. Many a worthy tradesman of plebeian extraction has been made a gentleman after his desease by the courtesy of his undertaker; and I once knew a keeper of a tavern, who not being able to give any account of his wife's genealogy, put up his sign, the King's Arms, for an atchievement at her death.

It was the custom, in the time of the plague, to fix a mark on those houses, in which any one had died. This probably may have given rise to the general fashion of hanging up an atchievement. However this be, it is now designed as a polite token, that a death has happened in the family; and might reasonably be understood as a warning to keep people from intruding on their grief. No such thing is, indeed, intended by it; I am therefore of opinion, that it ought every where to be taken down after the first week. Whatever outward signs of mourning may be preserved, no regard is ever paid to them within: the same visitings, the same card-playings, are carried on as before; and so little respect is shewn to the atchievement, that if it happens (as it often does) to intersect one of the windows in the grand apartment, it is occasionally removed, whenever the lady dowager has a route or drum-major.

This naturally leads me to consider how much "the customary suits of solemn black," and the other "trappings and signs of woe," are become a mere farce and matter of form only. When a person of distinction goes out of the world, not only the relations, but the whole household, must be clothed in sable. The kitchen-wench scours her dishes in crape, and the helper in the stables rubs down his horses in black leather breeches. Every thing must put on a dismal appearance: even the coach must be covered and lined with black. This last particular, it is reasonable to imagine, is intended (like a death's head on the toilet) to put the owner constantly in mind, that the pomp of the world and all gay pursuits are but vain and perishable. Yet what is more common, than for these vehicles to wait at the doors of the theatres, the opera-house, and other public places of diversion? Those, who are carried in them, are as little affected by their dismal appearance, as the horses that draw

them; and I once saw with great surprise a harlequin, a scaramouch, a shepherdess, and a black satin devil, get into a mourning-coach to go to a jubilee masquerade.

If I should not be thought to lay too much stress on the lesser formalities observed in mourning, I might mention the admirable method of qualifying the melancholy hue of the mourning-ring, by enlivening it with the brilliancy of a diamond. I knew a young lady, who wore on the same finger a ring set round with death's heads and cross marrow-bones for the loss of her father, and another prettily embellished with burning hearts pierced through with darts, in respect to her lover. But what I most of all admire is the ingenious contrivance, by which persons spread the tidings of the death of their relations to the most distant parts, by means of black-edged paper and black sealing wax. If it were possible to inspect the several letters that bear about them these external tokens of grief, I believe we should hardly ever find the contents of the same gloomy complexion: a merry tale, or an amorous *billet-doux*, would be much oftner found to be conveyed under these dismal passports, than doleful lamentations or reflections on mortality: and, indeed these mock signs of woe are so little attended to, that a person opens one of these letters with no more concern, than is felt by the postman who brings it.

We cannot suppose, that black edged paper was ever intended to be defiled by vulgar hands, but was contrived, like gilt paper, for the use of the polite world only. But alas! we must always be aping the manners of our betters. My agent sends me letters about business upon gilt paper; and a stationer near the Change tells me, that he not only sells a great quantity of mourning paper to the citizens, but that he has lately blacked the edges of the shop-books for several tradesmen. My readers must have seen an elegant kind of paper, imported from France for the

use of our fine ladies and gentlemen. An acquaintance of mine has contrived a new sort of mourning paper on the same plan: and as the margin of the other is prettily adorned with flowers, true lovers knots, little Cupids, and amorous posies in red ink: he intends, that the margin of his paper shall be dismally stamped in black ink with the figures of tomb-stones, hour-glasses, bones, skulls, and other emblems of death, to be used by persons of quality, when in mourning.

T.

N° 40. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1754.

Periculosæ plenum opus aleæ.
HOR.

Curst be the wretch, enslav'd to such a vice,
Who ventures life and soul upon the dice.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

YOUR frequent ridicule of the several branches of gaming has given me great pleasure: I could only wish, that you had completed the design by drawing at large the pourtrait of a gamester. This, since you omitted it, I have ventured to undertake; and while your papers on this subject serve as a counter-treatise to that of Hoyle on Whist, Hazard, &c. my rough draught of the professors of those arts may tend to illustrate the work, and stand as properly in the frontispiece as the Knave of Clubs at the door of a cardmaker.

The whole tribe of gamesters may be ranked under two divisions: Every man, who makes carding,

dicing, and betting his daily practice, is either a dupe or a sharper, two characters equally the objects of envy and admiration. The dupe is generally a person of great fortune and weak intellects,

> " Who will as tenderly be led by th' nose,
> " As asses are." SHAKSPEARE.

He plays, not that he has any delight in cards or dice, but because it is the fashion; and if whist or hazard are proposed, he will no more refuse to make one at the table, than among a set of hard drinkers he could object drinking his glass in turn, because he is not dry.

There are some few instances of men of sense, as well as family and fortune, who have been dupes and bubbles. Such an unaccountable itch of play has seized them, that they have sacrificed every thing to it. and have seemed wedded to seven's the main, and the odd trick. There is not a more melancholy object than a gentleman of sense thus infatuated. He makes himself and family a prey to a gang of villains more infamous than highwaymen; and perhaps, when his ruin is completed, he is glad to join with the very scoundrels that destroyed him, and live upon the spoils of others, whom he can draw into the same follies that proved so fatal to himself.

Here we may take a survey of the character of a sharper; and that he may have no room to complain of foul play, let us begin with his excellencies. You will perhaps be startled, Mr. Town, when I mention the excellencies of a sharper; but a gamester, who makes a decent figure in the world, must be endued with many amiable qualities, which would undoubtedly appear with great lustre, were they not eclipsed by the odious character affixed to his trade. In order to carry on the common business of his profession, he must be a man of quick and lively parts, attended with a stoical calmness of temper, and a constant presence of mind. He must smile at the loss of thousands; and is

not to be discomposed, though ruin stares him in the face. As he is to live among the great, he must not want politeness and affability; he must be submissive, but not servile; he must be master of an ingenuous liberal air, and have a seeming openness of behaviour.

These must be the chief accomplishments of our hero: but lest I should be accused of giving too favourable a likeness of him, now we have seen his outside, let us take a view of his heart. There we shall find avarice the main spring, that moves the whole machine. Every gamester is eaten up with avarice; and when this passion is in full force, it is more strongly predominant than any other. It conquers even lust; and conquers it more effectually than age. At sixty we look at a fine woman with pleasure; but when cards and dice have engrossed our attention, women and all their charms are slighted at five and twenty. A thorough gamester renounces Venus and Cupid for Plutus and Ames-ace, and owns no mistress of his heart except the Queen of Trumps. His insatiable avarice can only be gratified by hypocrisy; so that all those specious virtues already mentioned, and which, if real, might be turned to the benefit of mankind, must be directed in a gamester towards the destruction of his fellow creatures. His quick and lively parts are only to instruct and assist him in the most dextrous method of packing the cards and cogging the dice; his fortitude, which enables him to lose thousands without emotion, must often be practised against the stings and reproaches of his own conscience; and his liberal deportment and affected openness is only to recommend and conceal the blackest villainy.

It is now necessary to take a second survey of his heart; and as we have seen its vices, let us consider its miseries. The covetous man, who has not sufficient courage or inclination to encrease his fortune by bets, cards, or dice, but is contented to hoard up his thou-

sands by thefts less public, or by cheats less liable to uncertainty, lives in a state of perpetual suspicion and terror; but the avaritious fears of the gamester are infinitely greater. He is constantly to wear a mask; and like Monsieur St. Croix, coadjutor to that famous *empoisonneuse*, Madame Brinvillier, if his mask falls off, he runs the hazard of being suffocated by the stench of his own poisons. I have seen some examples of this sort not many years ago, at White's. I am uncertain, whether the wretches are still alive; but if they are, they breath like toads under ground, crawling amidst old walls, and paths long since unfrequented.

But supposing that the sharper's hypocrisy remains undetected, in what a state of mind must that man be, whose fortune depends upon the insincerity of his heart, the disingenuousness of his behaviour, and the false bias of his dice? What sensations must he suppress, when he is obliged to smile, although he is provoked; when he must look serene in the height of despair; and when he must act the Stoic, without the consolation of one virtuous sentiment, or one moral principle? How unhappy must he be even in that situation, from which he hopes to reap most benefit;—I mean, amidst stars, garters, and the various herds of nobility? Their lordships are not always in a humour for play: they choose to laugh; they choose to joke; in the mean while our hero must patiently await the good hour, and must not only join in the laugh, and applaud the joke, but must humour every turn and caprice, to which that set of spoiled children, called bucks of quality, are liable. Surely his brother Thicket's employment, of sauntering on horseback in the wind and rain till the Reading coach passes through Smallberry Green, is the more eligible, and no less honest occupation.

The sharper has also frequently the mortification of

being thwarted in his designs. Opportunities of fraud will not for ever present themselves. The false die cannot be constantly produced, nor the packed cards perpetually be placed upon the table. It is then our gamester is in the greatest danger. But even then, when he is in the power of fortune, and has nothing but mere luck and fair play on his side, he must stand the brunt, and perhaps give away his last guinea, as coolly as he would lend a nobleman a shilling.

Our hero is now going off the stage, and his catastrophe is very tragical. The next news we hear of him is his death, atchieved by his own hand, and with his own pistol. An inquest is bribed, he is buried at midnight, and forgotten before sun-rise.

These two pourtraits of a sharper, wherein I have endeavoured to shew different likenesses in the same man, puts me in mind of an old print, which I remember at Oxford, of Count Guiscard. At first sight he was exhibited in a full-bottom wig, an hat and feather, embroidered clothes, diamond buttons, and the full court-dress of those days: but by pulling a string, the folds of the paper were shifted, the face only remained, a new body came forward, and Count Guiscard appeared to be a devil.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

M. N.

N° 41. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1754.

Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer. ———

HOR.

Gownsmen with jockeys hold an equal place,
Learn'd in the turf, and students of the race.

MR. VILLAGE TO MR. TOWN.

DEAR COUSIN,

THE following letter, occasioned by the late races at Newmarket, and written by a fellow-commoner of King's College, Cambridge, to a friend in London, fell into my hands by accident. The writer, if we may judge by his style and manner, is really, according to the modern phrase, a genius. As I look upon his epistle to be a very curious original, I cannot help demanding for it a place in your paper, as well as for the remarks which I have taken the liberty to subjoin to it.

To JOHN WILDFIRE, *Esq. to be left at Mrs.* DOUGLAS'S, *Covent-Garden, London.*

DEAR JACK! October 10, 1754.

I WAS in hopes I should have met you at Newmarket races; but to say the truth, if your luck had turned out so bad as mine, you did better to stay away. Dick Riot, Tom Lowngeit, and I went together to Newmarket the first day of the meeting. I was mounted on my little bay mare, that cost me thirty guineas in the North. I never crossed a better

tit in my life; and if her eyes stand, as I dare say they will, she will turn out as tight a little thing as any in England. Then she is as fleet as the wind. Why, I raced with Dick and Tom all the way from Cambridge to Newmarket: Dick rode his roan gelding, and Tom his chesnut mare, (which, you know, have both speed) but I beat them hollow. I cannot help telling you, that I was dressed in my blue riding-frock with plate-buttons, with a leather belt round my waist, my jemmy turn-down boots made by Tull, my brown scratch bob, and my hat with the narrow silver-lace cocked in the true sporting taste: so that altogether I don't believe there was a more *knowing* figure upon the course. I was very flush too, Jack; for Michaelmas-day happening damn'd luckily just about the time of the races, I had received fifty guineas for my quarterage. As soon as I came upon the course, I met with some jolly bucks from London. I never saw them before; however, we were soon acquainted, and I took up the odds: but I was damnably let in, for I lost thirty pieces slap the first day. The day or two after I had no remarkable luck one way or the other; but at last I laid all the cash I had left upon Lord March's Smart, who lost, you know; but between you and me, I have a great notion Tom Marshall rode booty. However, I had a mind to push my luck as far as I could; so I sold my poor little mare for twelve pieces, went to the coffee-house, and left them all behind me at the gaming-table; and I should not have been able to have got back to Cambridge that night, if Bob Whip of Trinity had not taken me up into his phaeton. We have had a round of dinners at our rooms since; and I have been drunk every day to drive away care. However I hope to recruit again soon: Frank Classic of Pembroke has promised to make me out a long catalogue of Greek books; so I will write directly to old Square-toes,

send him the list, tell him I have taken them up, and draw on him for money to pay the bookseller's bill. Then I shall be rich again, Jack; and perhaps you may see me at the Shakspeare by the middle of next week; till when, I am,

Dear Jack, yours,

T. FLAREIT.

I have often lamented the narrow plan of our University Education, and always observe with pleasure any attempts to enlarge and improve it. In this light I cannot help looking on Newmarket as a judicious supplement to the University of Cambridge, and would recommend it to the young students to repair duly thither twice a year. By these means they may connect the knowledge of polite life with study, and come from college as deeply versed in the genteel mysteries of Gaming, as in Greek, Latin, and the Mathematics. Attending these solemnities must, indeed, be of great service to every rank of students. Those, who are intended for the church, have an opportunity of tempering the severity of their character, by a happy mixture of the jockey and clergyman. I have known several, who by uniting these opposite qualifications, and meeting with a patron of their own disposition, have rode themselves into a living in a good sporting country; and I doubt not, if the excursions of gownsmen to Newmarket meet with the encouragement they deserve, but we shall shortly see the Beacon Course crowded with ordained sportsmen in short cassocks. As to the fellow-commoners, I do not see how they can pass their time more profitably. The sole intention of their residence at the University is, with most of them, to while away a couple of years, which they cannot conveniently dispose of otherwise. Their rank exempts them from the common drudgery of lectures and exercises; and the Golden Tuft, that

adorns their velvet caps, is at once a badge of honour and an apology for ignorance. But as some of these gentlemen, though they never will be scholars, may turn out excellent jockeys, it is but justice to let them carry some kind of knowledge away with them; and as they can never shine as adepts in Sir Isaac Newton's philosophy, or critics on Homer and Virgil, we should suffer them to make a figure as arbiters of the course, and followers of Aaron and Driver.

I am the more earnest on this occasion, because I look upon Races as a diversion, peculiarly adapted to a University, and founded upon classical principles. Every author, who has mentioned the Ancient Games, includes the Race, and describes it with great dignity. This Game was always celebrated with great pomp, and all the people of fashion of those days were present at it. In the twenty-third Iliad in particular, there is not only a dispute at the Race, but a bet proposed in as express terms as at Newmarket. The wager offered, indeed, is a goblet, which is not entirely in the manner of our modern sportsmen, who rather choose to melt down their plate into the current specie, and bring their sideboards to the course in their purses. I am aware also, that the Races celebrated by the ancients were Chariot-Races: but even in these our young students of the University have great emulation to excell: There are among them many very good coachmen, who often make excursions in those noble vehicles, with great propriety called Phaetons, and drive with as much fury along the road, as the charioteers in the Ancient Game flew towards the goal. In a word, if we have not such noble Odes on this occasion as were produced of old, it is not for want of a Theron but a Pindar.

The advices, which I have at several times received of the influence of the Races at Newmarket on the University, give me great pleasure. It has not only

improved the behaviour of the students, but enlarged their plan of study. They are now very deeply read in Bracken's Farriery and the Complete Jockey, know exactly how many stone they weigh, and are pretty competent judges of the odds. I went some time ago to visit a fellow-commoner, and when I arrived at his chambers, found the door open, but my friend was not at home. The room was adorned with Seymour's prints of horses neatly framed and glazed; a hat and whip hung on one hook, a pair of boots on another, and on the table lay a formidable Quarto, with the Sportsman's Calendar by Reginald Heber, Esq. I had the curiosity to examine the book; and as the college is remarkable for the study of philosophy, I expected to see Newton's Principia, or perhaps Sanderson's Algebra: but on opening it, this huge volume proved to be a pompous edition of Gibson's Treatise on the Diseases of Horses.

These indeed are noble studies, will preserve our youth from pedantry, and make them men of the world. Men of genius, who are pleased with the theory of any art, will not be contented till they arrive at the practice. I am told, that the young gentlemen often try the speed of the Cambridge nags on the Beacon Course, and that several hacks are at present in training. I have often wondered, that the gentlemen, who form the club at Newmarket, never reflected on their neighbourhood to Cambridge, nor established (in honour of it) an University Plate, to be run for by Cambridge hacks, rode by young gentlemen of the University. A hint of this kind will certainly be sufficient to have this laudable design put in practice the very next meeting; and I cannot help reflecting on this occasion, what an unspeakable satisfaction it must be to those persons of quality, who are constantly at Newmarket, to see their sons

cherish the same noble principles with themselves, and act in imitation of their example.

"Go on, brave youths! till in some future age
Whips shall become the senatorial badge;
Till England see her jockey senators
Meet all at Westminster in boots and spurs;
See the whole house, with mutual frenzy mad.
Her patriots all in leathern breeches clad;
Of bets, not taxes, learnedly debate,
And guide with equal reins a steed and state."

WARTON'S NEWMARKET.

N° 42. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1754.

—— *Sermonum stet honos, et gratia vivax*

HOR.

What energy and grace adorns our tongue!
Sweet as the *Roman*, as the *Grecian* strong!

A Friend of mine lately gave me an account of a set of gentlemen, who meet together once a week under the name of The English Club. The title, with which they dignify their Society, arises from the chief end of their meeting, which is to cultivate their Mother Tongue. They employ half the time of their assembling in hearing some of our best Classics read to them, which generally furnishes them with conversation for the rest of the evening. They have instituted annual festivals in honour of Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, &c. on each of which an oration, interspersed with encomiums on the English language, is spoken in praise of the author, who (in the phrase of the alma-

nack) gives the red letter to the day. They have also established a fund, from which handsome rewards are allotted to those, who shall supply the place of any exotic terms, that have been smuggled into our language, by homespun British words equally significant and expressive. An order is also made against importing any contraband phrases into the Club, by which heavy fines are laid on those, who shall have any modish barbarisms found upon them: whether they be foreign words, ancient or modern, or any cant terms coined by The Town for the service of the current year.

The whole account, which I received from my friend, gave me great satisfaction: and I never remember any society, that met together on such commendable principles. Their proceedings, it must, however, be confessed, are somewhat unfashionable; for the English Tongue is become as little the general care as English Beef, or English Honesty. Young gentlemen are obliged to drudge at school for nine or ten years, in order to scrape together as much Greek and Latin, as they can forget during their tour abroad; and have commonly at the same time a private master to give them French enough to land them with some reputation at Calais. This is to be sure very prudent as well as genteel. Yet some people are perverse enough to imagine, that to teach boys a foreign language, living or dead, without at the same time grounding them in their Mother Tongue, is a very preposterons plan of education. The Romans, though they studied at Athens, directed their studies to the benefit of their own country, and though they read Greek, wrote in Latin. There are at this day in France Academies established for the support and preservation of the French language: and perhaps, if to the present Professorships of Hebrew and Greek, there should be added a Professorship of the English

language, it would be no disgrace to our learned Universities.

When we consider, that our language is preferable to most, if not all others now in being, it seems something extraordinary, that any attention should be paid to a foreign tongue that is refused to our own, when we are likely to get so little by the exchange. But when we reflect further on the remarkable purity, to which some late authors have brought it, we are still more concerned at the present neglect of it. This shameful neglect I take to be owing chiefly to these two reasons; the false pride of those who are esteemed men of learning, and the ridiculous affectation of our fine gentlemen, and pretenders to wit.

In complaisance to our fine gentlemen, who are themselves the allowed standards of politeness, I shall begin with them first. Their conversation exactly answers the description, which Benedick gives of Claudio's: "their words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes." These dishes too are all French; and I do not know, whether their conversation does not a good deal depend on their bill of fare; and whether the thin meagre diet, on which our fine gentlemen subsist, does not in some measure take away the power of that bold articulation, necessary to give utterance to manly British accents: whence their conversation becomes so "fantastical a banquet," and every sentence they deliver is almost as heterogeneous a mixture as a salmagundy. A fashionable coxcomb now never complains of the vapours, but tells you that he is very much *ennuyée*:—he does not affect to be genteel but *degagée*:—nor is he taken with an elegant simplicity in a beautiful countenance, but breaks out in raptures on a *je ne scay quoi*, and a certain *naiveté*. In a word, his head as well as his heels is entirely French; and he is a thorough *petit maitre* in his language as well as beha-

viour. But notwithstanding all this, I do not know, whether the conversation of our pretenders to wit is not still more barbarous. When they talk of Humbug, &c. they seem to be jabbering in the uncouth dialect of the Huns, or the rude gabble of the Hottentots: or if their words are at all allied to the language of this country, it probably comes nearest to the strange cant said to be in use among housebreakers and highwaymen; and if their jargon will bear any explanation, the curious are most likely to meet with it in a polite vocabulary, lately published under the title of the Scoundrel's Dictionary.

Many, who are accounted men of learning, if they do not join with fops and coxcombs to corrupt our language, at least do very little to promote it, and are sometimes very indifferently acquainted with it. There are many persons of both our Universities, who can decypher an old Greek manuscript, and construe Lycophron extempore, who scarce know the idiom of their own language, and are at a loss how to dispatch a familiar letter with tolerable facility. These gentlemen seem to think, that learning consists merely in being versed in languages not generally understood. But it should be considered, that the same genius, which animated the ancients, has dispensed at least some portion of it's heat to later ages, and particularly to the English. Those, who are really charmed with Homer and Sophocles, will hardly read Shakspeare and Milton without emotion; and if I was inclined to carry on the parallel, I could perhaps mention as many great names as Athens ever produced. The knowledge of Greek, Latin, &c. is certainly very valuable; but this may be attained without the loss of their Mother Tongue: for these reverend gentlemen should know, that languages are not like preferments in the church, too many of which cannot be held together.

This great neglect of our own tongue is one of the principal reasons, that we are so seldom favoured with any publications from either of our Universities, which we might expect very often, considering the great number of learned men who reside there. The press being thus deserted by those, who might naturally be expected to support it, falls to the care of a set of illiterate hirelings, in whose hands it is no wonder if the language is every day mangled, and should at last be utterly destroyed. Writing is well known to be at present as much a trade as any handicraft whatever; and every man, who can vamp up any thing for present sale, though void of sense or syntax, is listed by the bookseller as an author. But allowing all our present writers to be men of parts and learning, (as there are doubtless some who may be reckoned so) is it probable that they should exert their abilities to the utmost, when they do not write for fame, like the ancients, but as a means of subsistence? If Herodotus and Livy had sold their histories at so much a sheet, and all the other Greek and Latin Classics had written in the same circumstances with many modern authors, they would hardly have merited all that applause they so justly receive at present. The plays of Sophocles and Euripides might perhaps not have been much better than modern Tragedies; Virgil might have got a dinner by half a dozen Town Eclogues; and Horace have wrote Birth-day Odes, or now and then a lampoon on the company of the Baiæ.

A false modesty is another great cause of the few publications by men of eminence and learning. However equal to the task, they have not sufficient confidence to venture to the press, but are rather guilty of wilful injustice to themselves and to the public. They are also ashamed of appearing among the common herd of authors. But the press, though it is often abused,

should by no means be accounted scandalous or dishonourable. Though a learned and ingenious writer might not choose to be mustered in the same roll with ——— ——— or Mr. Town, yet we have a Hooke, a Browne, an Akenside, and many others, in whose company it will be an honour to appear. I would not willingly suppose, that they are afraid to hazard the characters they now maintain, of being men of learning and abilities; for while we only take these things for granted, their reputations are but weakly established. To rescue our Native Language from the hands of ignorants and mercenaries, is a task worthy those, who are accounted ornaments of our Seats of Learning; and it is surely more than common ingratitude in those, who eat the bread of literature, to refuse their utmost endeavours to support it.

N° 43. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1754.

Spectaret populum ludis attentiùs ipsis,
Ut sibi præbentem mimo spectacula plura.
HOR.

Pit, box, and gallery I with joy survey,
And more observe the audience than the play.

A Few years ago an ingenious player gave notice in the bills for his benefit night, that the Prologue should be spoken by the Pit, which he contrived to have represented on the stage. Another time he drew in the whole house to act as Chorus to a new farce; and I remember, that in the last rebellion the loyal acclamations of "God save the King" might have been heard from Drury-Lane to Charing-Cross. Upon these and

many other occasions the audience has been known to enter into the immediate business of the Drama; and, to say the truth, I never go into the theatre, without looking on the spectators as playing a part almost as much as the actors themselves. All the company from the stage-box to the upper gallery know their cues very well, and perform their parts with great spirit. I begun the season with a few animadversions on the chief faults to which our performers are liable. To-day I shall beg leave to say a word or two to the audience, as my reflections on the theatre would otherwise be incomplete. On this occasion I expect the thanks of the managers; and would recommend it to them to put my thirty-fourth number into a frame and glass, and hang it up in the Green-Room for the benefit of the players; and to dispose three or four thousand of the present number into the several parts of the house, as Bayes dispersed papers to insinuate the plot of his piece into the boxes.

The first part of the audience, that demands our attention, is so nearly allied to the actors, that they always appear on the same level with them: but while the performer endeavours to carry on the business of the play, these gentlemen behind the scenes serve only to hinder and disturb it. There is no part of the house, from which a play can be seen to so little advantage as from the stage; yet this situation is very convenient on many other considerations, of more consequence to a fine gentleman. It looks particular: it is the best place to shew a handsome person, or an elegant suit of clothes: a bow from the stage to a beauty in the box is most likely to attract our notice; and a pretty fellow may perhaps with tolerable management get the credit of an intrigue with some of the actresses. But notwithstanding all these advantages accruing to our fine gentlemen, I could heartily wish they would leave a clear stage to the performers;

or at least that none should be admitted behind the scenes, but such as would submit to be of some use there. As these gentlemen are ready drest, they might help to swell the retinue of a monarch, join the engagement in a tragedy-battle, or do any other little office that might occur in the play, which requires but little sense and no memory. But if they have not any genius for acting, and are still desirous of retaining their posts by the side-scenes, they should be obliged to take a musket, bayonet, pouch, and the rest of the accoutrements, and stand on guard quietly and decently with the soldiers.

The Boxes are often filled with persons, who do not come to the theatre out of any regard to Shakspeare or Garrick, but like the fine lady in Lethe, "because "every body is there." As these people cannot be expected to mind the play themselves, we can only desire them not to call off the attention of others; nor interrupt the dialogue on the stage by a louder conversation of their own. The silent courtship of the eyes, ogles, nods, glances, and court'sies from one box to another, may be allowed them the same as at church; but nothing more, except at coronations, funeral processions and pantomimes. Here I cannot help recommending it to the gentlemen, who draw the pen from under their right ears about seven o'clock, clap on a bag-wig and sword, and drop into the boxes at the end of the third act, to take their half-crown's worth with as much decency as possible; as well as the bloods, who reel from the taverns about Covent-Garden near that time, and tumble drunk into the boxes. Before I quit this part of the house, I must take notice of that division of the upper-boxes, properly distinguished by the name of the flesh market. There is frequently as much art used to make the flesh exhibited here look wholesome, and (as Tim says in the farce) "all over red and white like the inside of

"a shoulder of mutton," as there is by the butchers to make their veal look white; and it is as often rank carrion and fly-blown. If these ladies would appear in any other quarter of the house, I would only beg of them, and those who come to market, to drive their bargains with as little noise as possible: but I have lately observed with some concern, that these women begin to appear in the lower boxes to the destruction of all order, and great confusion of all modest ladies. It is to be hoped, that some of their friends will advise them not to pretend to appear there any more than at court: for it is as absurd to endeavour the removal of their market into the front and side boxes, as it would be in the butchers of St. James's market to attempt fixing the shambles in St. James's Square.

I must now desire the reader to descend with me, among laced hats and capuchins, into the pit. The pit is the grand court of criticism; and in the centre of it is collected that awful body, distinguished by the title of The Town. Hence are issued the irrevocable decrees; and here final sentence is pronounced on plays and players. This court has often been very severe in its decisions, and has been known to declare many old plays barbarously murdered, and most of our modern ones *felo de se*: but it must not be dissembled, that many a cause of great consequence has been denied a fair hearing. Parties and private cabals have often been formed to thwart the progress of merit, or to espouse ignorance and dulness; for it is not wonderful, that the parliament of criticism, like all others, should be liable to corruption. In this assembly Mr. Town was first nominated Critic and Censor-General: But considering the notorious bribery now prevailing, I think proper to declare, (in imitation of Tom in the Conscious Lovers) that I never took a single order for my vote in all my life.

Those, who pay their two shillings at the door of the middle gallery, seem to frequent the theatre purely for the sake of seeing the play: Though these peaceful regions are sometimes disturbed by the incursions of rattling ladies of pleasure; sometimes contain persons of fashion in disguise, and sometimes critics in ambush. The greatest fault I have to object to those who fill this quarter of the theatre, is their frequent and injudicious interruption of the business of the play by their applause. I have seen a bad actor clapt two minutes together for ranting, or perhaps shrugging his shoulders, and making wry faces: and I have seen the natural course of the passions checked in a good one, by these ill-judged testimonies of their approbation. It is recorded of Betterton to his honour, that he thought a deep silence through the whole house, and a strict attention to his playing, the strongest and surest signs of his being well received.

The inhabitants of the upper-gallery demand our notice as well as the rest of the theatre. The trunk-maker of immortal memory was the most celebrated hero of these regions: but since he is departed, and no able-bodied critic appointed in his room, I cannot help giving the same caution to the upper-gallery, as to the gentry a pair of stairs lower. Some of the under-comedians will perhaps be displeased at this order, who are proud of these applauses, and rejoice to hear the lusty bangs from the oaken towels of their friends against the wainscot of the upper-gallery: but I think they should not be allowed to shatter the pannels without amending our taste; since their thwacks, however vehement, are seldom laid on with sufficient judgment to ratify our applause. It were better, therefore, if all the present twelve-penny critics of this town, who preside over our diversions in the upper-gallery, would content themselves with the inferior duties of their office; viz. to take care that the play

begins at the proper time, that the music between the acts is of a due length, and that the candles are snuffed in tune.

After these brief admonitions concerning our behaviour at the play, which are intended as a kind of Vade mecum for the frequenters of the theatre, I cannot conclude my paper more properly than with an extract from the Tale of a Tub, shewing the judicious distribution of our play-houses into boxes, pit, and galleries.

"I confess, that there is something very refined in the contrivance and structure of our modern theatres. For, first; the pit is sunk below the stage, that whatever weighty matter shall be delivered thence, (whether it be lead or gold) may fall plum into the jaws of certain critics, (as I think they are called) which stand ready opened to devour them. Then, the boxes are built round, and raised to a level with the scene, in deference to the ladies; because that large portion of wit, laid out in raising pruriences and protuberances, is observed to run much upon a line, and ever in a circle. The whining passions, and little starved conceits, are gently wafted up by their own extreme levity, to the middle region, and there fix and are frozen by the frigid understandings of the inhabitants. Bombastry and buffoonry, by nature lofty and light, soar highest of all, and would be lost in the roof, if the prudent architect had not with much foresight contrived for them a fourth place, called the twelve-penny gallery, and there planted a suitable colony, who greedily intercept them in their passage."

O

N° 44. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1754.

———*Des nominis hujus honorem.*
HOR.

Let ev'ry Wapping Wife to Lady swell,
And each St. Giles's Miss be Ma'emoiselle.

I Lately took a survey of the female world, as Censor-General; and upon a strict review was very much surprised to find, that there is scarce one woman to be met with, except among the lowest of the vulgar. The sex consists almost entirely of ladies. Every Joan is listed into a lady; and the maid and the mistress are equally dignified with this polite title. The stage-coaches are constantly filled with ladies——At Bartholomew fair there is always an hop for the ladies——And if the ladies in the drawing-room are employed at whist, their last night's cards are made use of in a rubber by the ladies in the steward's room; while the other ladies of the family are staking their halfpence at put or all-fours in the kitchen.—In a word, whenever there is occasion to speak of the female world, honourable mention is always made of them by the respectful appellation of the Ladies: as the young and the old, the black and the brown, the homely and the handsome, are all complaisantly included under the general title of the Fair.

Since therefore the ladies of Great-Britain make up so numerous a body, I should be loth to disoblige so considerable a sisterhood, and shall devote this paper entirely to their service. I propose at present to marshal them into their respective ranks; and upon a review I find that they may be justly distributed under these five divisions; viz. married ladies, maiden or

young ladies, ladies of quality, fine ladies, and lastly (without affront to the good company) ladies of pleasure.

I shall begin with the married ladies, as this order will be found to be far the most numerous, and includes all the married women in town or country above the degree of a chair-woman or the trundler of a wheel-barrow. The plain old English word wife has long been discarded in our conversation, as being only fit for the broad mouths of the vulgar. A well-bred ear is startled at the very sound of wife, as at a coarse and indelicate expression; and I appeal to any fashionable couple, whether they would not be as much ashamed to be mentioned together as man and wife, as they would be to appear together at court in a fardingale and trunk-breeches. From Hyde-Park-Corner to Temple-Bar this monster of a wife has not been heard of since the antiquated times of dame and your worship; and in the city every good housewife is at least a lady of the other end of the town. In the country you might as well dispute the pretensions of every foxhunter to the title of esquire, as of his helpmate to that of lady; and in every corporation town, whoever matches with a burgess, becomes a lady by right of charter. My cousin Village, (from whom I have all my rural intelligence) informs me, that upon the strictest enquiry there is but one wife in the town where he now lives, and that is the parson's wife, who is never mentioned by the country ladies but as a dowdy, and an old-fashioned creature. Such is the great privilege of matrimony, that every female is ennobled by changing her surname: for as every unmarried woman is a miss, every married one by the same courtesy is a lady.

The next order of dignified females is composed of maiden or young ladies; which terms are synonymous, and are indifferently applied to females of the

age of fourteen or threescore. We must not, therefore, be surprised to hear of maiden ladies, who are known to have had several children, or to meet with young ladies, that look like old dowagers. At the house of an acquaintance where I lately visited, I was told that we were to expect Mrs. Jackson and the two Miss Wrinkles. But what was my surprise! when I saw on their arrival a blooming female of twenty-five accosted under the first denomination, and the two nymphs, as I expected, come tottering into the room, the youngest of them to all appearance on the verge of threescore. I could not help wishing on this occasion, that some middle term was invented between Miss and Mrs. to be adopted, at a certain age, by all females not inclined to matrimony. For surely nothing can be more ridiculous, than to hear a grey-haired lady past her grand climacteric mentioned in terms, that convey the idea of youth and beauty, or perhaps of a bib and hanging-sleeves. This indiscriminate appellation unavoidably creates much confusion: I know an eminent tradesman who lost a very good customer for innocently writing Mrs. ——— at the head of her bill: and I was lately at a ball, where, trusting to a friend for a partner, I was obliged to do penance with an old withered beldam, who hobbled through several country dances with me, though she was ancient enough to have been my grandmother. Excluding these young ladies of fifty and sixty, this order of females is very numerous; for there is scarce a girl in town or country, superior to a milk-maid or cinder-wench, but is comprehended in it. The daughters are indisputably young ladies, though their papas may be tradesmen or mechanics. For the present race of shopkeepers, &c. have wisely provided, that their gentility shall be preserved in the female part of the family. Thus, although the son is called plain Jack, and perhaps bound apprentice to his father, the daughter

is taught to hold up her head, make tea in the little parlour behind the shop, and inherits the title of lady from her mamma. To make these claims to dignity more sure, those excellent seminaries of genteel education, called boarding-schools, have been contrived; where instead of teazing a sampler, or conning a chapter of the bible, the young ladies are instructed to hold up their heads, make a courtsey, and to behave themselves in every respect like pretty little ladies. Hence it happens, that we may often observe several of these polite damsels in the skirts of White-Chapel, and in every petty country town; nay, it is common to meet with young ladies born and bred, who have submitted to keep a chandler's shop, or had humility enough even to go to service.

I proceed next to take into consideration what is generally understood by ladies of quality. These in other words may be more properly called ladies of fashion; for, in the modish acceptation of the phrase, not so much regard is had to their birth or station, or even to their coronet, as to their way of life. The duchess, who has not taste enough to act up to the character of a person of quality, is no more respected in the polite world than a city knight's lady; nor does she derive any greater honour from her title, than the hump-backed woman receives from the vulgar. But what is more immediately expected from a lady of quality, will be seen under the next article: for, to their praise be it spoken, most of our modern ladies of quality affect to be fine ladies.

To describe the life of a fine lady would be only to set down a perpetual round of visiting, gaming, dressing, and intriguing. She has been bred up in the notion of making a figure, and of recommending herself as a woman of spirit: for which end she is always foremost in the fashion, and never fails gracing with her appearance every public assembly, and every

party of pleasure. Though single, she may coquet with every fine gentleman; or if married, she may admit of gallantries without reproach, and even receive visits from the men in her bed-chamber. To complete the character, and to make her a very fine lady, she should be celebrated for her wit and beauty, and be parted from her husband: for as matrimony itself is not meant as a restraint upon pleasure, a separate maintenance is understood as a licence to throw off even the appearance of virtue.

From the fine ladies it is a very natural transition to the ladies of pleasure; and, indeed, from what has already been said concerning fine ladies, one might imagine that, as they make pleasure their sole pursuit, they might properly be entitled ladies of pleasure. But this gay appellation is reserved for the higher rank of prostitutes, whose principal difference from the fine ladies consists in their openly professing a trade, which the others carry on by smuggling. A lady of fashion, who refuses no favours but the last, or even grants that without being paid for it, is not to be accounted a lady of pleasure, but ranks in an order formerly celebrated under the title of demi-reps. It is whimsical enough to see the different complexions assumed by the same vice, according to the difference of stations. The married lady of quality may intrigue with as many as she pleases, and still remain right honourable: the draggle-tailed street-walker is a common woman, and liable to be sent to bridewell; but the whore of high life is a lady of pleasure and rolls in a gilt chariot.

N° 45 THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1754.

Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas.
Gaudia, discursus, nostri farrago libelli.
JUV.

Whate'er the busy bustling world employs,
Our wants and wishes, pleasures, cares and joys,
These the historians of our times display,
And call it news, the hodge-podge of a day.

WHEN I first resolved on appearing in my present character, I had some thoughts of making my public entry in the front of one or other of our news-papers; as I considered that the domestick occurrences, which compose a part of their equipage, would make no bad figure in my own retinue. Some reflections on the modish methods of gaming would receive an additional confirmation from a paragraph in the News, that "last Tuesday a game at Whist was played at White's for 1000l. a corner," or that "the match between his Grace the Duke of * * * * and Lord * * * * was decided at Newmarket:" and a dissertation on the luxury of the present age would be very aptly illustrated by an exact account of the weight of the turtle, dressed a few days before for the gentlemen of the abovementioned Chocolate-house.

Indeed, I have always looked upon the works of Mr. Jenour in the Daily Advertizer as a kind of supplement to the intelligence of Mr. Town; containing a more minute account of the important transactions of that class of mankind, which has been figuratively styled The World. From these daily registers, you

may not only learn when any body is married or hanged but you have immediate notice, whenever his Grace goes to Newmarket, or her ladyship sets out for Bath: and but last week, at the same time that the gentlemen of the law were told, that the Lord chancellor could not sit in the Court of Chancery, people of fashion had the melancholy news, that Signor Ricciarelli was not able to sing.

Nor is that part of Mr. Jenour's lucubrations, which is allotted to advertisements, less amusing and entertaining: and many of these articles might very properly come under my cognizance. It is here debated, whether the prize of eloquence should be given to Orator Macklin or Orator Henley; and whether Mr. Stephen Pitts is not the best qualified to furnish gentlemen and ladies libraries with tea-chests in Octavo, and close-stools in Folio. And besides the public notices to persons of taste, of very rare old Japan, and most curious and inimitable Epargnes for deserts, as also the most rich and elegant fancied silks to be sold by auction; many other advices no less interesting to the Town, are here given. We are daily put in mind. that Mrs. Philips at the green Canister still hopes for the favours of her former good customers as usual: that next door to Haddock's is sold an antidote against the poison imbibed at that bagnio: that Dr. Rock infallibly cures a certain epidemical distemper by virtue of the King's patent: that a learned physician and surgeon will privately accommodate any gentleman (as the doctor modestly expresses it in his own Latin) *Pro Morbus Venerea curandus*: and that Y. Z. a regular-bred surgeon and man-midwife, together with fifty others, will accommodate gentlewomen, that are under a necessity of lying-in privately.

But not only the public transactions of auctioneers, brokers, and horse-dealers, but the most private concerns of pleasure and gallantry may be also carried on

by means of this paper. Assignations are here made, and the most secret intrigues formed, at the expence of two shillings. If a genteel young body, who can do all kinds of work, wants a place, she will be sure to hear of a master by advertising: Any gentleman and lady of unexceptionable character may meet with lodgings to be lett, and no questions asked: How often has Romeo declared in print his unspeakable passion for the charming Peachy! How many gentlemen have made open professions of the strictest honour and secrecy! And how many ladies, drest in such a manner, and seen at such a place, have been desired to leave a line for A. B. Before the late Marriage Act it was very usual for young gentlemen and ladies (possest of every qualification requisite to make the marriage state happy) to offer themselves as a good bargain to each other; and men took the same measures of advertising to get an agreeable companion for life, as they do for an agreeable companion in a post-chaise. As this traffick in matrimony is now prohibited, it has given occasion to the opening a new branch of trade; and since husbands and wives are hardly to be got for love or money, several good-natured females have set themselves up to sale to the best bidder. The Daily Advertiser is therefore become the universal register for new faces; and every day's advertisements have been lately crowded with offers of young ladies, who would be glad of the company of any elderly gentleman, to pass his leisure hours with them, and play at cards.

I look upon the common intelligence in our public papers, with the long train of advertisements annexed to it, as the best account of the present domestic state of England, that can possibly be compiled: nor do I know any thing, which would give posterity so clear an idea of the taste and morals of the present age, as a bundle of our daily papers. They would here see what books are most read, what are our chief amuse-

ments and diversions: and when they should observe the daily inquiries after eloped wives and apprentices, and the frequent accounts of trials in Westminster-Hall for perjury, adultery, &c. they might form a tolerable notion even of our private life. Among many other reasons for lamenting that the art of printing was not more early discovered, I cannot but regret that we have perhaps lost many accounts of this nature, which might otherwise have been handed down to us. With what pleasure should we have perused an Athenian Advertiser, or a Roman Gazetteer! A curious critic or antiquary would place them on the same shelf with the Classics; and would be highly pleased at discovering, what days Tully went to his Tusculum, or Pliny to his magnificent villa; who was the capital singer at the Grecian opera, and in what characters Roscius appeared with most success. These pieces of intelligence would undoubtedly give great satisfaction; and I am myself acquainted with a very learned gentleman, who has assured me, that he has been as much delighted at discovering that the Sosii were Horace's booksellers, that the Hecyra of Terence was damned, and other little particulars of that nature, as with an account of the destruction of Carthage, or the death of Cæsar. We should also be glad to collect from their advertisements what things were most in request at Athens and Rome. Even our papers, (which perhaps are called Daily from their lasting but a day) are, I fear, of too fugitive a nature to fall under the inspection of posterity. To remedy, in some measure, this inconvenience, I shall now conclude my paper with a few advertisements, which, if they have not all actually been inserted in our papers, are at least of the same nature with those, that daily have a place there.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

To be spoke with every day at his house in the Old-Bailey,

BRYAN RAPAWAY,

Who swears oaths of all kinds and prices, and will procure positive evidence at a day's warning in all sorts of causes. He will contract with any attorney or quack-doctor to swear by the quarter; and will supply affidavits, &c. on the most reasonable terms.

*** He will attend, during the business of elections and double returns, in the lobby of the House of Commons, and will ply next term at Westminster-Hall.

WANTED,

A genteel black or negroe Girl, very handsome; with a soft skin, good teeth, sweet breath, at least five feet three inches high, and not above eighteen. Whoever has such a girl to dispose of, may hear of a gentleman who will give fifty guineas for her, by applying at the bar of the Shakspeare's Head Tavern, Covent-Garden.

Note, At the same place any genteel white Girl may hear of something to her advantage.

A person, that lives near Guildhall, is a very gentle rider, rides about ten stone, chiefly for health, and never on a Sunday but on an extraordinary occasion, would be glad of a partner much under the same circumstances, in a very genteel mare, and very good in her kind.

Several sums, from 10l. to 10,000l.

Wanted immediately, by a person in a large and profitable business—Wanted directly, by a person whose character will bear the strictest enquiry—Wanted for a week only, or as long as the lender chooses—Upon undeniable security—The borrower

will give his bond and judgment, make over his stock in trade, ensure his life, &c.—A handsome gratuity will be given—Interest paid punctually—Strictest honor and secrecy may be depended on.—None but principals will be treated with.

Direct for A. B. L. M. S. T. X. Y. &c. &c. &c.

This day are published,

The Adventures of Dick Hazard.
The History of Mr. Joshua Trueman.
The History of Will Ramble.
The History of James Ramble, Esq.
The Travels of Drake Morris.
The History of Jasper Banks.
Memoirs of the Shakespeare's Head.
The History of Frank Hammond.
The Marriage-Act, a Novel.

And speedily will be published,

The History of Sir Humphry Herald and Sir Edward Haunch.—Memoirs of Lady Vainlove.—The Card.
Adventures of Tom Doughty, Jack Careless, Frank Easy, Dick Damnable, Molly Peirson, &c. &c. &c.
Being a complete collection of Novels for the amusement of the present Winter.

T

N° 46. THURSDAY, DEC. 12, 1754.

——— *Facies non omnibus una,*
Nec diversa tamen. ———
OVID.

Where borrow'd tints bestow a lifeless grace,
None wear the same, yet none a different face.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

IT is whimsical to observe the mistakes, that we country gentlemen are led into at our first coming to town. We are induced to think, and indeed truly, that your fine ladies are composed of different materials from our rural ones; since, though they sleep all day and rake all night, they still remain as fresh and ruddy as a parson's daughter or a farmer's wife. At other times we are apt to wonder, that such delicate creatures as they appear, should yet be so much proof against cold, as to look as rosy in January as in June, and even in the sharpest weather to be very unwilling to approach the fire. I was at a loss to account for this unalterable hue of their complexions: but I soon found, that beauty was not more peculiar to the air of St. James's than of York; and that this perpetual bloom was not native, but imported from abroad. Not content with that red and white which nature gave, your belles are reduced (as they pretend) to the necessity of supplying the flush of health with the rouge of vermilion, and giving us Spanish wool for English beauty.

The very reason alledged for this fashionable practice is such, as (if they seriously considered it) the

ladies would be ashamed to mention. "The late hours they are obliged to keep, render them such perfect frights, that they would be as loth to appear abroad without paint as without cloaths." This, it must be acknowledged, is too true: But would they suffer their fathers or their husbands to wheel them down for one month to the old mansion-house, they would soon be sensible of the change, and soon perceive how much the early walk exceeds the late assembly. The vigils of the card-table have spoiled many a good face; and I have known a beauty stick to the midnight rubbers, till she has grown as homely as the queen of spades. There is nothing more certain in all Hoyle's cases, than that whist and late hours will ruin the finest set of features: but if the ladies would give up their routs for the healthy amusements of the country, I will venture to say their carmine would be then as useless as their artificial nosegays.

A moralist might talk to them of the heinousness of the practice; since all deceit is criminal, and painting is no better than looking a lye. And should they urge that nobody is deceived by it, he might add, that the plea for admitting it is then at an end; since few are yet arrived at that height of French politeness, as to dress their cheeks in public, and to profess wearing vermilion as openly as powder. But I shall content myself with using an argument more likely to prevail: and such, I trust, will be the assurance, that this practice is highly disagreeable to the men. What must be the mortification, and what the disgust of the lover, who goes to bed to a bride as blooming as an angel, and finds her in the morning as wan and yellow as a corpse? For marriage soon takes off the mask; and all the resources of art, all the mysteries of the toilet, are then at an end. He that is thus wedded to a cloud instead of a Juno, may well be allowed to

complain, but without relief: for this is a custom, which once admitted so tarnishes the skin, that it is next to impossible ever to retrieve it. Let me, therefore, caution those young beginners, who are not yet discoloured past redemption, to leave it off in time, and endeavour to procure and preserve by early hours that unaffected bloom, which art cannot give, and which only age or sickness can take away.

Our beauties were formerly above making use of so poor an artifice: They trusted to the lively colouring of nature, which was heightened by temperance and exercise; but our modern belles are obliged to retouch their cheeks every day, to keep them in repair. We were then as superior to the French in the assembly, as in the field: but since a trip to France has been thought a requisite in the education of our ladies as well as gentlemen, our polite females have thought fit to dress their faces as well as their heads *à là mode de Paris*. I am told, that when an English lady is at Paris, she is so surrounded with false faces, that she is herself obliged (if she would not appear singular) to put on the mask. But who would exchange the brilliancy of the diamond for the faint lustre of French paste? And for my part I would as soon expect, that an English beauty at Morocco would japan her face with lamb-black, in complaisance to the sable beauties of that country. Let the French ladies white-wash and plaister their fronts, and lay on their colours with a trowel: but these daubings of art are no more to be compared to the genuine glow of a British cheek, than the coarse strokes of the painter's brush can resemble the native veins of the marble. This contrast is placed in a proper light in Mr. Addison's fine epigram on Lady Manchester; which will serve to convince us of the force of undissembled beauty.

When haughty Gallia's dames, that spread
O'er their pale cheeks a lifeless red,

Beheld this beauteous stranger there,
In native charms divinely fair,
Confusion in their looks they shew'd,
And with unborrow'd blushes glow'd.

I think, Mr. Town, you might easily prevail on your fair readers to leave off this unnatural practice, if you could once thoroughly convince them, that it impairs their beauty instead of improving it. A lady's face, like the coats in the Tale of a Tub, if left to itself, will wear well; but if you offer to load it with foreign ornaments, you destroy the original ground.

Among other matter of wonder on my first coming to town, I was much surprised at the general appearance of youth among the ladies. At present there is no distinction in their complexions between a beauty in her teens and a lady in her grand climacteric: yet at the same time I could not but take notice of the wonderful variety in the face of the same lady. I have known an olive beauty on Monday grow very ruddy and blooming on Tuesday; turn pale on Wednesday; come round to the olive hue again on Thursday; and in a word, change her complexion as often as her gown. I was amazed to find no old aunts in this town, except a few unfashionable people, whom no body knows; the rest still continuing in the zenith of their youth and health, and falling off, like timely fruit, without any previous decay. All this was a mystery that I could not unriddle, till on being introduced to some ladies, I unluckily improved the hue of my lips at the expence of a fair one, who unthinkingly had turned her cheek; and found that my kisses were given, (as is observed in the epigram) like those of Pyramus, through a wall. I then discovered, that this surprising youth and beauty was all counterfeit; and that (as Hamlet says) "God had given them one face, and they had made themselves another."

I have mentioned the accident of my carrying off

half a lady's face by a salute, that your courtly ... may learn to put on their faces a little tighter; ... as for my own daughters, while such fashions prevail, they shall still remain in Yorkshire. There, I think, they are pretty safe; for this unnatural fashion will hardly make it's way into the country, as this vamped complexion would not stand against the rays of the sun, and would inevitably melt away in a country dance. The ladies have, indeed, been always the greatest enemies to their own beauty, and seem to have a design against their own faces. At one time the whole countenance was eclipsed in a black velvet mask; at another it was blotted with patches; and at present it is crusted over with plaister of Paris. In those battered belles, who still aim at conquest, this practice is in some sort excusable; but it is surely as ridiculous in a young lady to give up beauty for paint, as it would be to draw a good set of teeth merely to fill their places with a row of ivory.

Indeed, so common is this fashion among the young as well as the old, that when I am in a groupe of beauties, I consider them as so many pretty pictures; looking about me with as little emotion, as I do at Hudson's: and if any thing fills me with admiration, it is the judicious arrangement of the tints, and the delicate touches of the painter. Art very often seems almost to vie with nature: but my attention is too frequently diverted by considering the texture and hue of the skin beneath; and the picture fails to charm, while my thoughts are engrossed by the wood and canvas.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

RUSTICU

END OF THE THIRTIETH VOLUME.

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